Collier's

OCTOBER 24, 1942 TEN CENTS

OWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

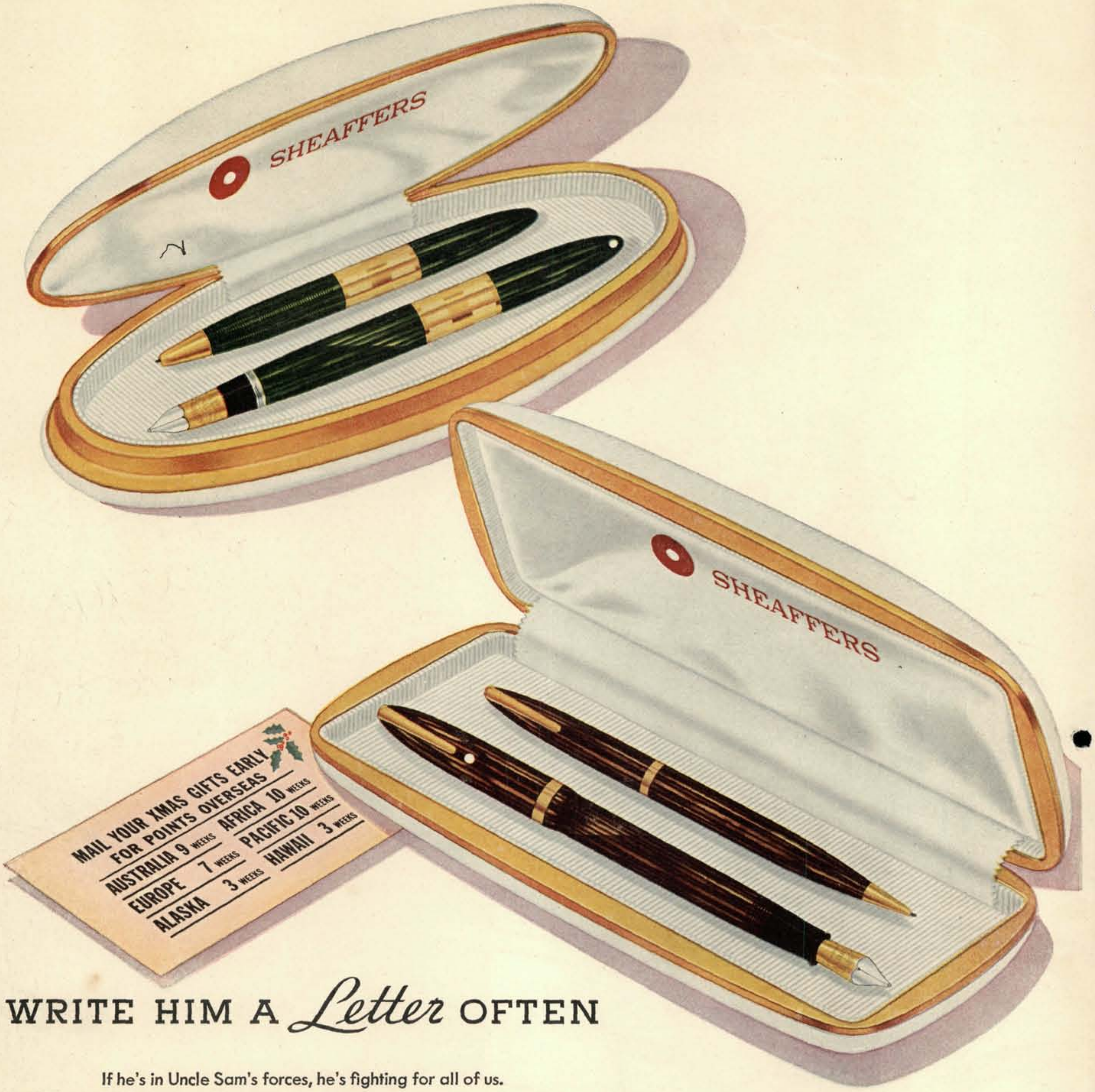
A BRILLIANT NOVEL OF JAPAN'S BID FOR THE WORLD

YEAR OF WRATH

BY CARL RANDAU AND LEANE ZU

21JU43
J H HENDERSON
417 E MADISON
IOLA
KANS
C O 71495 RG

Oct 24 '42


SHEAFFERS
MAIL YOUR XMAS GIFTS EARLY
FOR POINTS OVERSEAS
AUSTRALIA 9 WEEKS
AFRICA 10 WEEKS
EUROPE 7 WEEKS
PACIFIC 10 WEEKS
ALASKA 3 WEEKS
HAWAII 3 WEEKS
SHEAFFERS

WRITE HIM A *Letter* OFTEN

If he's in Uncle Sam's forces, he's fighting for all of us. Let's let him know we're with him wherever he is. A letter takes only a few minutes to write—we can load it full of doings and love. A 3c stamp takes us right into camp. We want to be with him . . . and that's the best way to get there! W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

★ ★ ★

At top: Sheaffer's newest *Lifetime**, "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY, for men or women, carries safely in all positions in pocket or purse, $16.50 and $18.75 for the set. Lower: VIGILANT *Lifetime*, with military clip, $12.75 for the set. Other Sheaffer pens, all colors, $2.75 and up.

*All *Lifetime* pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c

Copyright, 1942, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. *Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Listen to
SHEAFFER'S
WORLD NEWS PARADE
with UPTON CLOSE
NBC Complete Network
Sundays, 3:15 P.M. E.W.T.; 2:15 P.M. C.W.T.;
1:15 P.M. M.W.T.; 12:15 P.M. P.W.T.

SHEAFFER'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"... So ended my Past, So began my Future."

I WAS A HITCH-HIKER on the highway of love. I was the woman men were glad to forget... I was the lonely heart with a capital L.

Then I got a straight-from-the-shoulder tip from my best girl friend that literally changed my entire life. Now I'm back from my vacation engaged to an adorable man whom every girl in the place was after. Life seems beautiful now. And the lonely heart is lonely no longer.

Here's the hint I got . . . and *took:*

"Don't neglect your breath*, darling," my girl friend told me. "When it's off-color people are off you. And you may never know when it is that way. From now on better let Listerine look after it."

If you seem to be out of things perhaps you, too, will do well to take the hint that helped me.

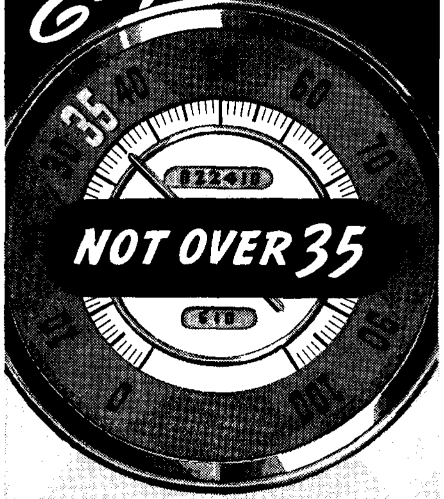
* * *

*While occasionally of systemic origin, most cases of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Better not guess about your breath... better not take chances. Use Listerine Antiseptic before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

P.S. A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful new dentifrice gives it. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Make
SLOW DRIVING
Enjoyable



INSTALL A
Motorola
AUTO RADIO
Now, Today!

Don't grumble about the difficulty of holding your high-powered car down to rubber-saving and gas-saving speed limits. When you save your car you serve your country . . . and a Motorola will help you do both because radio makes slower drives more enjoyable. You can listen to War News, Sports, and the world's finest entertainment with a Motorola in your car.

YOU CAN GET A MOTOROLA TO
FIT and MATCH
YOUR CAR, OLD OR NEW!

Your Motorola dealer can quickly install America's Finest Auto Radio in your car immediately. Get one while you can. When his stock is gone, there will be no more for the duration. *See a Motorola Dealer Today.*

THE ARMY-NAVY "E" awarded for excellence in the production of Communication Equipment for our Armed Forces.

Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST
FOR CAR AND HOME
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO

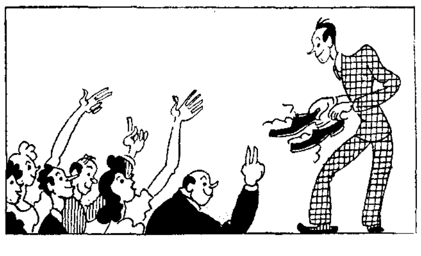
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier'

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Edito

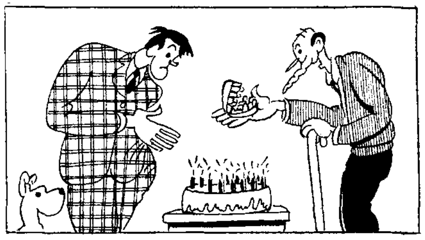
ANY WEEK

OUR typewriter has been reconditioned. You may notice the difference. There is some talk now of reconditioning us. Privately we don't think it would do much good. Anyway, we shall proceed as usual to solve a few knotty problems and dwell feelingly upon some of the sadder aspects of the home front, particularly the predicaments of those who are unable to decide which is the more important—holding political office or winning the war. And while we spit on our hands, we pass on the information that at a War Bond sales luncheon of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Fred Astaire, the superlative hoofer, sold his shoes for $116,000. This, we find after a brief conference with Mr. Leon Henderson, is a bit high for shoes, even today. But our scout goes on to tell us that the purchaser (who insisted upon anonymity) sold the laces of the Astaire shoes for $6,000—in bonds, of course. Later he passed on the left shoe for $10,000. Thus the Treasury of the United States was enlarged by $132,000, and the trophy rooms of three or four Cleveland patriots are enriched. It breeds an idea. How much for the seat of the pants Jimmy Doolittle wore over Tokyo? For Winston Churchill's zippered union suit? Just ideas, you see. We might offer Hitler's mustache, undetached. Maybe it's the reconditioned typewriter, but for a man of our years, we're feeling awfully frisky.



OR PERHAPS it's because we've just taken a young lady to dinner, a rather succulent affair lasting almost two hours. We mean the dinner of course. It was made all the more pleasant by her vocabulary which occasionally approached the spectacular. She ate an enormous quantity of salad, pausing just long enough to say: "This is surely a gastromic imprudity." Hopefully we held our peace until dessert and were rewarded with: "This might be epicurean but it's a pleasure." That's the kind of guest we like; says what she thinks—whatever that is. When we parted after the dinner she said: "Adieu for a delicious impast." We went home whistling.

AND W. B. Courtney, this magazine's gift to Australia (they gave him back), reports that he attended in Sydney a cocktail party given by a lady who was shortly to sail for England. She told Mr. Courtney that her cook warmly disapproved of the trip, having said: "Oh, madame, don't go to England. It's a dangerous place. It's where all the convicts come from."



WE ARE notified, too, that there recently died in the practical state of Vermont an aged farmer who, as each of his children and grandchildren reached the age of eighteen, gave them complete sets of upper and lower teeth. As far as we've learned, none of them needed false teeth at that age but, said the old man, "It's the best way." We're interested to know, too, that neither before nor after their eighteenth birthdays did the old man ever give them any other gift. He was often heard to remark that a man's best friends are his teeth. Once he deigned to explain why he made the gift at an age usually so toothy. "Better a mite early than too late," replied the old man, champing his own store gnashers.

TO GET rid of the rest of the small stuff before taking on a major issue or two, we have a note from a friend of ours who recently rode in one of those streetcars which Washington has dug up from its transportation scrap piles. He informs us that the trolley was a true museum piece. Moreover, they hadn't bothered about cleaning it, figuring, doubtless, that it wouldn't do any good. Prominently displayed inside the ancient carrier was the appeal: "Please don't spit on this car."

OUR scouts are faithful, tireless, devoted, mindless of hours. One has just panted in from San Francisco with the tale of a lady in uniform, a cable car and a colonel. He forgot to find out whether she was a Waac, a Waf, or a Wave or a Red Cross worker. Anyway, she was in uniform and looked very nice indeed. The car was crowded. When the colonel boarded it, she stood up, smartly saluted, offered him her seat. He waved the offer down, saluted, bade her be reseated. She insisted. He insisted. She got cross. He became embarrassed. Finally, both standing, glaring at each other, he roared, "Madame, I am making a silly ass of myself. Good day!" He saluted. She saluted. He got off the car. . . .

W. D.

Vol. 110, No. 17. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEE

OCTOBER 24, 194

SHORT STORIES

FRANK DORSEY
Rear Guard at Derevushka. A
Russian soldier against a Ger
tank. Pag

VEREEN BELL
Come Back Tuesday. Maybe
was shiftless, but his dog wasn'
Page

RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS
Action Offshore. A stowaway h
good memory for faces—especi
Nazis. Page

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBE
The Girl Grew Up. Love settles
old family feud. Page

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Two Beers, by Octavus Roy Co
Page

SERIAL STORIES

CARL RANDAU and
LEANE ZUGSMITH
Year of Wrath. The first of
parts. Page

VERA CASPARY
Ring Twice for Laura. The secon
seven parts. Page

ARTICLES

KYLE CRICHTON
Black-and-Blue Beauty. Kay
ridge—she who always gets slap
Page

BILL WOLF
Return of the Wildfowl. Good n
for duck hunters. Page

WALDO FRANK
Chile Gets off the Fence. But
influences are still powerful. Pag

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
New Bodies for Old. Britain's pla
surgeons build new bodies
lives. Page

WALTER DAVENPORT
A Fireless-Side Chat. Cold-com
report on the fuel-oil situation.
Page

SHIRLEY ALEXANDER
Riding to Trouble. Ambulance
tendants take over for internes.
Page

TOM SILER
Football Ad Libbers. Fast think
on the gridiron. Page

FRANK GERVASI
Willkie at the Front. Our official
server shocks the censor. Page

GENE CASEY
End of a Trawler. Murder on
high seas. Page

RUBBER DOUGHNUTS.
They save airmen's lives. Page

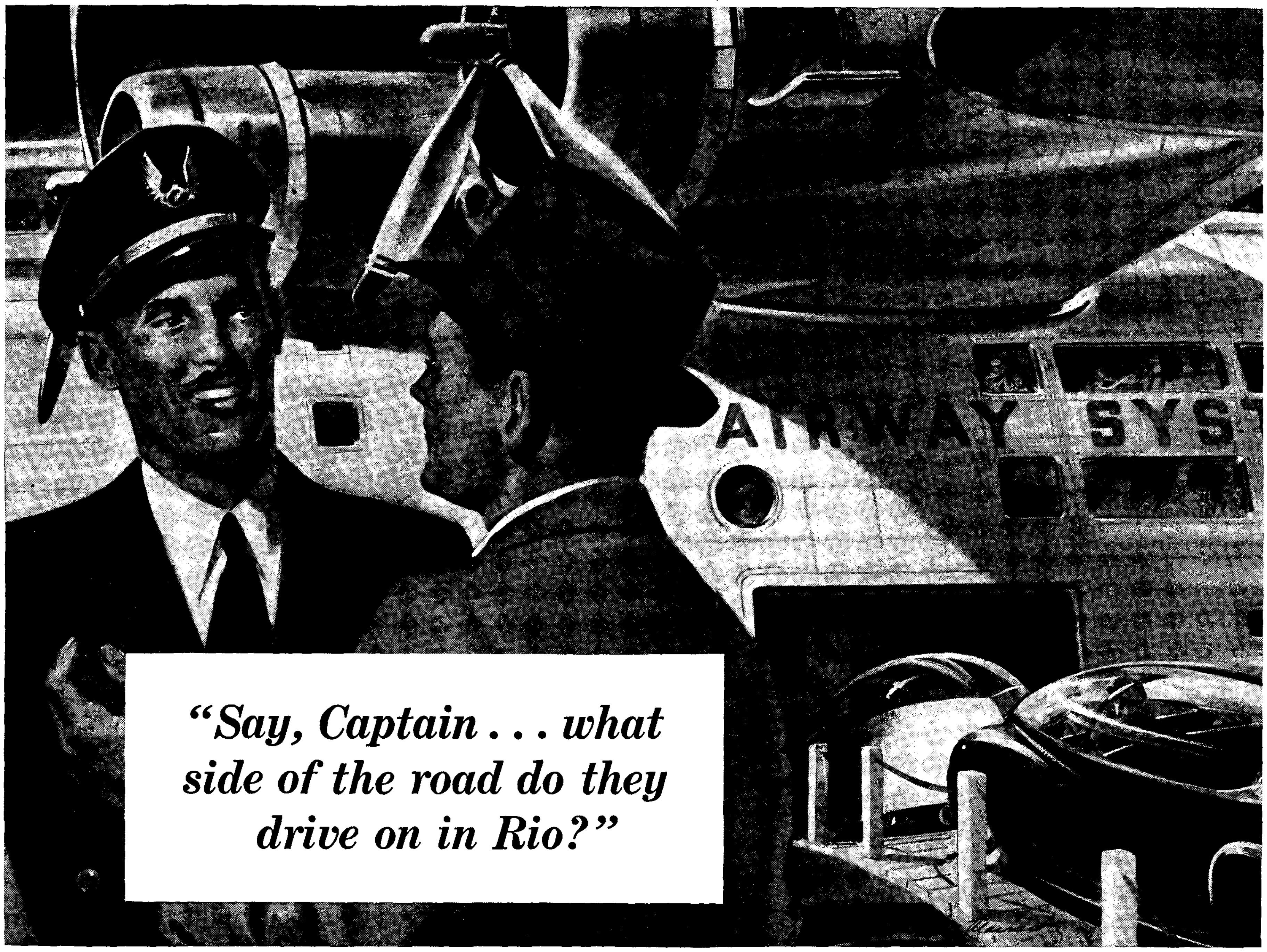
●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pag

WING TALK. Pag

EDITORIALS. Page

COVER HARRY MORSE MEY



"Say, Captain . . . what side of the road do they drive on in Rio?"

Don't think the planes of the future aren't *already here!* They are! But, of course, these giants aren't carrying pleasure cars and vacationists. Troops and jeeps and equipment fill their holds.

Just imagine the Day of Victory has already arrived. Visualize the multi-motor bombers and transports of today as fleets of freight planes and super liners.

As sure as Victory will be ours, the America that lies ahead will be a land that brings the horizon to your back door. It will be a land that leads mankind to a new concept of civilization. Today's production lines are geared to it. Today's Americans are working for it.

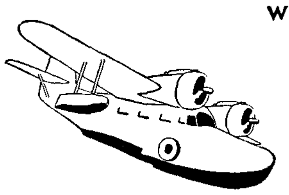
When the aviation industry was in knee pants, we of B. F. Goodrich started our aeronautical division. Planes were fragile, slow, unsafe. The pilots who flew them were daredevils. But every day some new miracle of ingenuity took place.

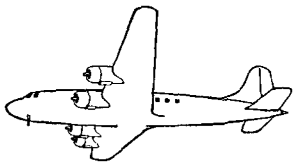
For example, from the B. F. Goodrich research laboratories came a new type of aircraft tire, a low-pressure Silvertown which made aircraft take-offs and landings smoother and safer. This helped pave the way for heavier planes. We developed a new type of brake that greatly increased a pilot's ground-control. This helped pave the way for greater speeds. We developed De-Icers, which protect wings, tail and rudder from ice.

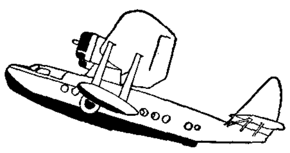
Today, the greatest air force in the world is using this equipment. As the air power of the United Nations grows in strength, the Day of Victory looms nearer. And, when it arrives, we at B. F. Goodrich won't even take time out to look up from our work.

We will start right off on our new job—turning out aircraft equipment for the conquest of new worlds . . . for the creation of a new America. The B. F. Goodrich Co., Aeronautical Division, Akron, Ohio.

Here are some famous military cargo planes that are supplied with B. F. Goodrich equipment


GRUMMAN
JRF

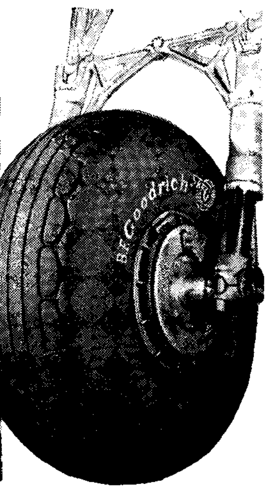

DOUGLAS
C-54


VOUGHT-SIKORSKY
JRS

Skyway or Highway

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY
ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE

Florsheim Quality
is Sound Shoe Conservation

Conservation is nothing new to Florsheim; this business was built on the determination to give men more for their money—more in style, comfort, and wear—so their shoes would cost *less* in the long run. Today it's vitally necessary to save leather . . . and the best way we know to make shoes last longer is to buy better shoes.

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

The DEARBORN, S-962

The COMMANDER, S-1070

Most Styles
$10⁵⁰ *and* $11

Florsheim *Shoes*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

No women's underwear was ever sold in a store in the United States until 1876. Up to this time, all these garments were made in the home because they were considered to be of such an intimate nature that ladies could not endure discussing their purchase with a strange clerk.—*By Frances Doherty, New York, New York.*

Condemned men in Utah, where they are given their choice of being shot or hanged, almost invariably choose to face the firing squad. And defendants, in states in which jury trials may be waived, usually choose the judge instead of the jury because they feel he will not be unduly influenced by the prosecutor, the press or personal prejudice arising from their religion, or social and economic status.

Great Britain pays its civilian men from ten per cent to fifty per cent more than its women in compensation for identical injuries received in air raids.

To complete their education, men and women students in many colleges are now lent money by the federal government. The student must be within two years of receiving his degree in chemistry, dentistry, engineering, medicine, pharmacy or physics. Maximum loan is $500, the interest is 2½ per cent, no security is required and the money is to be repaid in four annual installments beginning one year after leaving school.

To rear and educate the 3,500,000 Southerners who later migrated to the North and West during the past century is estimated to have cost the South more than $17,500,000,000.

Many common foods contain much more starch than do potatoes, among them being wheat, oats, rye, corn, peas, lentils, tapioca and rice. In fact, the starch content of rice, which is often eaten by persons trying to reduce, is just four times that of potatoes.

On last Mother's Day in Mexico, the big government pawnshop, the Monte de Piedad, at the suggestion of Señora Avila Camacho, returned $150,000 worth of sewing machines, being held as security against loans to needy families, as a gesture of good will to the mothers of the republic.—*By E. L. W. Eistetter, Mexico City, Mexico.*

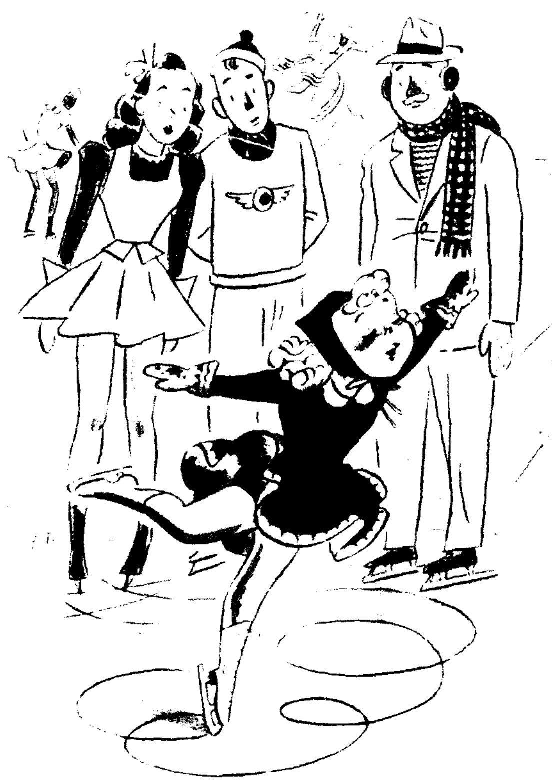
The Falashas, a Hamitic people of Abyssinia, are forbidden by their own laws to enter the house of a Christian. Furthermore, no one is admitted into their monastic system who has eaten a meal with a Christian, or who is the son or the grandson of a man thus contaminated.

More than three hundred cities and towns in thirty-two states now license bicycles, chiefly to protect the owners against theft. Registration has increased the recovery of stolen machines, in many places, from fifteen to ninety per cent.

During a heavy thunderstorm, a large structure, topped by a pointed object such as the mooring mast of the Empire State Building, sometimes accumulates so much positive electricity that a flash of lightning will leap upward from it to meet a downward flash from a negatively charged cloud.—*By Dr. Gilbert C. Meyer, Island Park, Long Island.*

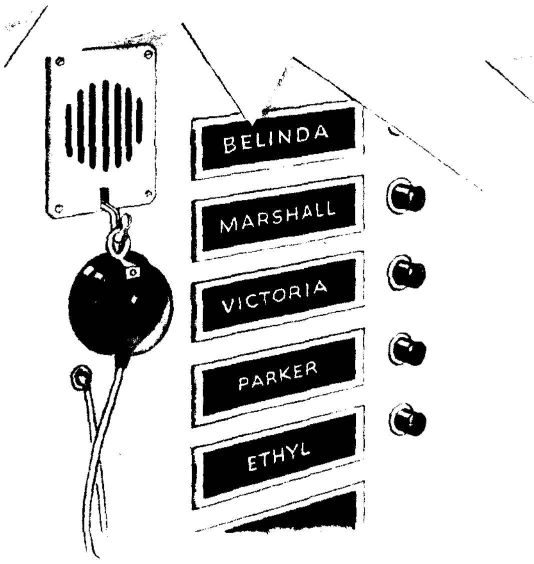
The Trans-Saharan Railway, now being built between Colomb-Béchar in Algeria and Bourem in French West Africa, has been nicknamed "The Peanut Line" by the construction engineers because the Diesel engines are to burn peanut oil. The laborers also use the same name derisively because they are forced to work for "peanuts"—fifteen cents a week.

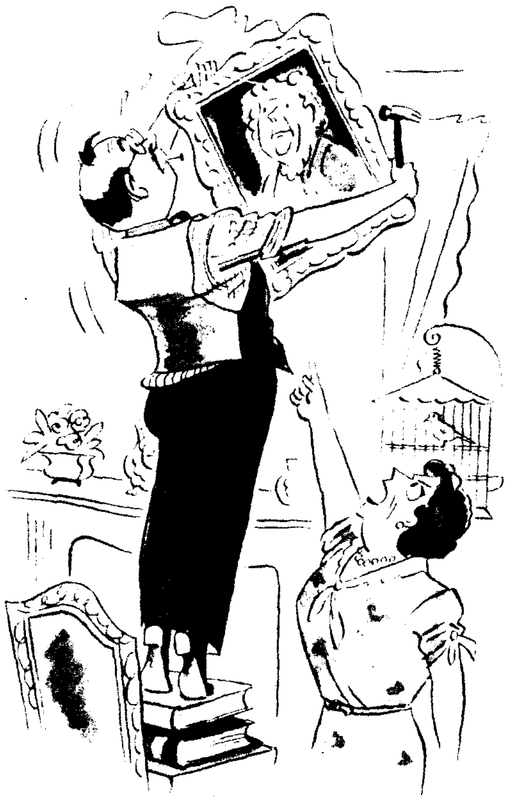
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



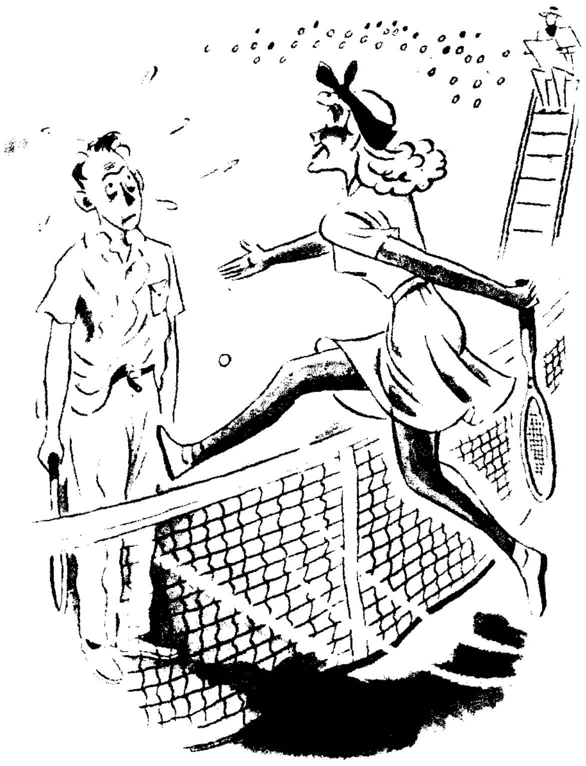
BELINDA
means
"graceful in motion"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

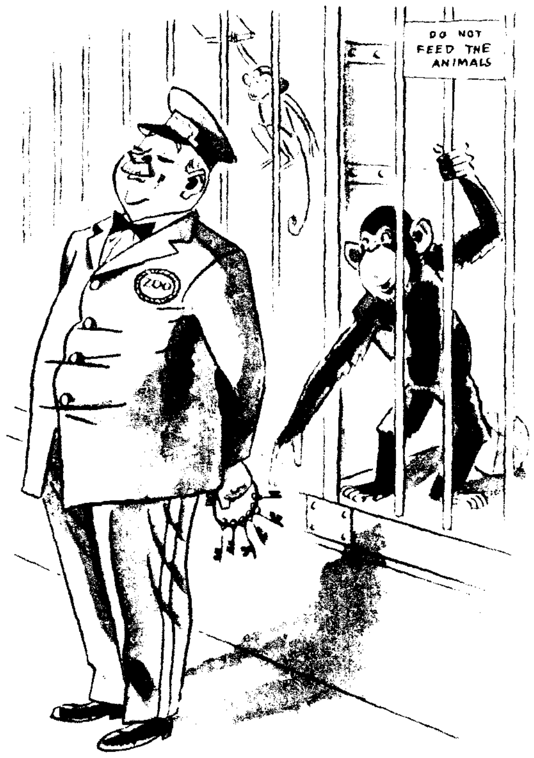

BELINDA
MARSHALL
VICTORIA
PARKER
ETHYL



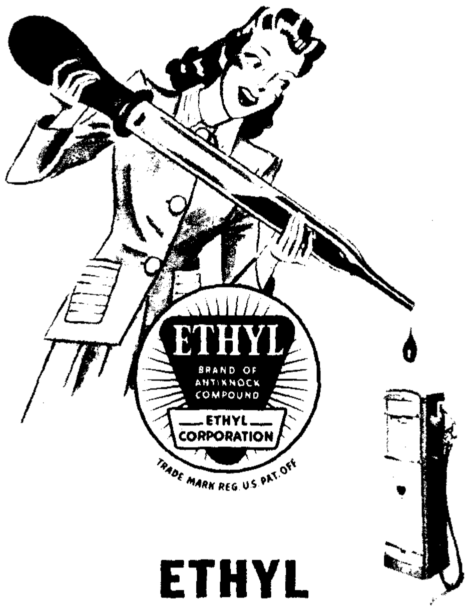
MARSHALL
means
"master of the house"



VICTORIA
means
"successful in contests"


DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS
ZOO

PARKER
means
"keeper of a park"


ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG US PAT OFF

ETHYL
is a trade mark name

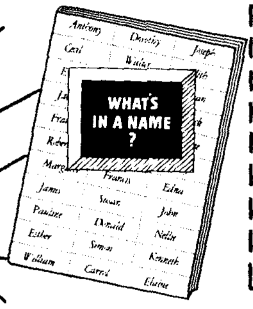
It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

WHAT DOES YOUR NAME MEAN?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

FREE
ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF NAMES


WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

ETHYL CORPORATION
Room 3507, Chrysler Bldg., New York City
Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

Name______________________________
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address____________________________
City________________State___________

COPYRIGHT 1942, ETHYL CORPORATION

NOTICE! It's time you grown-ups quit swiping kids' Tootsie Rolls. It's unfair! Can't you go and get your own?

Tootsie
CHOCOLATE
Can't a guy call a TOOTSIE ROLL his own?

Jeeps! How that Tootsie taste gets 'em!

Gotta *watch* those grown-ups! They sight a Tootsie, sink same. That *burns* me, 'count of I'm a *sucker* for that Tootsie taste! I'm a *bearcat* for that chocolatey luscious flavor.

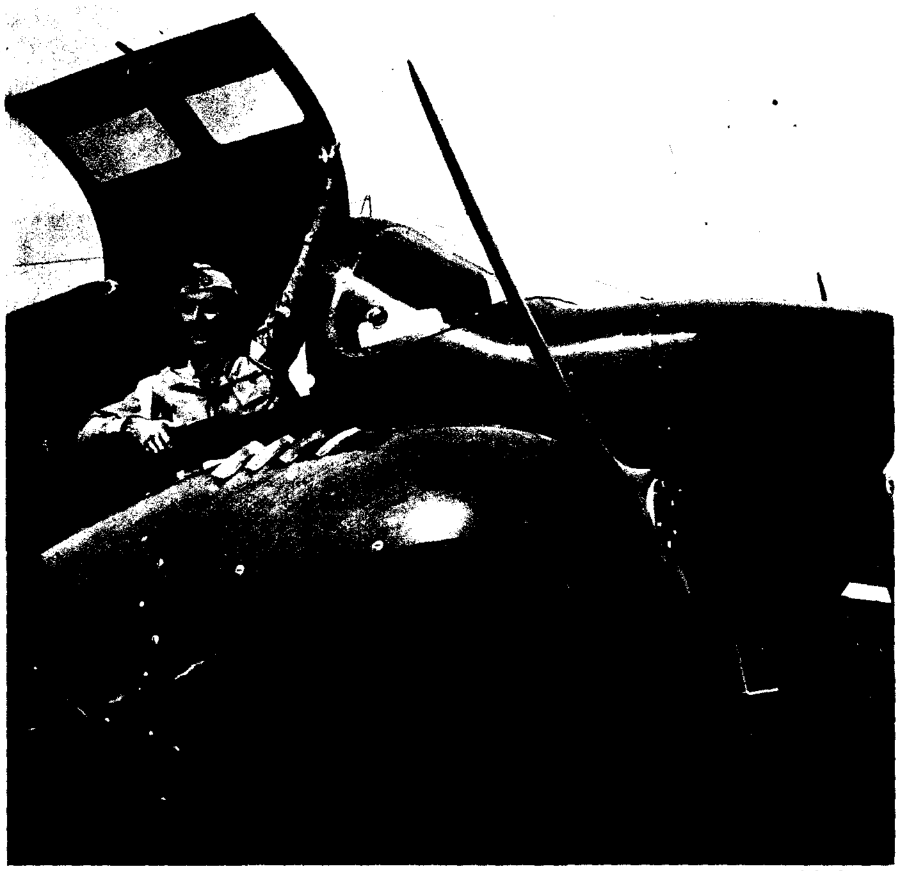
Most of those Tootsie-swipers don't even know Tootsies are *pep* food! Yes, sir! Tootsies are *super-colossal* for zingo!

America's Favorite Chewy Chocolate Candy

Tootsie
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Rolls
JUMBO

Try other TOOTSIE CANDIES—*delicious!*

RICH IN *DEXTROSE* FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY



IFOR THOMAS

CAP Pilot H. Warren Holaday ready to take off from an Eastern airport to report for duty with a task force. His plane if of new design, made of plastic and wood. CAP pilots are doing fine work in U-boat patrol and other war activities

WING TALK

THE "Convoy Cap" may not have the speed, fire power and viciousness of the Dieppe umbrella of fighters but the CAP, which is Civil Air Patrol, has distinguished itself as the protecting eyes of the coastwise and Gulf coast shipping. And now with the coastal patrol operating daily and well organized in the war against submarines off the U. S. coasts, the CAP is entering a new phase for the wings, groups and squadrons of civil airmen for inland operations.

Any naval officer will say today that the CAP has accomplished just what it started out to do. It has relieved many of the regular service planes of both the Army and the Navy for other duties. Civilian members of the patrol have taken their small planes, which at one time might have been referred to as putt-putts, and turned them into a vital protective weapon. Their only fire power is the .45-caliber service revolver of the pilot. But the ash-can depth charge that is attached to the belly of the small plane, in addition to the searching eyes of the two-man crew, is enough to keep the enemy subs down under or away from the coastal combat zones.

The men flying those coastal patrol planes, day in and day out, up and down the coast many miles out to sea, feel they are accomplishing a real mission. Most of them are of the overage type for regular military service. But on their runs, they play tag or hide-and-seek with the preciously laden cargo ships in the convoy. They chat back and forth over the radio with the ships. As one group finishes its mission of 100 miles or more, another group of CAP planes takes over.

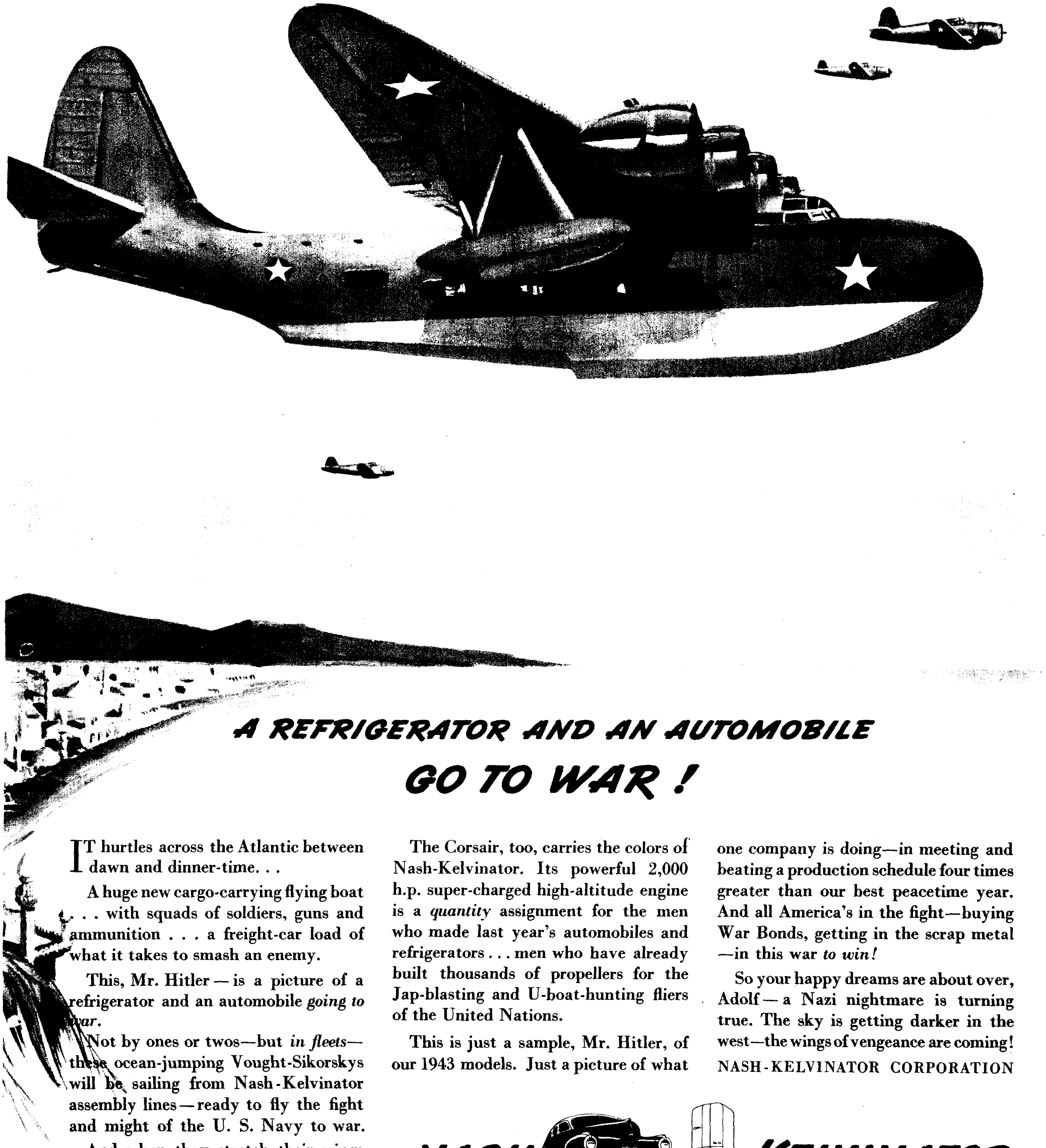
At the start, many of the CAP pilots in the Middle West areas were somewhat dissatisfied. There was nothing for them to do. Some of them went into the coastal patrol for a tour of duty. But now Earle L. Johnson, the national commander, has under way a program which will see the CAP activities in all parts of the country. Such missions as courier service for the armed services, official agencies and war industries may easily be performed by the CAP. Target towing, tracking, searchlight drill, tests on spotting, mock air raids, reconnaissance, observation and the patrol of forests, pipe lines and other war facilities will keep these volunteer airmen busy.

ANOTHER big worry for pilots, who certainly have enough to worry about while operating the gadget-packed planes of today, is headed for elimination. The creation of deicers several years ago was one of the big steps toward safe all-year-round flying. But ice continued to be a worry and caused the crews to be on constant guard in icy weather conditions to see that the deicers were turned on at precisely the right time.

Two young physicists, Doctor Waldo Kliever and his assistant Richard Franzel of Minneapolis have developed a new type of ice indicator which utilizes the principles of the new science of electronics. The device not only accurately measures the ice on the wings and plane but automatically turns on the deicer at the time it is most effective.

THE hundreds of thousands of commercial-plane passengers who annually fly here and there in the United States in the luxury of a comfortable cabin pay little attention to the exact position of the plane in which they are flying. Not one out of a hundred

(Continued on page 72)



A REFRIGERATOR AND AN AUTOMOBILE GO TO WAR!

IT hurtles across the Atlantic between dawn and dinner-time. . .

A huge new cargo-carrying flying boat . . . with squads of soldiers, guns and ammunition . . . a freight-car load of what it takes to smash an enemy.

This, Mr. Hitler — is a picture of a refrigerator and an automobile *going to war.*

Not by ones or twos—but *in fleets*—these ocean-jumping Vought-Sikorskys will be sailing from Nash-Kelvinator assembly lines—ready to fly the fight and might of the U. S. Navy to war.

And when they stretch their wings around this world, there will be proud new Navy *Corsairs* to protect them—new fighting ships that can fly the wings off any Axis 'plane now known!

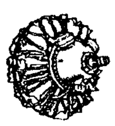
The Corsair, too, carries the colors of Nash-Kelvinator. Its powerful 2,000 h.p. super-charged high-altitude engine is a *quantity* assignment for the men who made last year's automobiles and refrigerators . . . men who have already built thousands of propellers for the Jap-blasting and U-boat-hunting fliers of the United Nations.

This is just a sample, Mr. Hitler, of our 1943 models. Just a picture of what one company is doing—in meeting and beating a production schedule four times greater than our best peacetime year. And all America's in the fight—buying War Bonds, getting in the scrap metal —in this war *to win!*

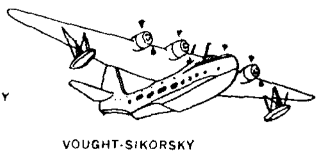
So your happy dreams are about over, Adolf — a Nazi nightmare is turning true. The sky is getting darker in the west—the wings of vengeance are coming!

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

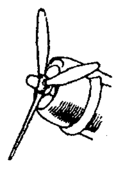
NASH KELVINATOR



PRATT & WHITNEY
HIGH-ALTITUDE
ENGINES

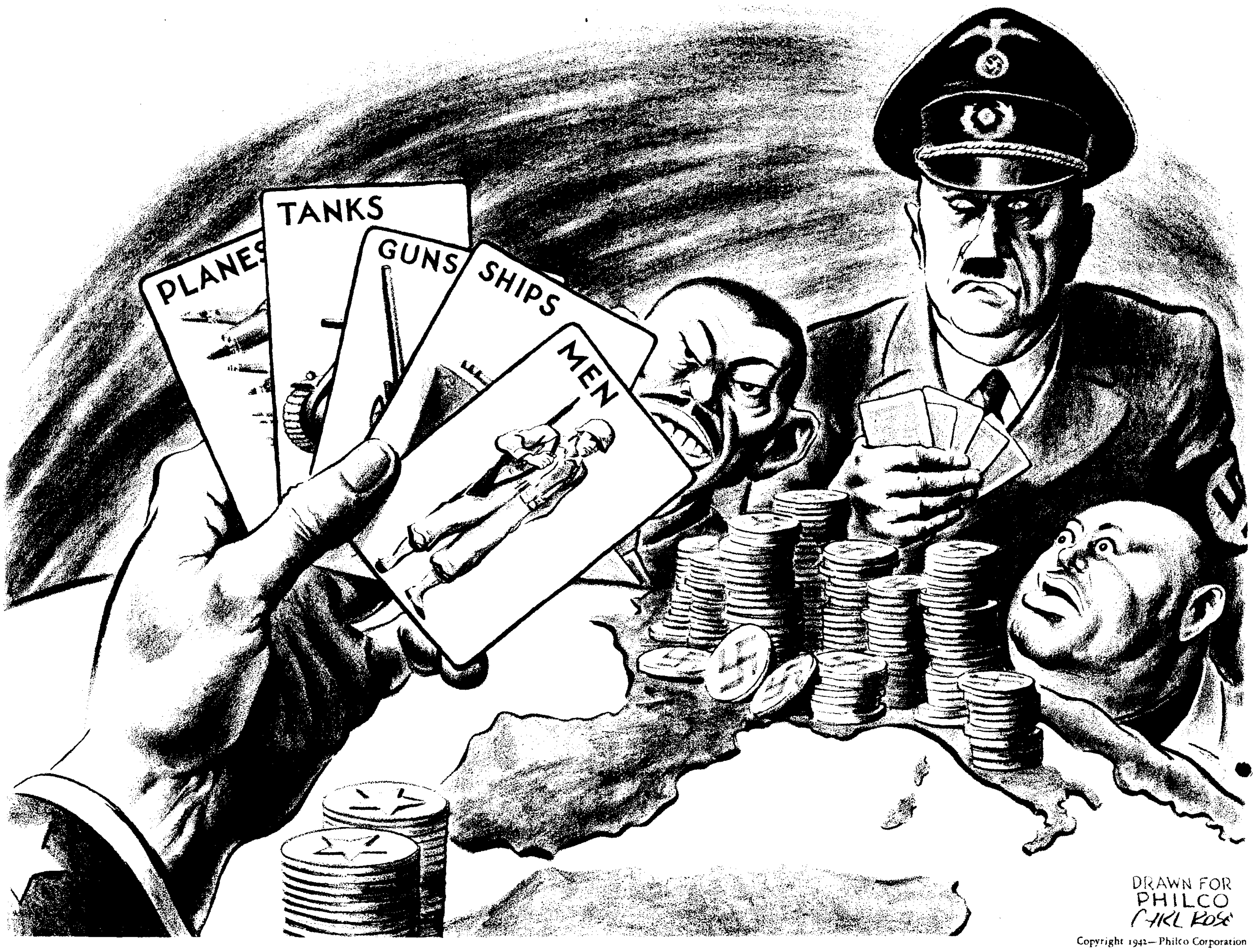


VOUGHT-SIKORSKY
FLYING BOATS



HAMILTON
STANDARD
PROPELLERS

We're Holding the Cards Now, Axis!



Copyright 1942—Philco Corporation

THE Army-Navy "E" flags that fly above the Philco plants at Philadelphia, Trenton and Sandusky are citations of *Excellence* in the production of war equipment from our fighting forces to the men and women of Philco. They are symbols of the vital partnership between our soldiers of the front and our soldiers of production.

More than that, they are *battle flags* for America at home, symbols of the devotion and sacrifice beyond the line of duty which are the price of Victory. For that is the spirit in which industrial America, as the War Department citation reads, is "accomplishing today what yesterday seemed impossible."

The Philco laboratories, machines and assembly lines are producing communications equipment, radios for tanks and airplanes, artillery fuzes and shells, electric storage batteries for the Army, Navy and War Production plants. They are doing their share to the end that America's might may strike the decisive blow for Victory. And that mankind may enjoy in freedom the more abundant life which will arise from the scientific miracles born of war.

This cartoon by Carl Rose is another in the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists to interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of production. It is being posted on bulletin boards of the Philco factories as a symbol to the men and women of Philco of the purpose and significance of their work in the united effort for Victory.

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Carl Rose will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 25C.

PHILCO CORPORATION

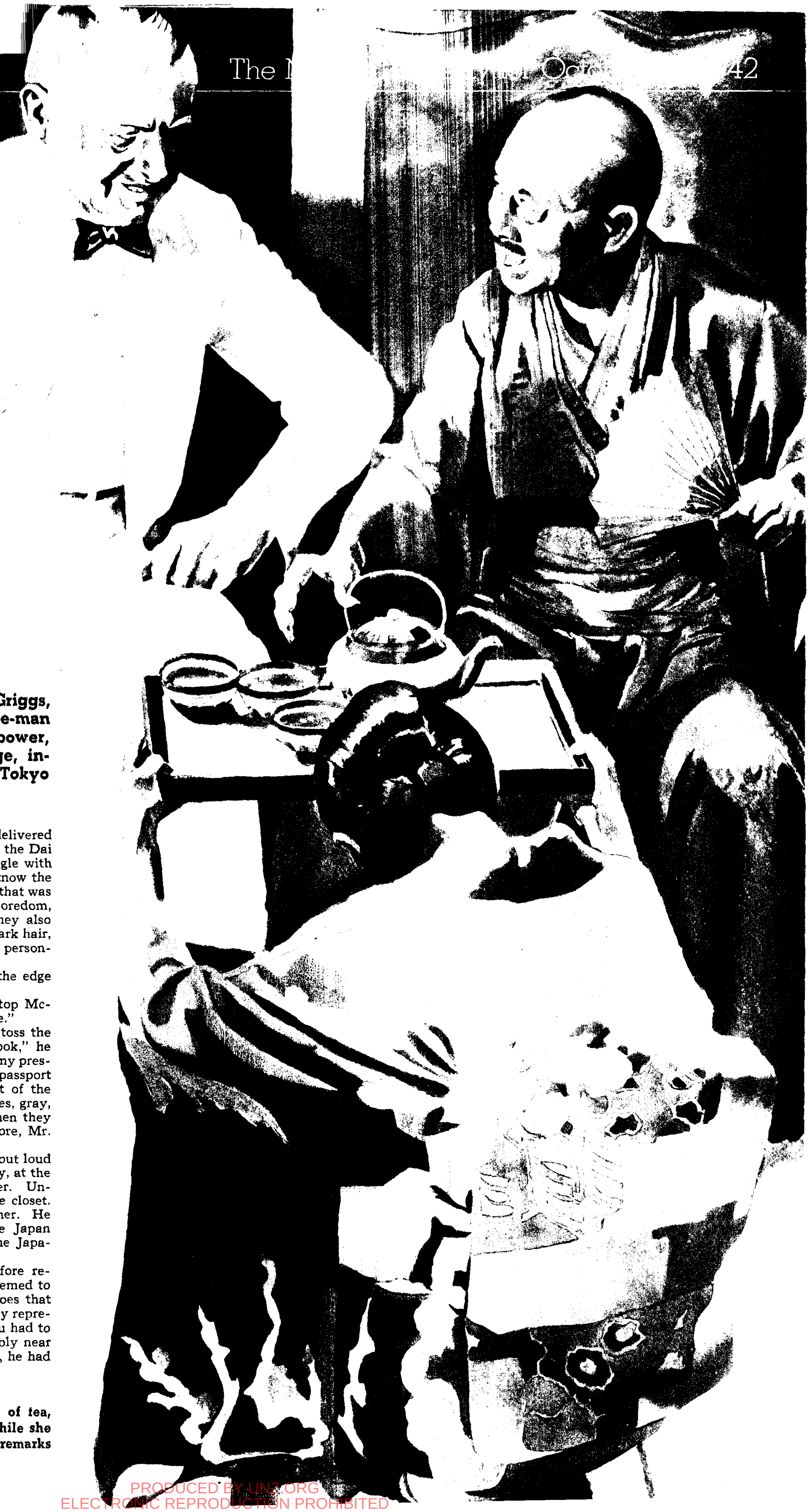
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on sugar, rubber, gasoline and all products of peace-time consumption, remember too to preserve the use of the things you own. Through its national service organizations, Philco offers, at reasonable and uniform charges, the means of prolonging the life of Philco products.

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER

ARMY E NAVY

The Army-Navy "E" Flag
flies above the Philco
plants in Philadelphia,
Trenton, N. J. and
Sandusky, Ohio.



YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Beginning the fast-moving story of Nick Griggs, American newsman, who fought a one-man war with the Japs. On their side they had power, numbers and cunning. He had courage, intelligence, and a girl he met casually in Tokyo

AFTER the pigeon-toed Japanese chambermaid delivered the cablegram to the American in Room 87 of the Dai Ichi Hotel, she crept down the corridor to giggle with another maid. Unlike the desk clerk, she did not know the text of the cable. The two servants tittered because that was the way Japanese girls expressed astonishment, boredom, glee, discomfiture, fear or nothing whatsoever. They also giggled because they thought Nick Griggs, with his dark hair, his square face, his big, broad-lipped smile, was more personable than some of the other Westerners in Tokyo.

Inside Room 87, the American sat hunched on the edge of his bed. The cable in his hand read:

"In view present outlook decided replace you stop McCleery arrives Yokohama tomorrow good luck Pottle."

Nick Griggs knew it by heart before he rose to toss the message onto the dresser. "In view present outlook," he said to his image in the mirror. "What's wrong with my present outlook? It's all down in black and white on my passport and, what's more, passed by the State Department of the U. S. A. Height, five feet eleven. Hair, black. Eyes, gray, provided I'm not wearing one of my bright ties, when they change color a little. Age, thirty. And what is more, Mr. Pottle, no distinguishing marks."

Finesse it, he told himself. It was worse to talk out loud to yourself than to be a solitary drinker, and, anyway, at the moment he much preferred to be a solitary drinker. Unfortunately, there was not even a jug of sake in the closet. But for his ties, there wasn't much else around either. He had lent his dinner jacket to Al Carpenter of the Japan Times-Advertiser. His camera was useless since the Japanese had taken its lens when he first entered Japan.

The cramped bedroom that he had always before regarded as slightly bigger than a ricksha suddenly seemed to take on noble proportions. The heat, the mosquitoes that flew in through the ill-fitting window screens suddenly represented all the dear inconveniences of home, once you had to leave it. The Dai Ichi Hotel was situated reasonably near the Domei Building where, until a few minutes ago, he had

A maid entered with a tray of cups and a pot of tea, kneeling before each man as she served him. While she was there, Yagi uttered only inconsequential remarks

been the accredited correspondent of the American News Service. The Dai Ichi was newer than the Imperial Hotel, a few blocks away. Otherwise, it was just an eight-story cell block. Nick stayed there because its rates were lower than the Imperial's. Now, without going up one sen, they had become too lofty for him.

For a melancholy moment, he thought he would have to be businesslike and check his assets. All his last month's chits, at the American Club and here, were paid up. He had the bright brocaded kimono for his mother, the elaborate upright doll in the glass case for his brother's kid . . . and not enough money for his passage if he wanted to go home.

He also had a file of cablegrams from Mr. William R. Pottle, foreign news editor of the American News Service. All but the one he had just received had been dull developments of a key word like "disappointed" or "unsatisfactory" or "unimportant." Pottle's predecessor, a gentlemanly character who had hired Nick from the night rewrite desk of the Japan Times-Advertiser, had not squandered American News Service money on monotonous cables. His infrequent messages had displayed talent and sometimes included creative touches like "congratulations" or "swell story" or "more of same."

But the gentlemanly character was out and Pottle, the father of the kiss-off, was in; and again Nick told himself to finesse it. Perhaps my assets are intangibles, he thought: my health, my . . . health, well, anyway, in a dinner coat I'm not mistaken for the waiter. I have a nodding acquaintance with two foreign languages. *Moshi moshi:* hello. *'Allo:* hello. Quite a catch. I really don't see why the girls don't propose to me. Maybe they're waiting for leap year. Or maybe they read in the tea leaves that, wherever I go, I'm sure to land a snappy job on night rewrite.

IT WAS the darnedest thing about night rewrite, he thought. On night rewrite in St. Louis, he had saved enough to finance the trip to Hawaii. The flower-perfumed Paradise of the Pacific smiles *aloha* to you. It had; but all the Star-Bulletin could give him was a place on rewrite. In the moonlight hours, in the zombie hours, he had rewritten shorts from the news services. When he had finally moved on to Japan, he had quickly located a job: night rewrite on the Times-Advertiser. Of course, the American News Service job had flowed out of that; he couldn't complain about the hours or his task during that honeymoon.

Actually, he had only one sorrow: he was convinced that he was the one adult in the Far East, if not in the world, who had missed everything. He had missed the fighting in Shanghai, the sack of Nanking, World War One, the Massie case in Hawaii, the 1923 earthquake. He hadn't even had a real look at Mount Fuji; it was wreathed in fog the day he went to climb it.

He did not want to go home now, even if he had the money. Something more was bound to happen out this way; this time he proposed to be a witness to it. There were other jobs to be had, in China or Singapore or somewhere. He would go over to the American Club and put himself on the block. Someone there might have a lead to a job somewhere.

On his way, he detoured, cutting across the canal to the Domei Building. The American News Service office was on the seventh floor, like the other news service offices—the British, American, French, Italian and German ones. The door to his office was unlocked, the light was on, but Mikimoto, his single assistant, was not inside. Instead, Kikuchi, a Domei reporter who would never admit he was assigned to watch foreign reporters, sat comfortably at Mikimoto's desk.

"*Moshi moshi,*" Nick said pleasantly. "Have you read any good dossiers lately?"

Kikuchi laughed immoderately. "I, for one, shall miss you," he said, "because of your unfailing comicality. I am really so sorry that ANS is sending this Mr. McCleery and not keeping you."

I'd like to know how long Domei had its copy of my cable, Nick thought, before I got it. Aloud he said, "I can't give you a passing grade, until you answer this one: Where am I going next?"

"Oh, where?" Kikuchi asked eagerly. "You know already, *ne?*" His spectacles glittered.

Nick held a finger to his lips and tiptoed to a filing cabinet. He withdrew a key from his pocket and, before he unlocked the top drawer, he turned to wink at the Domei man. The drawer held two cans of American coffee and an almost full carton of American cigarettes. He put them under his arm and marched to the door.

"*O sayō nara,*" he said, giving the Japanese farewell: *Since it must be so.* He added, "Toots." Then he hurried down the corridor.

He continued to walk rapidly, under the street lights that were disconnected to save electric power, to the pinched street where the club was situated. Its opened windows were bright and noisy with wonderful nasal American voices. For a moment Nick loved everyone who might be in it, even the lonely oil man who mistook him for an embassy foreign-language student when he was tanked.

IN THE lounge on the first floor, he noted two self-absorbed cocktail parties, and, in a far corner, cozy on the blue sofa, Al Carpenter with a stranger: a long-legged girl with brown hair. She was chewing a canapé and licking her fingers and she did not look up when Al waved half-heartedly at Nick.

Nick did not censure Al for wanting to hoard his companion. Since most of the American women had gone home in obedience to the State Department's suggestions there had been no replacements; only more plum male faces at the club. The newcomer, he thought as he walked toward her, would have been an addition even before the others were shipped home.

"Want to buy some coffee?" he said, standing himself resolutely before Al. "Cigarettes?"

Sighing, Al said, "Miss Gaspard, Mr. Griggs. Miss Gaspard just got in from Shanghai."

Nick chose to interpret this sluggish introduction as an invitation to sit down. "Going to be here for a while?" he heard himself say in such a corny voice that he shivered.

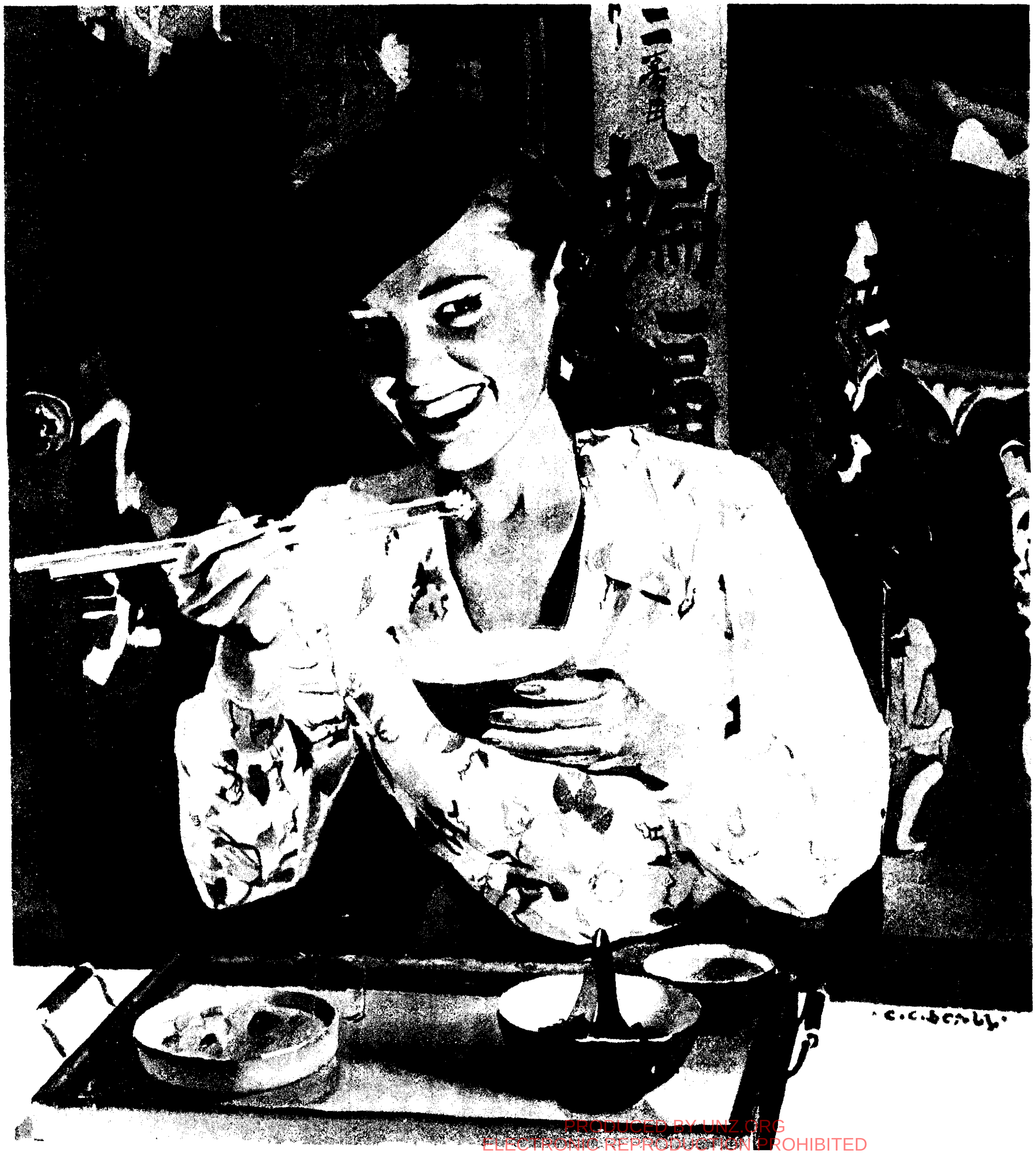
"Oh, not very long, I'm afraid."

Al said in a bossy voice, "Everybody asks Betty how long she's staying, first off."

"Well, anyway, I opened with the Queen's Gambit," said Nick.

"Chess," Al explained. "*L'échecs.*"

(Continued on page 51)



The gossamer girl was deceiving, Nick had learned. In the paper-screened private dining room at the Tsuruya, she ate a robust meal and handled her chopsticks more expertly than Nick

BLACK-AND-BLUE BEAUTY

By Kyle Crichton

Why Kay Aldridge goes in for making serial pictures, of all things; the answers to Hollywood's most baffling mystery

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HEYER-PIX

EVEN at their best, Hollywood serials were awful. Pearl White and Ruth Roland made fortunes out of them, but that never altered the critical judgment. Since those great days they have still been appearing in a furtive sort of way, furnishing Saturday-matinee entertainment for youthful patrons not yet ready for the comic strips. Republic Pictures is now trying to bring them back with glamor. They have signed Kay Aldridge, the ex-New York fashion model and cover girl, and have been putting her through a course of mayhem in defense of her honor.

The Republic serial is called The Perils of Nyoka, and Miss Aldridge has been getting hell beaten out of her in every reel. When they came to the sequence where she was to slide down the rocky side of an arroyo on her caboose, the camera crew looked on with interest. There is nothing a Hollywood crew appreciates more than a beautiful lady getting her lumps.

"You'd better get it right the first time," yelled the director, "or you'll have to do it over again."

Since this was the third week of shooting, and Miss Aldridge was as full of purple welts as an Easter egg, she certainly didn't want to do it more than once. Accordingly, she put her soul and tortured chassis into it. She careened down the slope, smashing through the underbrush, overturning rocks, bouncing joltingly along on her rear. She reached the bottom, felt herself hastily and screamed, "Doctor!"

Her terror was accentuated by the sight of the gentleman who answered her call.

"You're the man who looks after the horses!" she cried in horror.

"A veterinarian, yes," said the gentleman, with dignity. "Have you any objection or would you rather just die there?"

The Riddle of the Hollywood Sphinx

Some day a psychologist is going to analyze the special form of guilt which requires that Hollywood should slam its women. It seems to have begun with James Cagney smacking dames in the mush, and it reached its peak when the glamorous Marlene Dietrich was whacked in the posterior with fence slats, dumped in mud puddles and doused with fire hoses. It appears to be a form of self-destruction by which Hollywood seeks to annihilate the thing that made it successful, to wit, beauty.

Miss Aldridge reached the end of The Perils of Nyoka alive, a feat. What she was doing in it is still a mystery, unless it was starvation. Which seems unlikely in the case of a female with her looks. She is intelligent, beautiful and streamlined. She is internationally known for her face and figure, has been in Hollywood almost five years and knows everybody in the joint. Of course she can't act. But who else can, in pictures? In brief, what is she doing in The Perils of Nyoka?

"A masochist," says the best explanation, "with a touch of greed."

Out at Republic, they tested seventy-five girls before a strain of sadism led them to pick on Aldridge. The prospect of whamming the loveliest of the group was too good to overlook. If Universal Pictures could take belts at Dietrich, Republic would wallop Aldridge. When it was through, she had lacerations, contusions, cuts and abrasions; she had strained ligaments, sprained ankles and Charley horses; she had fallen off a chariot and been singed by hot ice.

"And I got a lot of mail with one cent postage due," says Aldridge. "They tell me this means I'm a hit with the matinee mob."

The matinee mob is constituted almost entirely of grimy-looking brats with a ten-cent piece clutched in their sweaty palms. They clutter up the best seats, distribute bits of antique chewing gum up and down the aisles and burst into irate catcalls when displeased. What infuriates them beyond bearing is the sight of love. The spectacle of the hero and heroine in a clutch will get nothing but obscene whistling from such a critical gathering. When the heroine of The Perils of Nyoka accepted help from the hero, she did not fall into his arms. She took his hand in a firm grip, looked him full in the eye and said, "Thanks, old man!"

When the hero wanted to compliment the heroine on her bravery, he very cautiously refrained from the starry-eyed gaze. He took her hand in a firm grip, looked her full in the eye, and said. "Plucky girl!"

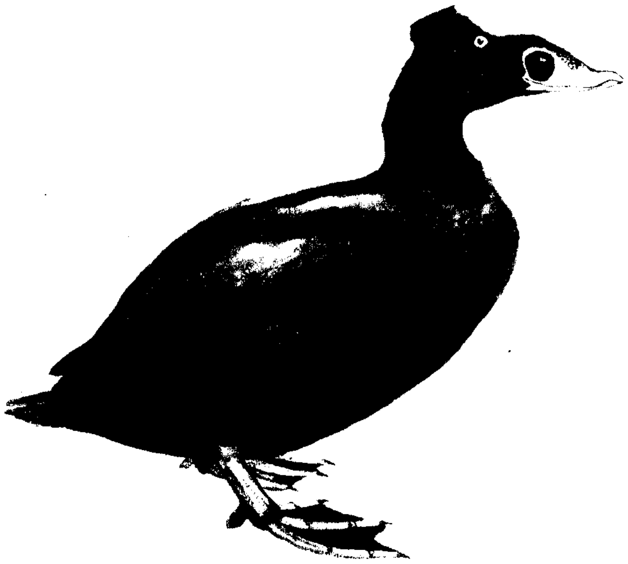
Aldridge learned all that and a lot more, including the fact that she had to get up at four every morning to be in time for the first shots on location. Since her home was in Santa Monica, miles from the studio, she took a cabin at a tourist camp and entertained nobody but her personal physician during the course of the six weeks' shooting.

She is one of the tallest of movie actresses, being five feet eight, but she turned out to be tough. The scenes were marvelous, to wit: (a) She is burned at the stake. (b) Arab horses gallop over her prostrate form. (c) She is trapped in the path of a landslide. (d) A stone roof falls on her. (e) Preferring death to dishonor, she leaps off a cliff. (f) A two-ton chandelier mashes her. (g) She falls thousands of feet to be crushed on the rocks of a cavern. (h) She is lowered into a fiery pit.

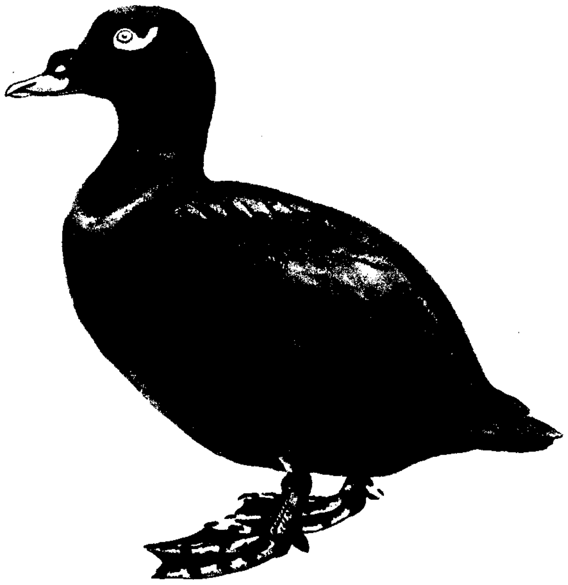
Much of this was trick stuff, and as much more was done by a double, but Aldridge did plenty. She climbed trees and rolled down hillsides and ran incessantly for cover, cowering away from the poisoned arrows of the natives. At first she did the latter stint badly and was reproached by the director. He asked her with some tartness whether it would be possible for a lady of her obvious good Virginia breeding to unbend a trifle.

"In all fairness, I must *(Continued on page 48)*

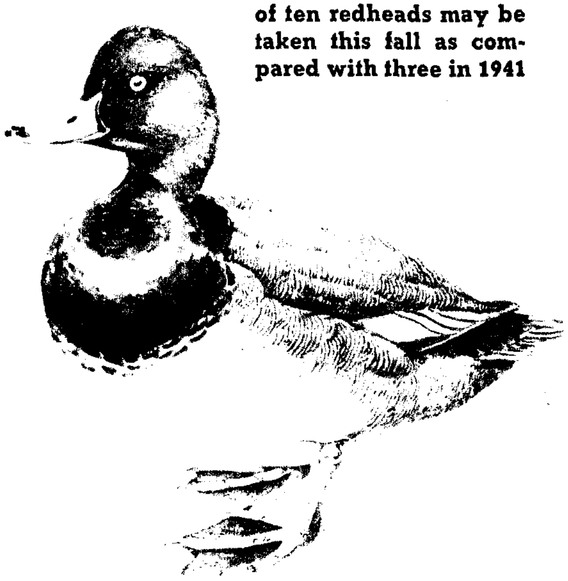
SURF SCOTER. "Skunkhead" is what New England Yankees call this weird-looking sea duck which frequents both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Its favorite diet is small shellfish, which its dredgelike bill enables it to dig out of the sea bottom at depths of twenty feet or more



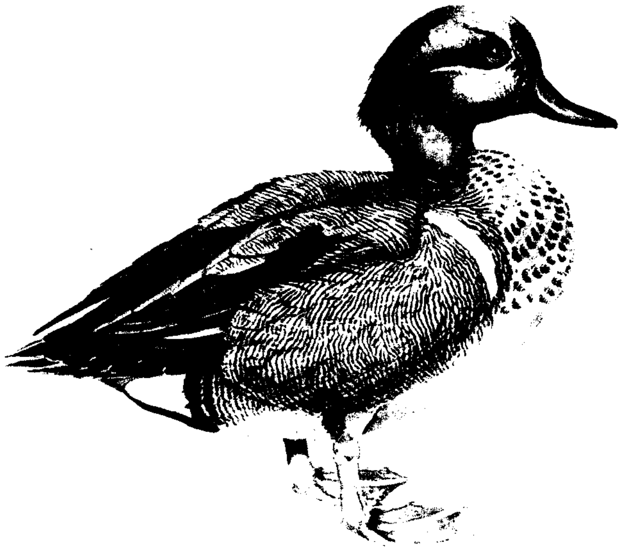
WHITE-WINGED SCOTER. Here's one fellow who is really getting a break out of the war this hunting season. Coastal-defense regulations have restricted duck hunting along some sections of our ocean fronts which are fall and winter haunts of the white-winged scoter



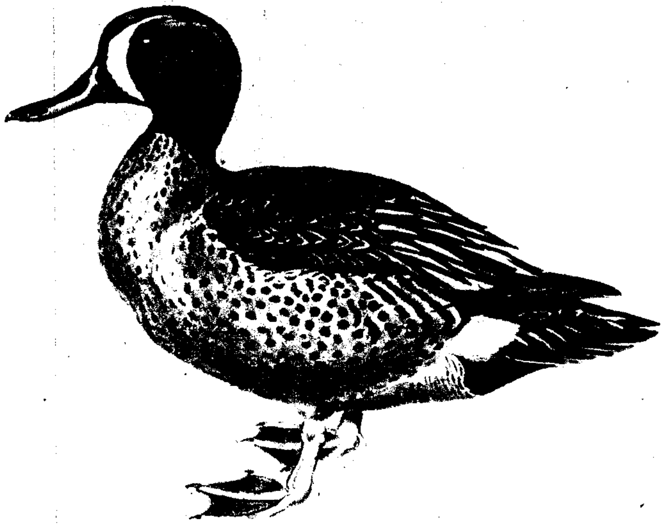
REDHEAD. Drying up of redhead nesting marshes during the recent dust-bowl era hit these birds hard. By 1936 all redhead shooting had been banned. With protection and effective restoration work, the species has now staged a fine comeback. A full daily bag limit of ten redheads may be taken this fall as compared with three in 1941



GREEN-WINGED TEAL. Daintiest of all wild ducks and one of the most difficult targets for hunters because of his speedy flight and small size, the green-winged teal is also one of the earliest fall migrants. At first indications of frost, he heads south



BLUE-WINGED TEAL. This beautiful waterfowl holds international long-distance flight records. Nesting as far north as Great Slave Lake, just below the Arctic Circle in Canada, bluewings have been found wintering in Venezuela, French Guiana, Brazil, and even Chile



Return of the Wildfowl

By Bill Wolf

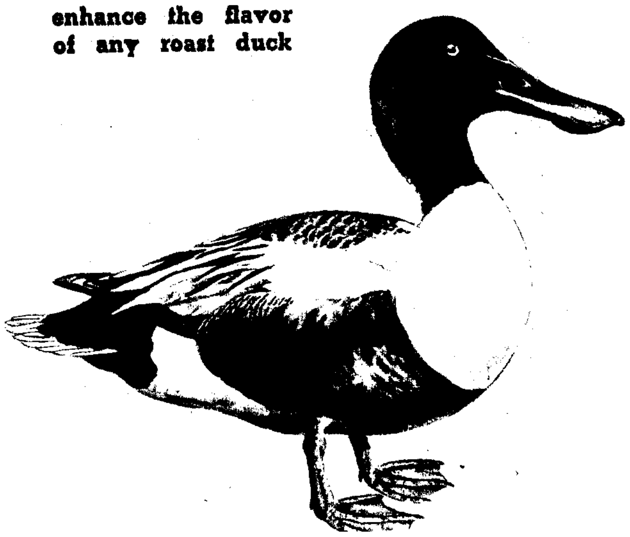
PAINTINGS BY T. M. SHORTT

From "The Ducks, Geese and Swans of North America"
By F. H. Kortright • American Wildlife Institute • $4.50

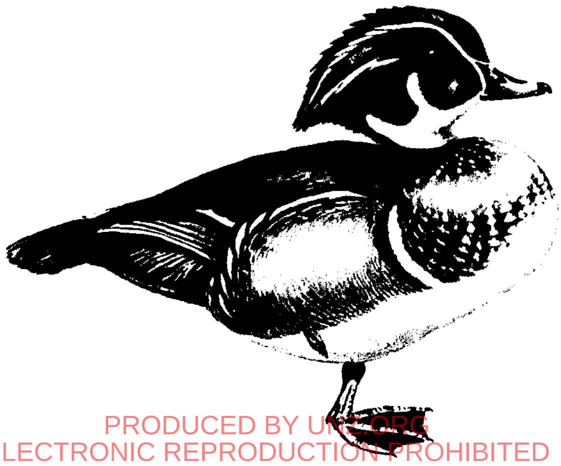
THE waterfowl are on the move again. The gees ducks and swans of the continent come with a glor ous rush when they head south, traveling "on tl beam" of one of the four great flyways. Some of the talk as they fly, and their wild fluting and incessa clatter, when heard by earthbound persons below, one of the most exciting of all outdoor sounds. To duck hunter it is like a trumpet call.

Sometimes persons abroad at night in the count are startled by a clamoring overhead, a sound not u like a pack of dogs in full cry. It is only the wild gees hurrying to escape the biting cold, but here might the origin of the legend of the ghostly Wild Huntsma and his hounds, sweeping through the dark skies.

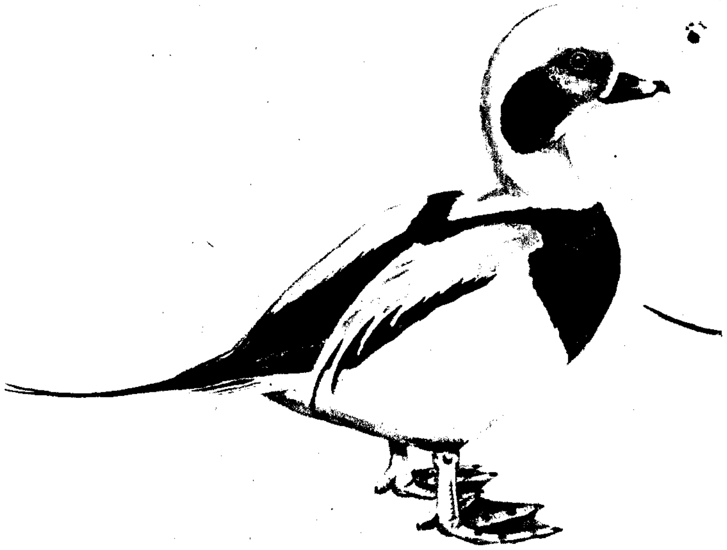
SHOVELER. "Spoonbill" is his better known cognomen and one look at that schnozzle will tell you why. The buffoon of wild ducks, he's not exactly favored for the table when tastier wildfowl are available. That spatulate bill is used principally to dredge crustacea from marsh mud—which diet doesn't enhance the flavor of any roast duck



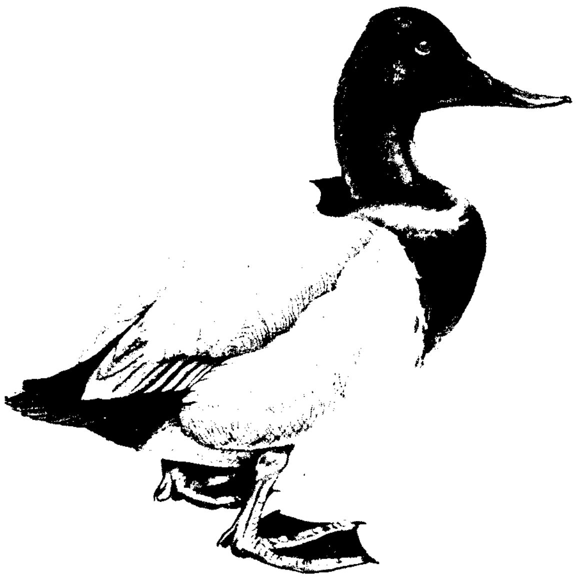
WOOD DUCK. Most beautiful of all American waterfowl. For the first time in over twenty years, federal regulations permit hunters to include one wood duck in the day's bag. However, some states still have laws against shooting this species



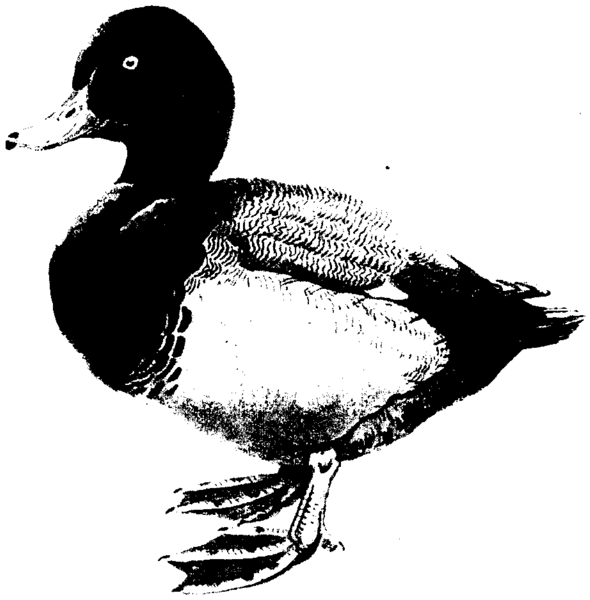
OLD SQUAW. Old squaws are among the m northerly nesters, some breeding above the Arc Circle. Old squaws can't quack like other ducks, b yodel—so much and so loud that early settlers liken the racket to singing and gabbling of Indian squaw Hence the name, old squaw, according to lege



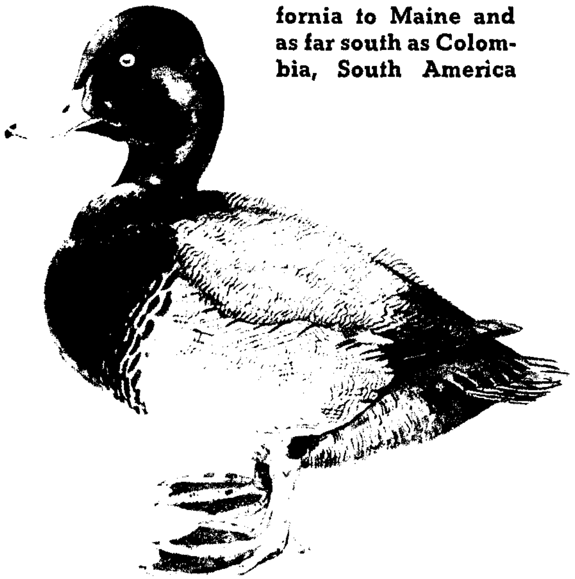
CANVASBACK. Pièce de résistance of gourmets, due to its preferred diet of flavorsome wild celery, the canvasback is among the choicest of all wild waterfowl. It is also the speediest of webfooted fliers, and has been clocked by airplane at 72 m.p.h.



GREATER SCAUP. An overgrown relative of the lesser scaup, about the only way you can distinguish this species from the lesser scaup is by its larger size and the green sheen of its head feathers. The lesser scaup's plumage is almost identical, except for purple head coloring



LESSER SCAUP. He's "bluebill" to most wildfowlers and has about the widest range of any North American wild duck. Ducks Unlimited has attached numbered leg bands to these birds on their breeding grounds in Canada. Bands have been recovered by hunters from California to Maine and as far south as Colombia, South America



The inexorable flight of the waterfowl will carry em to their winter resorts, in the West Indies, in the outhern states, in Mexico, in California and even, me few, in South America. When spring comes they trace their flight, going north to the vast breeding ounds of the northern United States and Canada.

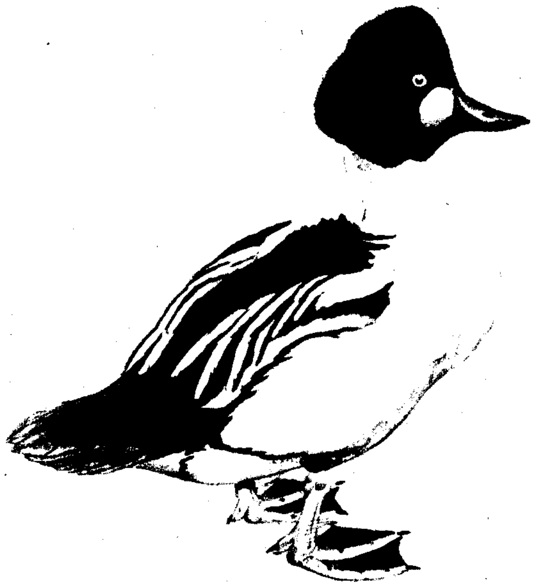
Not all will reach the winter grounds, however. The outhbound birds have to run a gantlet of duck hunters d nearly one tenth will fall in the three zones set by deral regulations.

There will be war-created difficulties for hunters this eason—restricted travel, Coast Guard identification rds and rulings, new guns in certain gauges "frozen" d little spare time—but 70 days of hunting in each ne is the longest season in years and one hundred illion birds the greatest flight in decades.

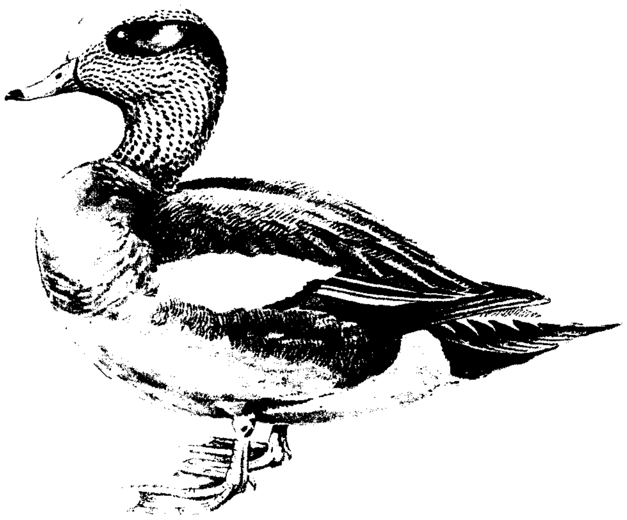
Such a vast flight is a remarkable thing. In 1934 e total waterfowl population of this continent was ot more than 30,000,000. Extinction seemed near. ehind this amazing comeback of waterfowl from near-extermination to something close to 100,000,000 birds is set of factors working for and against the fowl which cludes such strangely assorted things as the duck unters themselves, bird lovers, the U. S. Fish and Vildlife Service, beavers, Ducks Unlimited, Inc., engieers, farmers, northern pike or jackfish, crows, magies, drought, disease, fire and water.

First, however, let us consider the duck hunter, hich is almost a generic term for the hunter of any igratory waterfowl. The duck hunter is the person ost closely concerned with the waterfowl population, ood or bad, and you must *(Continued on page 46)*

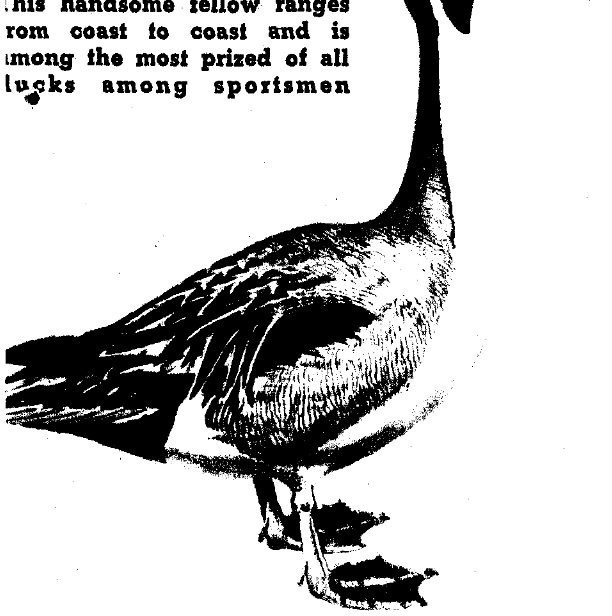
AMERICAN GOLDENEYE. Ordinarily, webfooted ducks don't perch in trees but this species is one of the few exceptions. Favored goldeneye nesting spot is an old tree hole excavated by woodpeckers. In flight, goldeneye wings emit a shrill whistle—hence the bird's nickname, "Whistler"



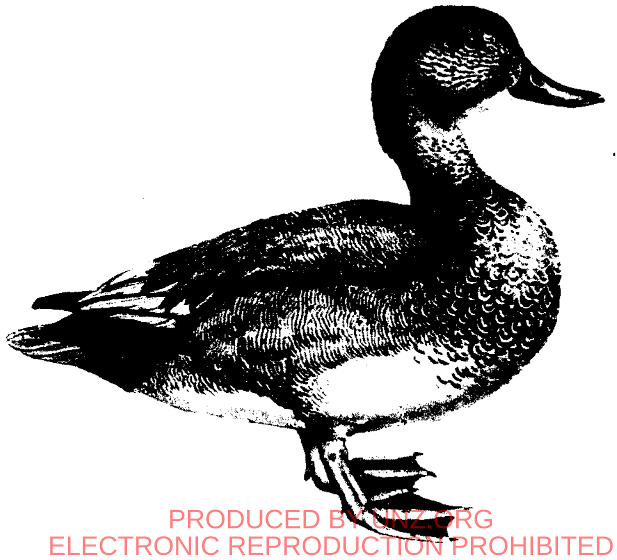
BALDPATE. The baldpate, or widgeon, gets his name from that white patch on his head. He's the champ moocher, snitching succulent food plants that other ducks dive down for and bring up from lake bottoms. Baldpates are among the most popular sporting waterfowl



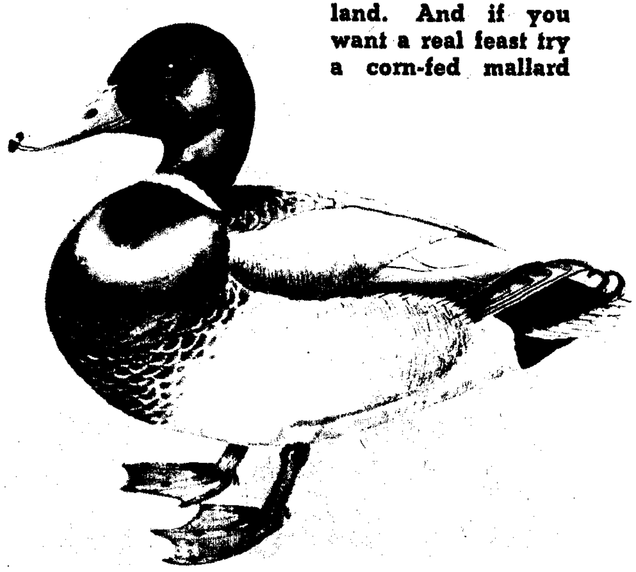
INTAIL. They call him "bull prig" in California and "sea vidgeon" in some parts of the ast, but by whatever name, e's the Beau Brummell of ducks. his handsome fellow ranges rom coast to coast and is mong the most prized of all ucks among sportsmen



GADWALL. Gadwall were hard hit by droughts which swept their nesting marshes in the North Central prairie states and Canadian provinces but now have joined in the big duck population boom. Rare in the Northeastern states, most gadwall fly southward in the fall through Central and Western states



MALLARD. Kingpin of wild ducks in the opinion of most duck hunters is the greenhead mallard—found in every state as well as in nearly every country on the globe. He likes to forage in corn and wheat fields, is one of the very few ducks that will feed on dry land. And if you want a real feast try a corn-fed mallard



Chile Gets Off the Fence

By Waldo Frank

You can't blame Chile for its delay in casting off the Axis. Not when you consider such things as our economic encroachments and the Panama Canal. Collier's on-the-spot reporter presents the little-known facts necessary to understand that republic

BLACK STAR

The Chilean army admires the German military machine but its high officers are not pro-Nazi. At Army School, above, cadets still use the traditional goose-step even though the German experts who taught them have been sent home

EUROPEAN

Pomp and ceremony mark the opening of congress by Chile's newly elected President Juan Antonio Ríos (center). A slow, practical individual, Ríos has taken his time about breaking with the Axis to be sure his people were with him

EUROPEAN

Chileans are a nation of fighters, as Peru and Bolivia learned in the War of the Pacific. Military leaders take pride in the democratic spirit of their army and compare it to that of Mexico

As I write this (about 400 miles south of Santiago), Chile has not yet broken off relations with the Axis. The break will come. A tide of feeling that the time is over for a politics of "playing safe" has swept the people and their leaders. It is important that our own people understand the reasons for the long delay. It will mean understanding Chile.

The reasons can be captioned as follows: (1) The Baltimore incident; (2) the Panama Canal; (3) the American copper mines; (4) the eleven little boats (six belonging to the Chilean *Compañía Sudamericana de Vapores* and five from Holland that were in Chilean ports at the start of the war), which keep the life lines open to Chile's two-thousand-mile coast from New Orleans; and (5) the Nazi-Spanish embassies, which I hyphenate because, when Chile shuts up the Nazi-Italian-Jap shops for continental espionage, propaganda and eventual sabotage, the work will go on *without interruption* under the Franco flag.

It was the strongest and liveliest politician in Chile—73-year-old ex-President Arturo Alessandri, the man behind President Ríos—who reminded me of the Chileans' psychology and of the Baltimore affair, which to us is forgotten history.

In 1891, an American ship, the Baltimore, sailed into Valparaiso. One hundred and seventeen of our sailors got into a drunken battle with Chilean sailors. Two were killed, a large number were wounded. Alessandri is a little fighting cock of a man. His eyes shone as he said that the Chilean boys were better with their knives.

The Chilean government started a legal investigation. Washington refused to wait for it and highhandedly insisted on immediate reparation and official apology by public salute of our flag. Chile was forced to submit, and two generations of its sons and daughters grew up with a resentment against the Yankee which no other country south of Colombia has ever had. (Colombia hated us for a long time because of our theft of Panama through a faked revolution.)

The Chileans no longer hate us, but there is a deep, largely unconscious resistance to us, the fruit of the old hate. The sensitive man can find it everywhere—among intellectuals, businessmen, professional men: the very men and women whose intelligence today makes them pro-American and strongly in favor of breaking with the Axis.

The Panama Canal struck the Chilean ports a blow from which they have never recovered. I have been in Punta Arenas, the southernmost city of the world, on the Straits of Magellan. Its port used to be crowded with Pacific-bound ships; hundreds of vessels from Europe with cargoes for towns from Peru to British Columbia made stops at the Chilean ports until the Canal opened. Other ports—Talcahuano, for instance—are in advanced decay, their wide streets half empty, their populations without work or making a miserable living with local fisheries and local traffic. Chile was once in direct touch with all Europe; now it is in direct touch only with the United States. This fact, too, colors the Chilean mind subtly, unconsciously, against us.

Those Eleven Little Boats

Then there are the copper mines: the Anaconda group, Chuquicamata and Potrerillos and the Braden mine, El Teniente at Rancagua. The economy of the country would go to pieces if anything happened to these industries, if they were blown up by bomb or shell, or if the American copper boats stopped plying the seas. But these boats on their southward voyage leave cargoes in the Peruvian ports, and usually reach Chilean ports empty. Chile needs oil, wheat, a hundred products, and her own boats—the eleven little boats—bring them in. If Nazi submarines sank them, Chile, unlike self-supporting Brazil and Argentina, might starve. Her standard of living, at best, is much lower than Argentina's.

And this brings me to the fifth of the reasons for Chile's delay in coming to the break with the Axis. There are nearly 80,000 pro-Nazi Germans in this little country; 30,000 are German nationals; 50,000 are Chilean citizens of German descent who have been hypnotized, despite their democratic antecedents, by the victories of the Fuehrer.

The editor of a leading newspaper, in a confidential report which he prepared for me, wrote, "Citizens of German descent: 100 per cent pro-Nazi." A German anti-Nazi undercover man with whom I checked in Valdivia (where German is a language of the streets) said: "Exaggeration. Only 95 per cent are pro-Nazi." My own visit to Chile's German South convinced me that both these figures are high, that 80 per cent would be nearer the mark.

Anyway, on the day the Nazi embassy shuts down, there will be economic sabotage throughout the south of Chile where 90 per cent of the agriculture, of the wool exports and of the commerce is in German hands. Valdivia, indeed, is a town where racial and economic barriers are parallel. The Germans are the bosses; the Creole Chileans are the proletariat. The Germans live in neat, strong houses on clean paved streets; the Chilean poor live in hovels, and their streets are muddy gutters.

(Continued on page 73)

Ring Twice for Laura

By Vera Caspary

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

WORKING for the same advertising firm in New York City, Laura Hunt and Shelby Carpenter are engaged, plan to be married soon. One Friday afternoon, they meet at five o'clock, have a cocktail together. After which they part, it being Laura's intention (so she says) to dine with Waldo Lydecker, a noted columnist, and later go to Connecticut for a much-needed rest.

The following morning, Bessie Clary, Laura's maid, finds her in her apartment—dead. Someone, *it appears*, had rung her bell, and, when she had opened the door, shot her in the face and killed her, with a shotgun. Interrogated, the taxi driver, in whose cab Carpenter had put her after they had finished their drinks, testifies that, as soon as he had turned a corner, the girl had told him to take her to the Grand Central Station!

All of this, and much more, is related by Lydecker, a brilliant and sophisticated writer, who tells the story—taking a temperamental genius' liberty of describing certain incidents and conversations at which he had not been present but of which he has a fairly clear conception. . . .

To Mark McPherson, an official of some importance, the police department assigns the task of finding the murderer. He goes into action quietly. He learns that the victim had no known enemies; he learns that both Carpenter and Lydecker (possible suspects, obviously) have alibis—extremely feeble ones; he learns that Carpenter is the beneficiary of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar insurance clause in an annuity that the unfortunate girl had carried. . . .

Laura's funeral service is held. Shortly afterward, Bessie, the maid, informs Mark McPherson that she has something to show him at Laura Hunt's apartment. He agrees to accompany her there.

We now see, through Waldo Lydecker's eyes, what happens after Mark and Bessie leave the funeral chapel.

II

MARK had his car. Bessie sat beside him primly, black-gloved hands folded in the lap of her black silk dress. They drove across the park in silence. When they passed the policeman who stood guard at the door of Laura's house, Bessie smiled down upon him with virtuous hauteur. Once in the apartment, she assumed the airs of ownership, raised windows, adjusted curtains, emptied trays filled with ashes from Mark's pipe.

When she had drawn off black gloves, folded them and stored them in her bag, settled herself on the straightest chair and fixed a glassy stare upon his face, she asked, "What do they do to people that hide something from the cops?"

"So you've been trying to shield the murderer?" Mark said. "That's dangerous, Bessie!"

Her knotted hands unfolded. "What makes you think I know the murderer?"

"By hiding evidence, you have become an accessory after the fact. Whom were you shielding, Bessie?"

"*Her.*"

"Why, Bessie? She's dead."

"Her reputation ain't," Bessie observed righteously, and went to the corner cabinet in which Laura had always kept a small stock of liquor. "Just look at this."

Mark leaped. "Hey, be careful. There may be fingerprints."

Bessie laughed. "Maybe there was a lot of fingerprints around here! But the cops never seen them."

"You wiped them off? Good gosh!"

"That ain't all I wiped off," Bessie chuckled. "I cleaned off the bed and table in there and the bathroom before the cops come."

Mark seized her bony wrists. "I've a good mind to take you into custody," he said.

"Cops got dirty minds. I don't want the whole world thinking she was the kind that got drunk with a fellow in her bedroom, God rest her soul."

"Drunk in her bedroom? Bessie, what does this mean?"

"So help me," Bessie swore, "there was two glasses."

Mark retreated, the sudden display of temper puzzling and shaming him. His fury had grown out of all proportions to its cause.

Bessie drew out a bottle. "Where do you think I found this? Right there." She pointed through the open door to the bedroom. "On the table by the bed. With two dirty glasses."

Laura's bedroom was as chaste and peaceful as the chamber of a young girl whose experience of love has been confined to sonnets, dreams and a diary.

"I cleaned up the room and washed the glasses before the cops got here. Lucky I come to my senses in time," Bessie sniffed. "The bottle I put in the cabinet so's no one would notice. I can tell you this much, Mr. McPherson, this here bottle was brought in after I left on Friday."

Mark examined the bottle. It was Three Horses Bourbon, a brand favored by frugal tipplers. "Are you sure, Bessie? How do you know? You must keep close watch on the liquor that's used in this place."

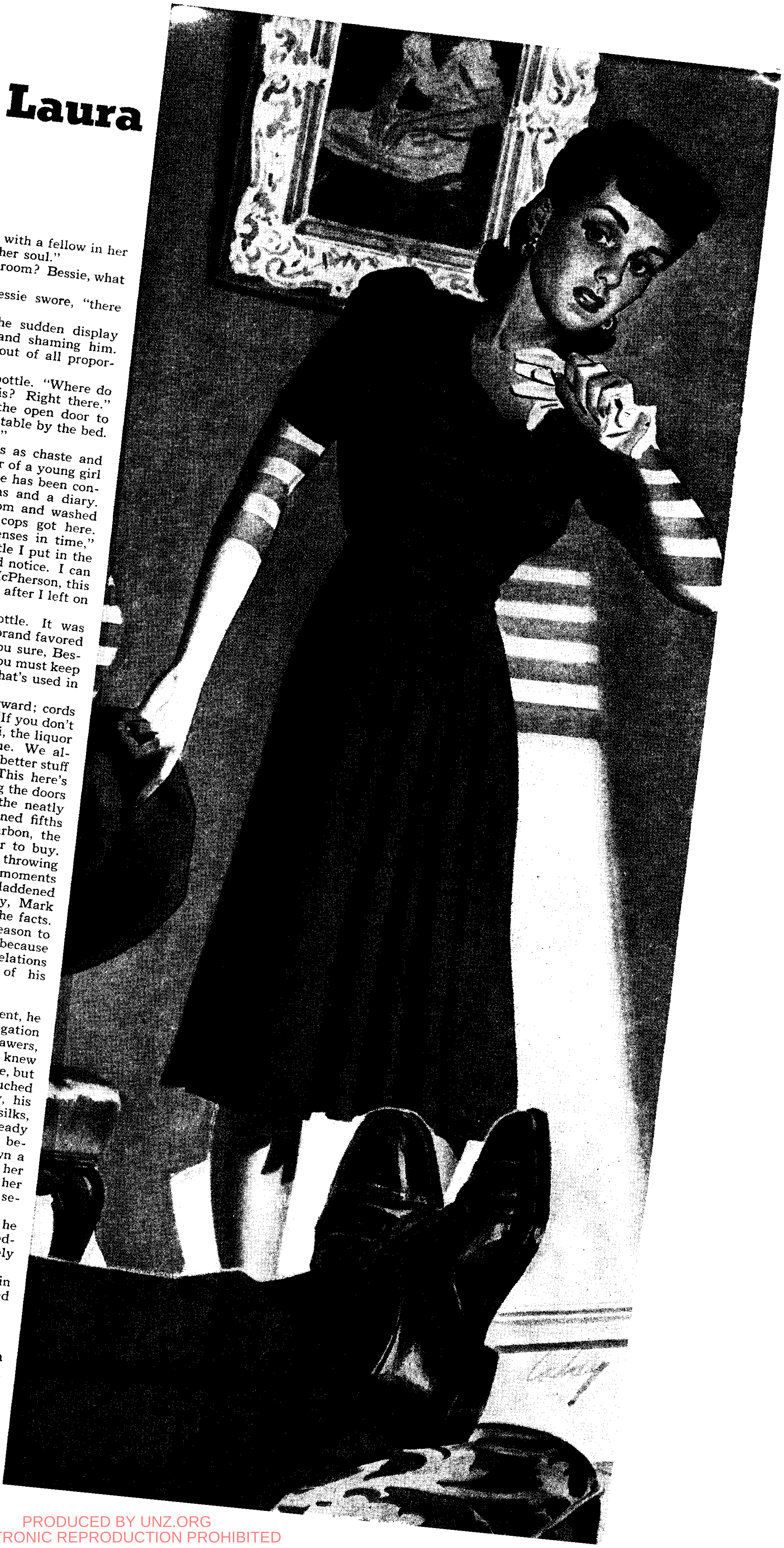
Bessie's iron jaw shot forward; cords stiffened in her bony neck. "If you don't believe me, ask Mr. Mosconi, the liquor fellow over on Third Avenue. We always got ours from Mosconi, better stuff than this, I'm telling you. This here's the brand we use." She swung the doors wider and revealed, among the neatly arranged bottles, four unopened fifths of J and D Blue Grass Bourbon, the brand which I had taught her to buy.

Such unexpected evidence, throwing unmistakable light on the last moments of the murdered, should have gladdened the detective heart. Contrarily, Mark found himself loath to accept the facts. This was not because he had reason to disbelieve Bessie's story, but because the sordid character of her revelations had disarranged the pattern of his thinking.

LAST night, alone in the apartment, he had made unscientific investigation of Laura's closets, chests of drawers, dressing table and bathroom. He knew Laura, not only with his intelligence, but with his senses. His fingers had touched fabrics that had known her body, his ears had heard the rustle of her silks, his nostrils sniffed at the varied, heady fragrances of her perfumes. Never before had the stern young Scot known a woman in this fashion. Just as her library had revealed the quality of her mind, the boudoir had yielded the secrets of feminine personality.

In his coldest, most official voice, he said, "If there was someone in the bedroom with her, we have a completely new picture of the crime."

"You mean it wasn't like you said in the paper, that it must have happened



Thunder crashed again. Then I saw her. She held a hat in one hand and a pair of light gloves in the other. She had dark eyes, slightly slanted, dark hair and tanned skin

when the doorbell rang and she went to open it?"

"I accepted that as the most probable explanation, considering the body's position." He crossed from the bedroom slowly, his eyes upon the arrangement of carpets on the polished floor. "If a man had been in the bedroom with her, he might have been on the point of leaving. She went to the door with him, perhaps." He stood rigid at the spot where the river of dark blood had been dammed by the thick pile of the carpet. "Perhaps they were quarreling and just as he reached the door, he turned and shot her."

"Gosh!" said Bessie, blowing her nose weakly. "It gives you the creeps, don't it?"

From the wall, Stuart Jacoby's portrait smiled down.

ON WEDNESDAY afternoon, twenty-four hours after the funeral, Lancaster Corey came to see me. We wrung each other's hands like long lost brothers.

"Corey, my good fellow, to what do I owe this dispensation?"

"I've a great opportunity for you, Lydecker." He twisted the ends of his white, crisp mustache. "You know Jacoby's work. Getting more valuable every day."

I made a sound with my lips.

"It's not that I'm trying to sell you a picture. As a matter of fact, I've already got a buyer. You know Jacoby's portrait of Laura Hunt . . . several newspapers carried reproductions after the murder. Tragic, wasn't it? Since you were so attached to the lady, I thought you'd like to bid . . ."

"How dare you?" I shouted. "How dare you come to my house and coolly offer me that worthless canvas? In the first place, I consider it a bad imitation of Speicher. In the second place, I deplore Speicher. And in the third, I loathe portraits in oil."

"Very well. I shall feel free to sell it to my other buyer." He snatched up his hat.

"Wait!" I commanded. "How can you offer what you don't own? That picture is hanging on the wall of her apartment now. She died without a will; the lawyers will have to fight it out."

"I believe that Mrs. Treadwell, her aunt, is assuming responsibility. You might communicate with her or with Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone, her attorneys."

"The vultures gather," I shouted, smacking my forehead with an anguished palm, and a moment later, cried out in alarm, "Do you know what arrangements have been made for her other things? Whether there's to be a sale?"

"This bid came through a private channel."

"Tell me," I demanded, "is your prospective sucker some connoisseur who saw the picture in the Sunday tabloids and wants to own the portrait of a murder victim?"

"I do not believe that it would be strictly ethical to give my customer's name."

"Your pardon, Corey. My question must have shocked your delicate sensibilities of a businessman. Unfortunately I shall have to write the story without using names."

Lancaster Corey responded like a hunting dog to the smell of rabbit. "What story?"

"You have just given me material for a magnificent piece," I cried, simulating creative excitement. "An ironic short story about the struggling young painter whose genius goes unrecognized until one of his sitters is violently murdered. And suddenly he, because he had done her portrait, becomes the painter of the year. His prices skyrocket, fashionable women beg to sit for him, he is reproduced in all the smart magazines. . . ."

My fantasy so titillated the dealer's greed that he could no longer show pride. "You've got to mention Jacoby's name. The story would be meaningless without it."

I spoke bitterly: "Your point of view, Corey, is painfully commercial. The inclusion of Jacoby's name would remove my story from the realms of pure literature and place it in the category of journalism. In that case, I'd have to know the facts. To protect my reputation for veracity, you understand."

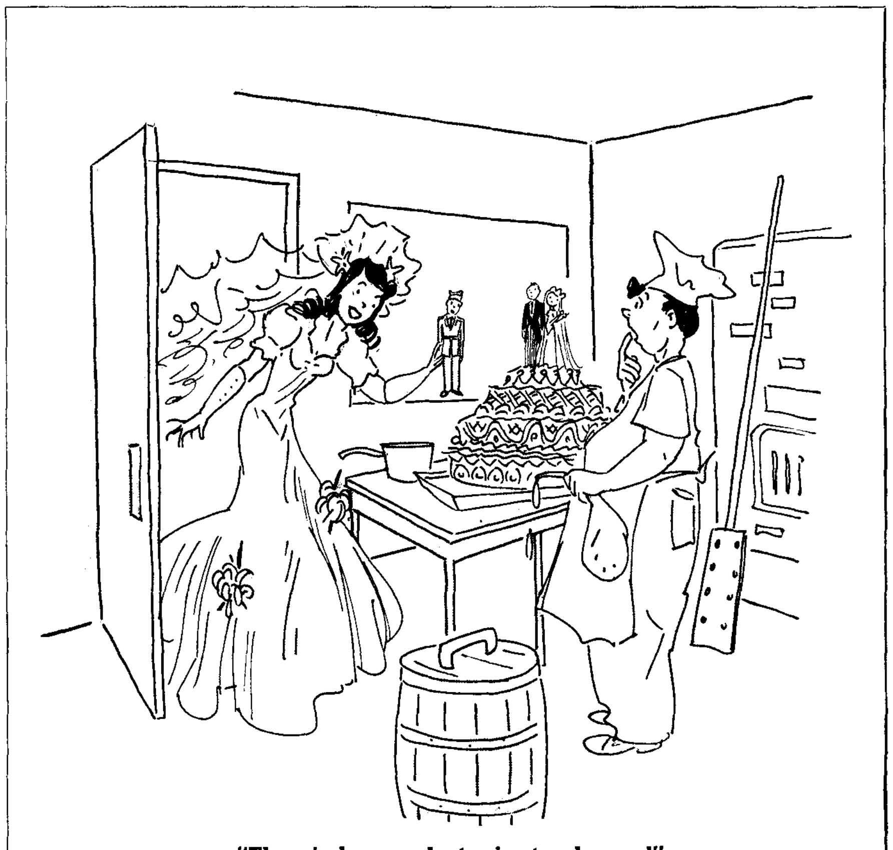
"You've won," Corey admitted and whispered the art lover's name.

I sank upon the couch, laughing as I had not laughed since Laura had been here to share such merry secrets of human frailty.

As soon as I had got rid of the vulture, I seized hat and stick and bade Roberto summon a taxi. Hence to Laura's apartment where I found not only Mrs. Treadwell, whom I had expected to find there, but Shelby and the Pomeranian. Laura's aunt was musing on the value of the few genuinely antique pieces, Shelby taking inventory, and the dog sniffing chair legs.

"To what do we owe this unexpected pleasure?" cried Mrs. Treadwell who, in spite of expressing open disapproval of my friendship with her niece, had always fluttered before my fame.

"To cupidity, dear lady. I have come to share the booty."



"There's been a last-minute change!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

A KEY turned in the lock. We assumed postures of piety as Mark entered.

"Your men let us in, Mr. McPherson," explained Mrs. Treadwell. "I hope there's nothing wrong about our . . . our attempt to bring order. Poor Laura was so careless, she never knew what she owned."

"I gave orders to let you in if you came," Mark told her. "I hope you've found everything as it should be."

"There's nothing of great value," Mrs. Treadwell remarked. "Laura would never put her money into things that lasted. But there are certain trinkets, souvenirs that people might appropriate for sentimental reasons." She smiled so sweetly in my direction that I knew she suspected the reason for my presence.

I took direct action. "Perhaps you know, Mrs. Treadwell, that this vase did not belong to Laura." I nodded toward the mercury glass globe upon the mantel. I'd merely loaned it to her.

She threw up her hands in horror, but before she had time to protest vocally, I stated, "That vase is part of my collection. I intend to take it. That's quite in order, don't you think, McPherson?"

"You'd better leave it. You might find yourself in trouble," Mark said.

"How petty official of you. You're acting like a detective."

HE SHRUGGED as if my good opinion were of no importance. I laughed and turned the talk to inquiry about the progress of his work. Had he found any new clues?

"Plenty," he taunted.

"Do tell us," Mrs. Treadwell begged, clasping her hands in a gesture of rapturous attention. Shelby had climbed upon a chair so that he might record the titles of volumes on the topmost bookshelf. From this vantage point, he glanced down at Mark with fearless curiosity. The Pomeranian sniffed at the detective's trousers. All awaited revelation. Mark said, "I hope you don't mind," and took out his pipe. The snub was meant to arouse fear and bid us mind the majesty of the law.

I seized the moment for my own. "It might interest you to know that I've got a clue." My eyes were fixed on Mrs. Treadwell, but beyond her floating veil, the mirror showed me Mark's guarded countenance.

"Do you know there's an art lover connected with this case? As probable heir, Mrs. Treadwell, you might be pleased to know that this little museum piece," I directed her attention to the Jacoby portrait, "has already been bid for."

"By someone with money?" quivered Mrs. Treadwell.

Mark used the pipe as a shield for self-consciousness. Behind his cupped hand, I noted rising color. A man girding himself for the torture chamber could not have shown greater dignity.

"Might there be a clue in it?" I asked mischievously. "If this is a *crime passionnel*, the killer might be a man of sentiment. Don't you think the lead's worth following, McPherson?"

His answer was something between a grunt and a sigh.

"It's terribly exciting," said Mrs. Treadwell. "You've got to tell me, Waldo, you've just got to."

I was never a child to torture butterflies. The death agonies of small fish have never been a sight that I witnessed with pleasure. I remember blanching with terror and scurrying across the lane when, during an ill-advised visit to a farm, I was forced to watch a decapitated chicken running around and around its astonished head. Even on the stage, I prefer death to follow a swift, clean stroke of a sharp blade. To spare Mark's blushes, I spoke hastily and with the air of gravity: "I cannot betray the confidence of Lancaster Corey. An art dealer is, after all, somewhat in the position of a doctor or lawyer. In matters of taste, discretion is the better part of profit."

Mark's next move, I thought, was meant to divert the talk, but I learned later that he had had a definite purpose in meeting Shelby here this afternoon.

"I could use a drink," he announced. "As chief trustee, Mrs. Treadwell, would you mind if I took some of Miss Hunt's liquor?"

"How stingy you make me sound! Shelby, darling, be useful. I wonder if the icebox is turned on."

Shelby went into the kitchen. Mark opened the corner cabinet.

"What do you drink, Mrs. Treadwell? Yours is Scotch, isn't it, Lydecker?"

He waited until Shelby returned before he brought out the Bourbon. "I think I'll drink this today. What's yours, Carpenter?"

Shelby glanced at the bottle, decorated with the profiles of three noble steeds. His hands tensed but he could not hold them steady enough to keep the glasses from rattling on the tray.

"None—for—me—thanks."

The softness had fled his voice. He was as harsh as metal and his chiseled features, robbed of color, had the marble virtue of a statue erected to the honor of a dead Victorian.

MARK asked me to dine with him that night. He carried a book in his coat pocket. I saw only the top inch of the binding, but unless I was mistaken, it was the work of a not unfamiliar author.

"I am flattered," I remarked with a jocular nod toward the bulging pocket. "And do you still consider me smooth but trivial?"

"Sometimes you're not bad," he conceded.

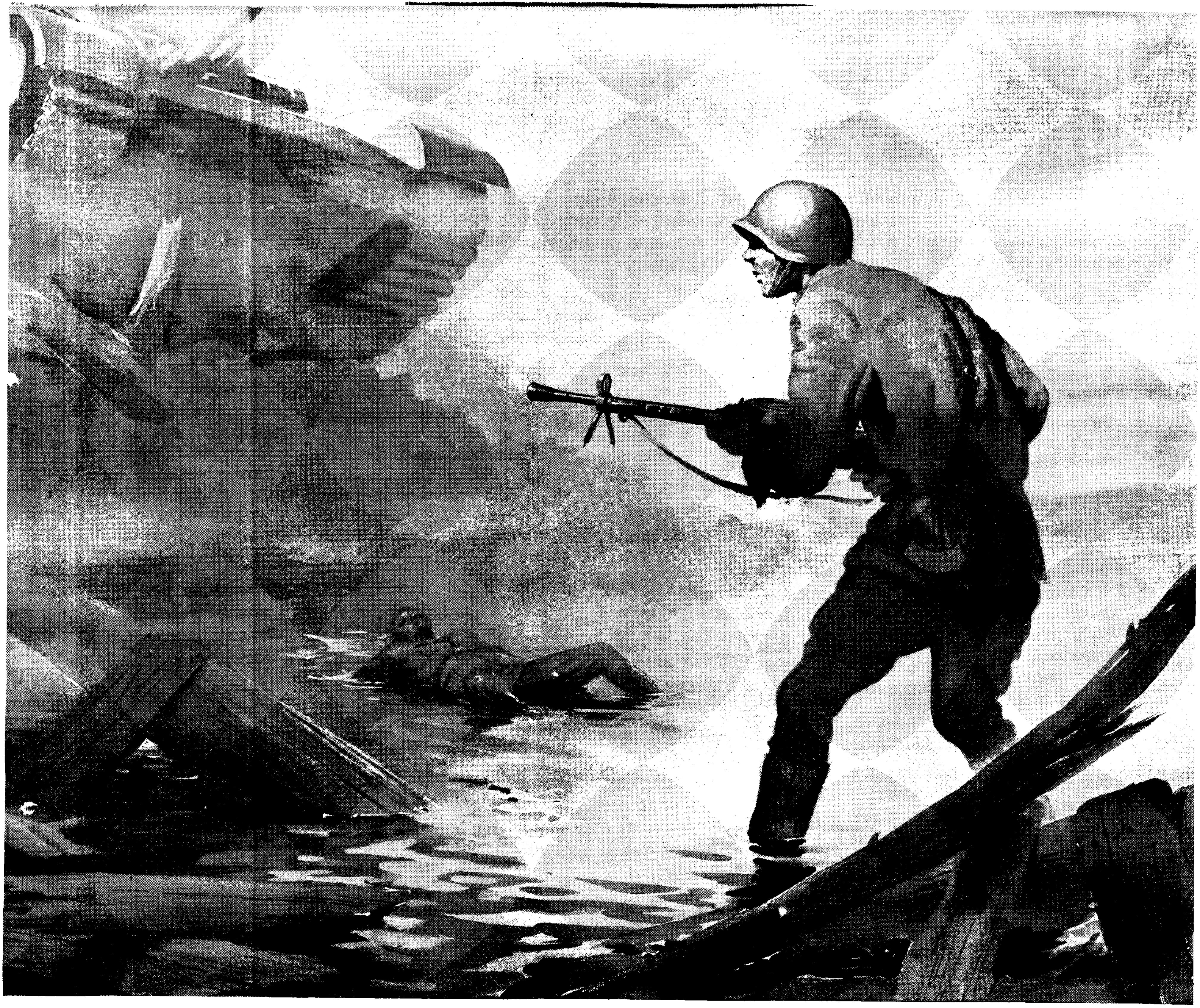
"Your flattery overwhelms me," I retorted. "Where shall we dine?"

His car was open and he drove so wildly that I clung with one hand to the door, with the other to my black Homburg. I wonder why he chose the narrowest streets in the slums until I saw the red electric sign above Montagnino's door. We passed through a corridor, and Montagnino led us to a table beside a trellis twined with artificial lilac.

Through the dusty wooden lattice and weary cotton vines we witnessed a battle between the hordes of angry clouds and a fierce copper moon. The leaves of the one living tree in the neighborhood, a skinny catalpa, hung like the black bones of skeleton hands, as dead as the cotton lilac. With the flavors of Montagnino's kitchen and the slum smells was mingled the sulphurous odor of the rising storm.

At my suggestion we drank that pale still wine with the magic name, *Lachryma Christi*. Mark had never tasted it, but once his tongue had tested and approved the golden flavor, he tossed it off

(Continued on page 66)



Sergeant Strelok plodded toward the dead German, who lay on his back in the water. The forward end of the tank loomed above him

REAR GUARD AT DEREVUSHKA

BY FRANK DORSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

The odds against the man were formidable. On the one hand there was a tank, on the other a lone Russian. But the man had a brain

TWO enemies faced each other on the Russian plain—a man, a machine. The swastika stood out black on the tank's iron turret as the machine lumbered along the cart track to Derevushka. The man stood on a small log bridge spanning the brook a hundred yards west of the village. Burned-out houses under the early morning sun cast jagged shadows nearly to his back. He was alone. There was no one in the village nor in the sprouting wheat fields beyond.

The man leaned on the unsquared log rail of the bridge and watched the tank crawl toward him. Maybe five minutes for it to reach him—a hot flush of blood mounted to his throat and his heart pounded violently, but his wide, half-Tatar face remained impassive. His thoughts arranged themselves slowly, with the precision of a man who knows what he wants to do. No motorcycles ahead of the tank, he noted, no armored cars nor trucks of infantry behind it. One to one—even odds. He grinned.

The funnel-shaped muzzle of his Degtarev was cold in his hand. He lifted the light weapon to the crook of his arm and tugged at the strap by which the extra cartridge pans were slung over his shoulder. In a minute the tank would be close enough to see him. He felt the warm sun against his back, sighed, and slid down the muddy bank to the cold bed of the brook.

A lone infantryman does not fight a tank—not and live. Sergeant Strelok knew this as well as he knew the bolt action of his Degtarev. But he was tired of running away, and he had run for months now. This was his country, not the country of the black swastikas.

His heart contracted with a sudden memory of great red flags and people crowded in the town square on holidays. If anyone had asked him why he fought he would have mentioned the new tractor on his collective farm and the fact that there had been no famine in Voronezh since 1921. But he thought now of the parade of factory workers and farmers marching through the streets of Voronezh, the ranks solid from house-wall to house-wall, carrying the awkward standards with portraits of Lenin, of Stalin, the slogans—"Long live our socialist fatherland!" and the beautiful red flags. That was patriotism.

Telling himself sullenly, "It is my country, not theirs," he had fought and run and fought again, each time holding out with his light automatic rifle until the flanks were gone, and the enemy on wheels had cut the roads to the rear, and half the men in his platoon were dead. Each time, Sergeant Strelok, drawing on some private store of luck and physical endurance, had lived to trudge back with a handful of others through the gaps between the German tank columns, leaving the dead, leaving the wounded, carrying out only his precious Degtarev to fight again another day.

This time he was tired with a mental

(Continued on page 82)

New Bodies for Old

By Quentin Reynolds

Britain's great surgeons are mending more than bomb-shattered bodies. With new plastic techniques they are restoring normal, useful lives—and happiness—to war victims

THE young Pole lay on the operating table, dreaming sweet dreams. Two years ago the butt of a German rifle had crashed into his face and had spread his nose all over it. Now, one of the world's great plastic surgeons, Thomas Pomfret Kilner, was virtually constructing a new nose for him. The Pole had wanted the operation done for two reasons: First, he wanted a nose through which he could breathe. Secondly, he wanted his appearance changed. The Pole was a member of the British parachute troops and one of these days he hoped to be dropped in his native land. It would be better if no one recognized him when that happened.

Kilner's quick, deft hands moved smoothly. Occasionally he called, in an unhurried, casual way, for scalpel or osteotome or for needles. He took a piece of bone from the thigh of the young Pole and then carefully he sewed together the long but neat-looking wound.

"He'll be stiff for a couple of weeks," Kilner laughed, through his gauze mask. "But he can spare that bit of bone."

This small bone was to serve as the new bridge for the Pole's reconstructed nose. Kilner sat down at a small white table under a strong light and called for chisels. He chipped and pared the bone until he was satisfied that it would fit. Then he went back to the table. He reached for a scalpel and opened the nose. He took out bits of broken bone and cartilage that had been smashed by the rifle butt. It was a rather bloody affair but under the gas and ether, the Pole slept and not a muscle of his face even twitched.

One of the assistant surgeons nudged me at that point in the operation and, chuckling, pointed to my mad Hungarian photographer, Bob Capa. We were all, of course, wearing white gowns, caps and masks, and Capa's usually ruddy face was now a pale gray. The doctor and I helped him out and into an anteroom.

Too Much for the Photographer

"I'm blacking out," Capa moaned and, sure enough he went right out. Capa took atrocity pictures in China; he went through the Spanish war without being bothered by the killing he saw, and to get a picture, he'd climb out on the wing of any aircraft in flight but this was too much for him. The doctor had got a large glass of brandy and he handed it to me. I put it to Capa's lips and then reconsidered. Brandy is very scarce in London and it seemed silly to waste it on an unconscious man. So I drank it myself. When Capa came to I told him I'd given him a large drink of very good brandy.

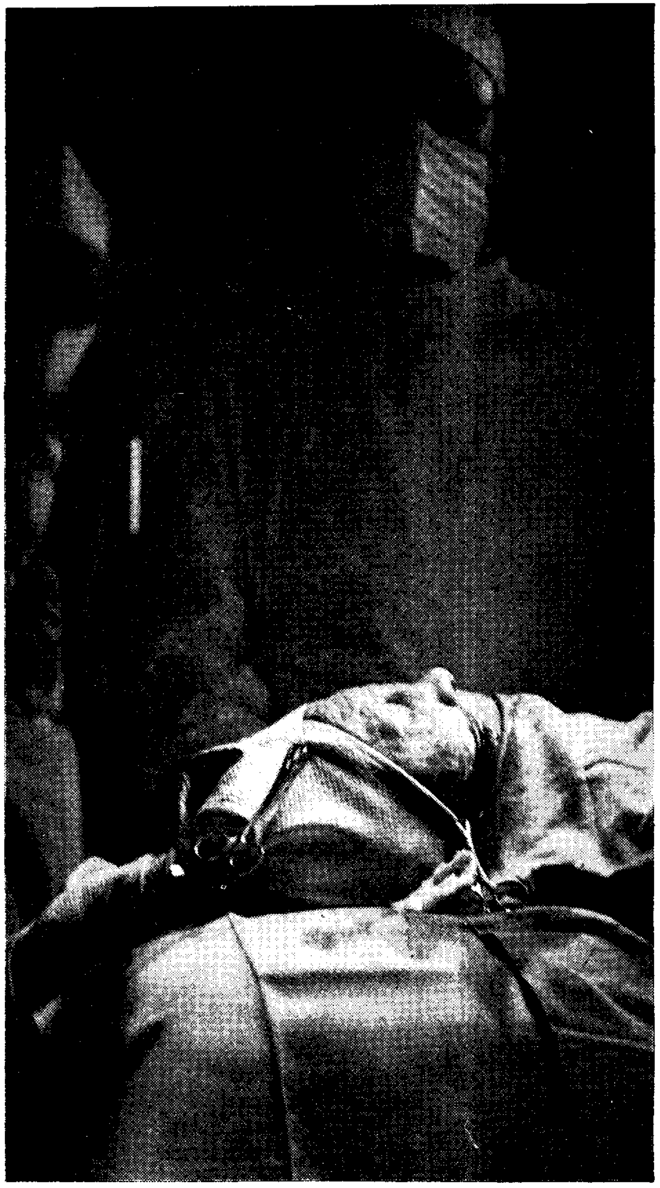
"Must have been good," he said. "I never felt it go down!"

Back in the operating room, Kilner was finishing up. He put the last small hemstitch in the wound, washed it so carefully, and then asked me if I noticed any difference. It didn't look like the same man. No one would have recognized in this rather sharp-featured Pole the battered wreck who had been wheeled into the operating room an hour before.

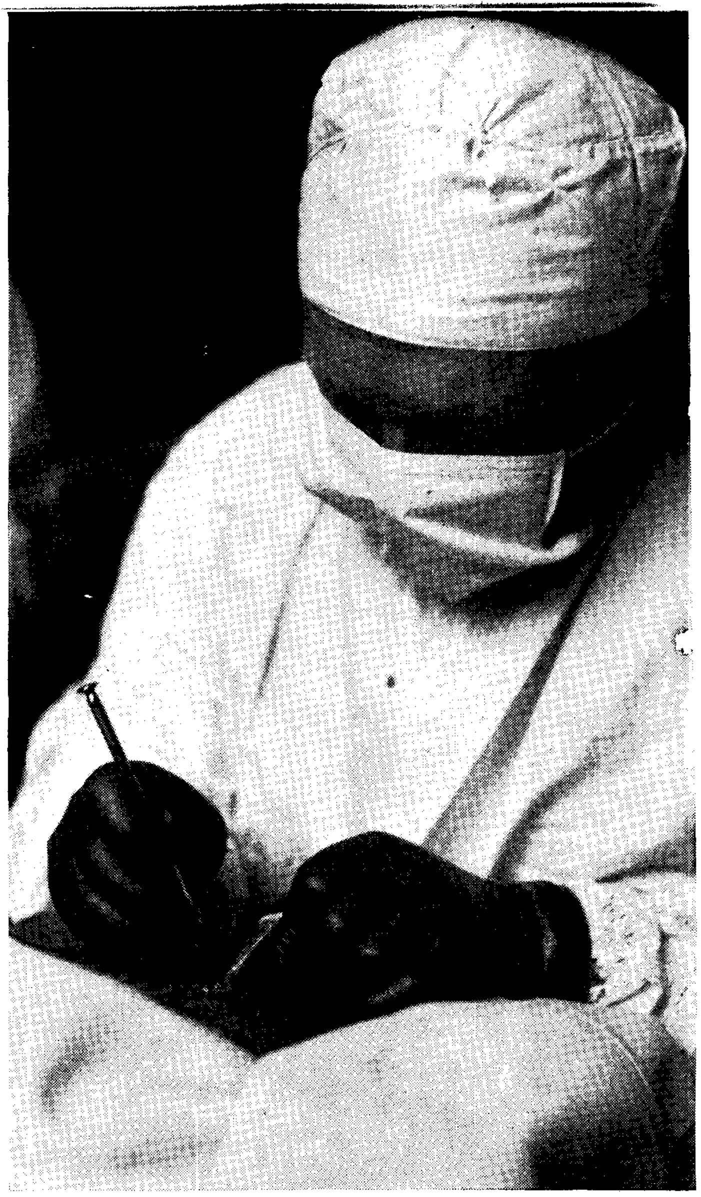
"He'll be back in the army in a month," Kilner chuckled. "Made me promise I wouldn't do anything that would keep him out of action over a month. Pretty good men, these Poles."

Today plastic surgery is the science of rebuilding bodies, and its scope is immensely wide. During the day I watched Kilner operate he didn't perform the same operation twice. Some involved dangerous operations, others, were, in his words, "routine surgery." There was a young dispatch rider who had been hit in the cheek by a bomb fragment. The scar had drawn up one side

(Continued on page 62)

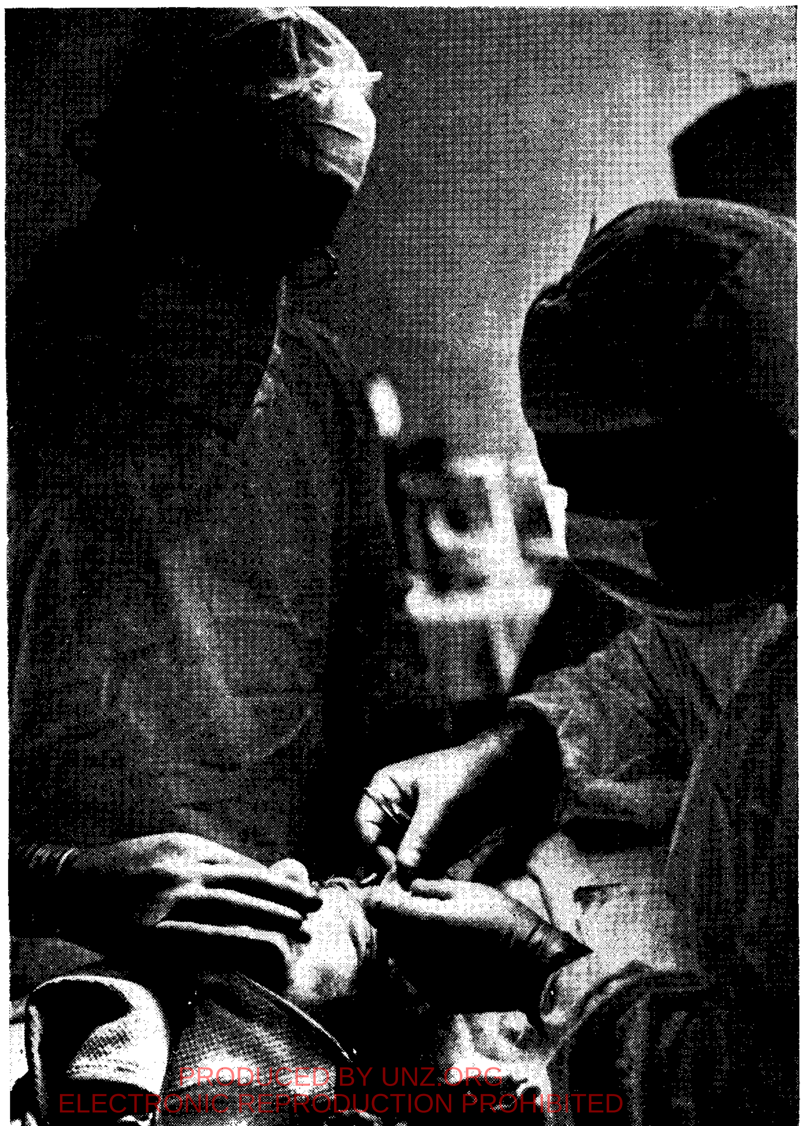


2 o'clock. The Polish officer is made ready for the operation on his nose smashed by a German rifle butt

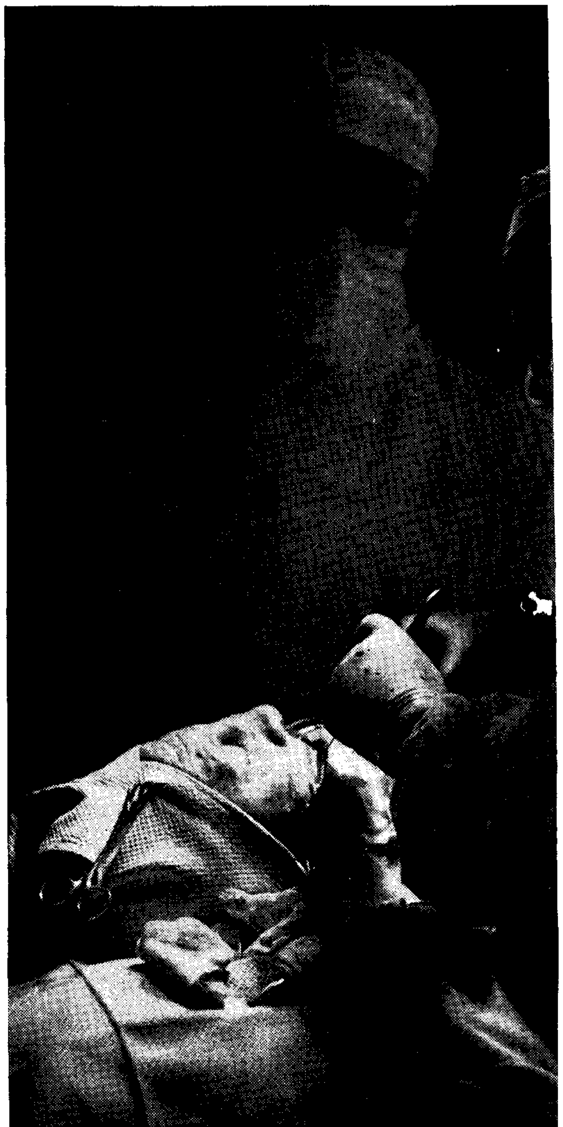


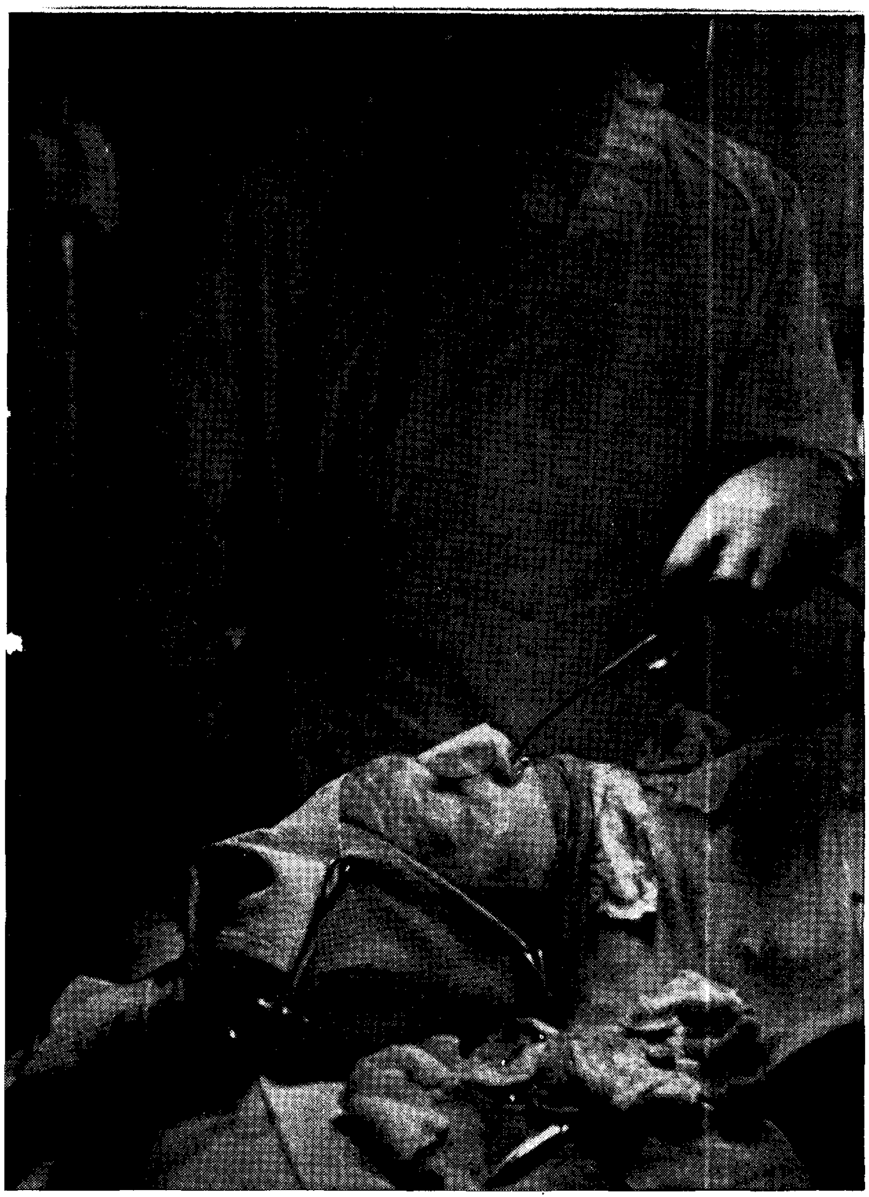
2:20. Here Dr. Kilner is shaping a piece of b
which he has cut from the hipbone of the offi

2:48. A few final touches are added. Kilner is considered the fastest operator in all England

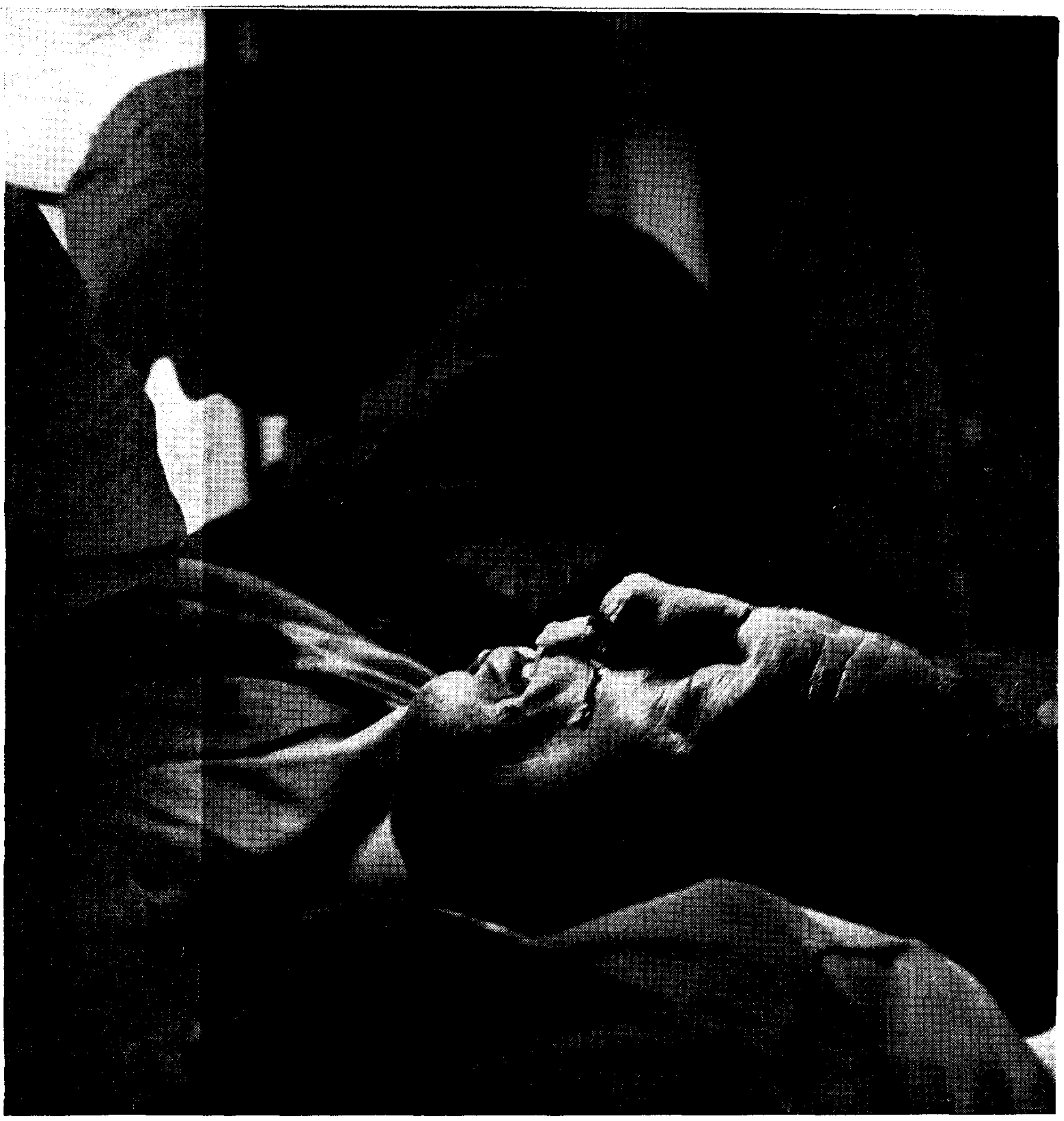


2:50. At this point the deft doctor laughed a
said, "His own mother would never know him n





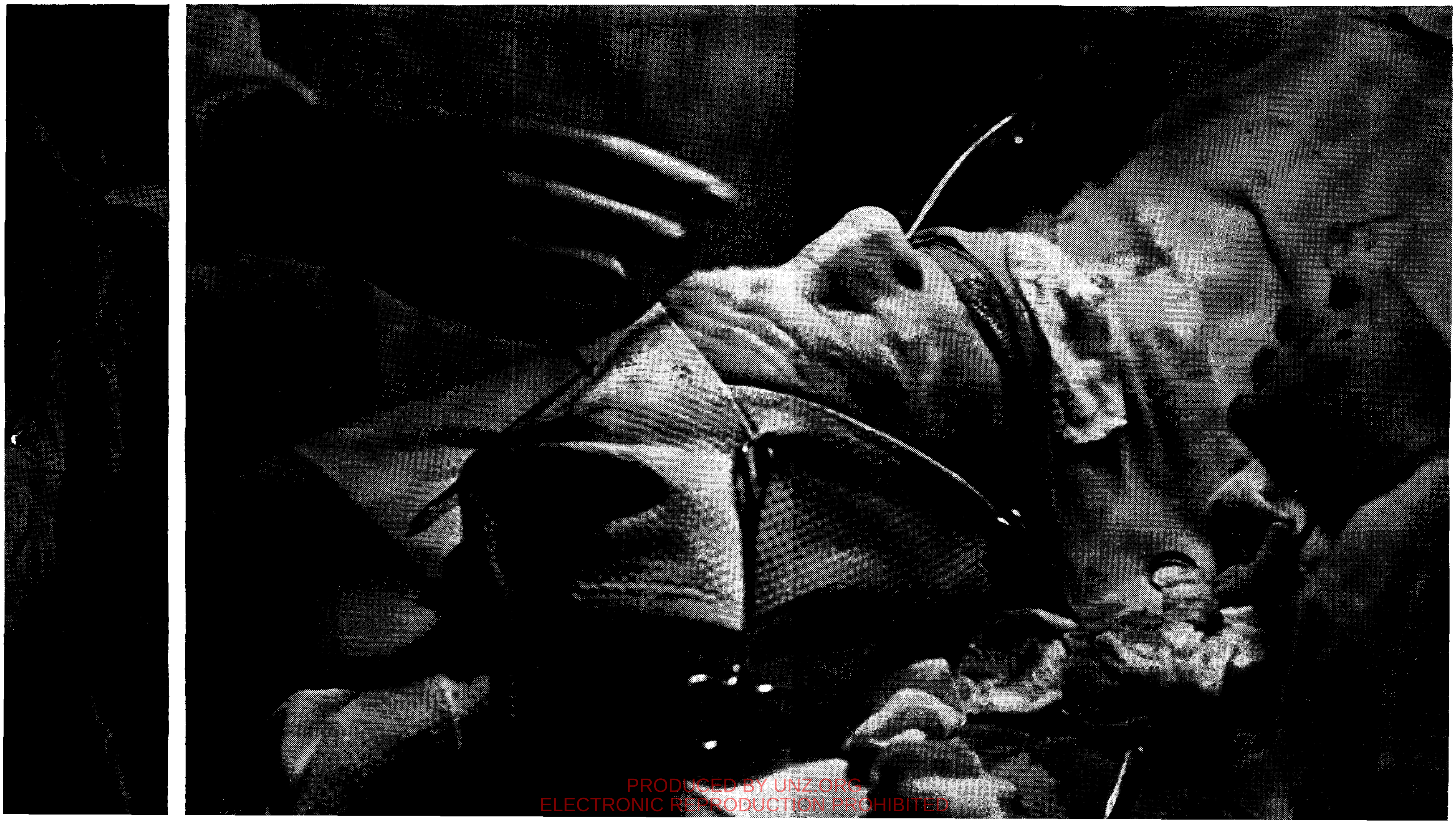
2:40. The piece of hipbone is now the bridge of the reconstructed nose. An assistant drains off the blood, which is flowing freely



2:45. Dr. Kilner examines the sewn thigh wound. The operation is nearly over. The patient will wake up in a half-hour with a new face that Kilner has built

2:52. The operation is over. Compare this profile with the one in the first picture. When the officer is dropped by parachute in Poland, his friends won't recognize him. That was the idea of the operation

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY ROBERT CAPA



COME BACK TUESDAY

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Jud would tell you Old Fred wasn't a lazy dog, just a smart one. If Old Fred could talk he'd say the same thing about his master

THE car stopped at the front gate, and the bird dog under the sagging porch of the house lifted his head and barked once and lay back down. Jud Lee, lying barefooted on the porch, turned over and spat. The young man from the Planter's Bank got out of the car.

"I'm lucky to catch you at home this time, Mr. Lee," said the young man, whose name was Davis.

"Yep, you shore caught me," Jud said resentfully. "You must a' cut off your engine and coasted to the house. That ain't no way to do."

"It's pretty important, or I wouldn't have done it," said Davis apologetically. "You're going to have to move off the place."

"Where'll I move at? Ain't no other empty farms. How'll I feed my dog and my young'uns? The bank don't aim fer us to starve to death, I hope."

"But you're three years behind in your rent! 1938, 1939, and now 1940. It's only sixty dollars a year but you don't pay anything, and there's another tenant anxious to get this place."

"Tell you what. You come back in a week and I'll have enough to pay this year's rent. You cain't chunk me out if I pay for this year."

The young man sighed. "For two years you've been telling me you'd have the money next time I came."

"I hope God strikes me dead if I ain't got sixty dollars by next Tuesday!"

Davis hesitated a moment. "All right. I'll give you until Tuesday. But this is absolutely your last chance!"

Jud went back to sleep and forgot all about it, and he didn't think of it until the following Tuesday dawned and he remembered what he had said he hoped God would do. But then God knew everything, including the fact that he was lying when he had hoped to be struck dead, so of course God would not strike him dead.

At that moment Jud heard a car coming down the little woods road, and he was away to the thicket in a run, thinking exultantly, *Never slipped up on me this time.* He lay down and chewed a sweet-gum stem. Presently his small son came and said, "Ain't him, Pa. It's another old fool."

Jud went cautiously back to the house and found in the car at his gate a city man in khaki hunting clothes, and on the back seat two fine-looking pointers.

"Good morning!" said the man.

"Howdy," Jud said.

"Any quail around here?"

"They's some. Git down and come in."

The man got out of the car and lifted the buggy-sprocket latch on the gate and came in. "I'm Doctor Ingram. I wonder if I could get you to go with me and show me where the birds are."

"I'm right busy," Jud said dubiously.

"I'll pay you five dollars."

Jud turned to the two small children who peeked through the window. "Son, you and little sister go hitch up the mule and wagon. This here gentleman wants me to go out and kill him a mess of birds."

The doctor said quickly, "I'll do my own shooting. You're just to come along as guide."

"Well, I'll carry my old streak o' rust along just in case I have to sting my old dog's tail."

"We won't need your dog. I've two good dogs."

"Ain't no way to dispute old Fred from going, now that he done heard us mention about it. We could shut him up in the crib, only he'd climb outn the top."

"I could shut him up in my car."

"He'd chew up the inside er git sick on the seats, just fer spite. Better let him go. He ain't no trouble."

The doctor shrugged and let his dogs out. They romped around the yard. Fred rose lazily and came from under the porch, his hide sticky with turpentine where he had rubbed against a boxed pine to discourage the fleas. He yawned and watched the dogs until they approached him challengingly. When they seemed to want to fight, he yawned again and lay down.

The doctor got a red-wrapped package of meat from the car. "Like to give my dogs just a little nourishment before they go out," he explained.

He threw each of his pointers a piece of meat, which they swallowed in one gulp. Then he dropped a piece of it in front of Fred. Fred smelled the meat, and backed away from it.

"He don't know what it is," Jud explained.

They rode in the wagon until they reached an open pine woods, and here was an old wire fence and on the nearest rotting post a sign said, "No Hunting. A. L. Sidler."

"Here's where we start at," Jud said cheerfully, and he gave the mule a sound lick with the hickory switch and drove right on over the fence, breaking off the posts and pressing the wire to the ground.

"Mr. Sidler must be a good friend of yours," said the doctor.

"Friend of mine?" echoed Jud. "Why, he's the meanest old crank in this here country. I'd ruther go down to the callyboose to pick out a friend."

"You reckon you ought to leave his fence like that?" the doctor asked nervously.

"Oh, we'll prop it up when we come back," Jud said, "if we chance to come out this-a-way."

They released the dogs, and Jud drove on without a glance at them. Doctor Ingram sat up and interestedly watched the work of his dogs. They hunted nicely, swinging back and forth in front. He noticed that Jud's dog, Fred, quickly went out of sight. Several minutes passed and Fred did not show up again.

"That dog of yours ranges wide," he said, "but looks like he would report back."

"Liable to have birds somewhere."

"Aren't you going to look for him?

"Naw, he'll come git us."

PRESENTLY, far ahead, Fred appeared. For a moment he stood there until sure they had seen him, and then he went away in the direction he had come, and when they followed they found him standing point in nice style.

"You mean he had pointed those birds and then came and got us when we didn't show up?"

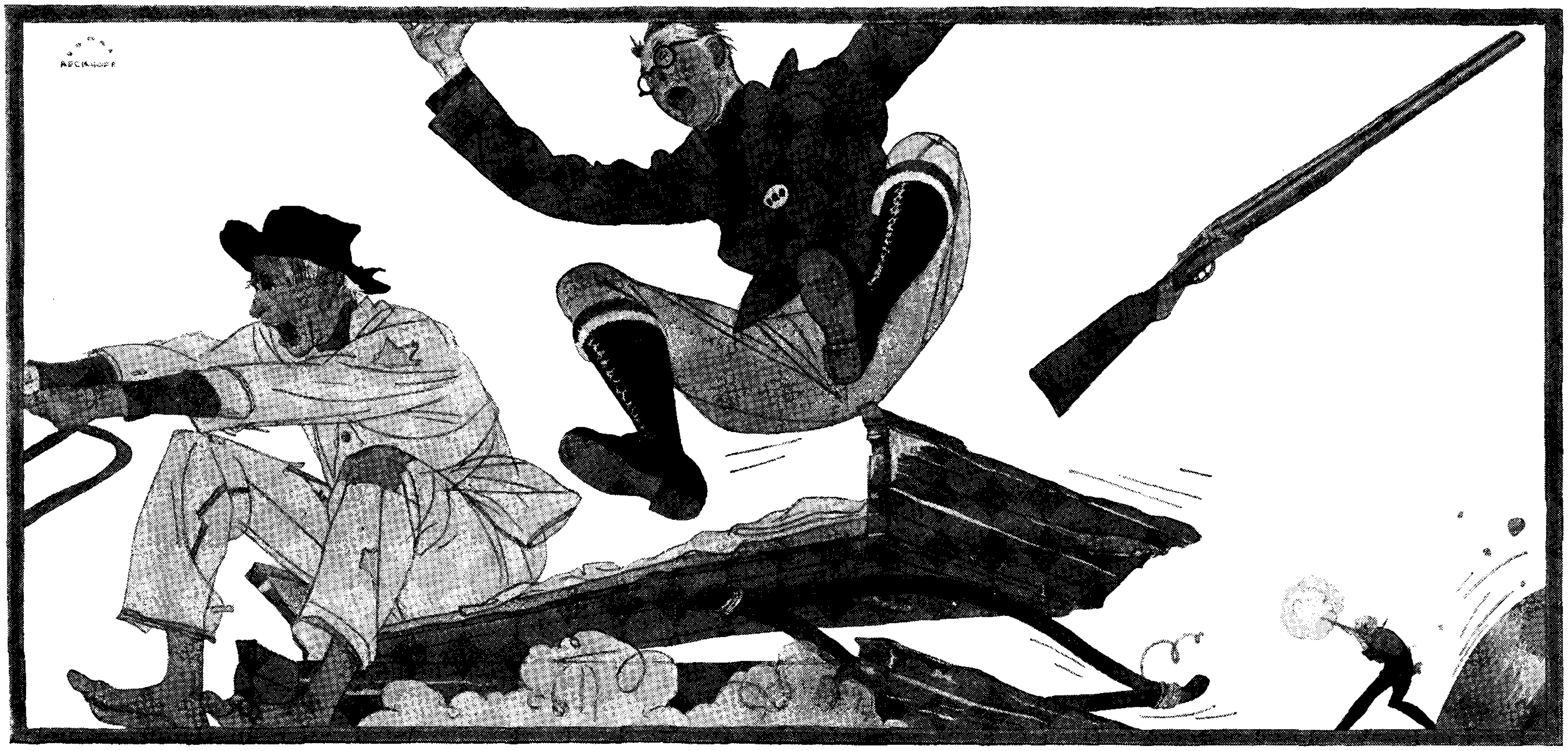
"Why, shore. He ain't no fool. Git your gun and let 'er roar," Jud said. He peered at the grass. "Yon squats the birds, in that clump. You ruther shoot 'em on the ground er a-flying?"

"Flying, of course," Doctor Ingram answered in indignation, and walked in front of the rigid Fred.

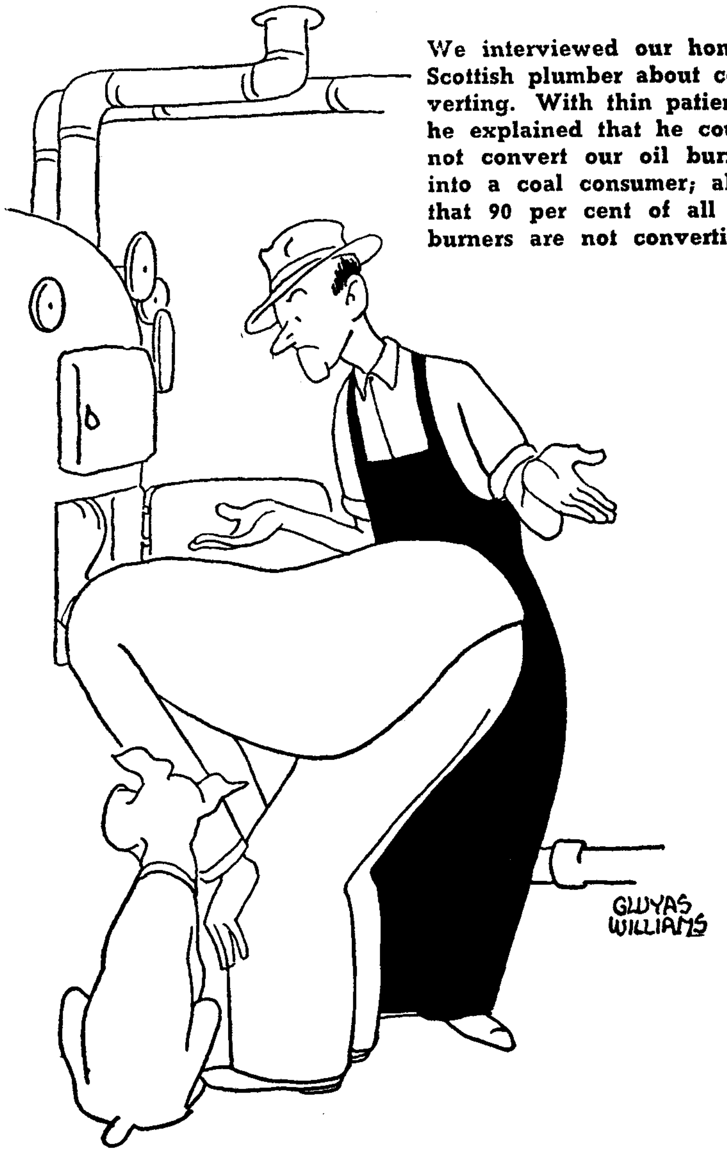
When the quail covey came up with a thundering whir, he fired twice and, in his nervousness, missed.

Fred looked around in surprise when no birds fell, and Jud said, "Gimme that old streak o' rust. I see I got to do the bird-gitting, if there's any of it done."

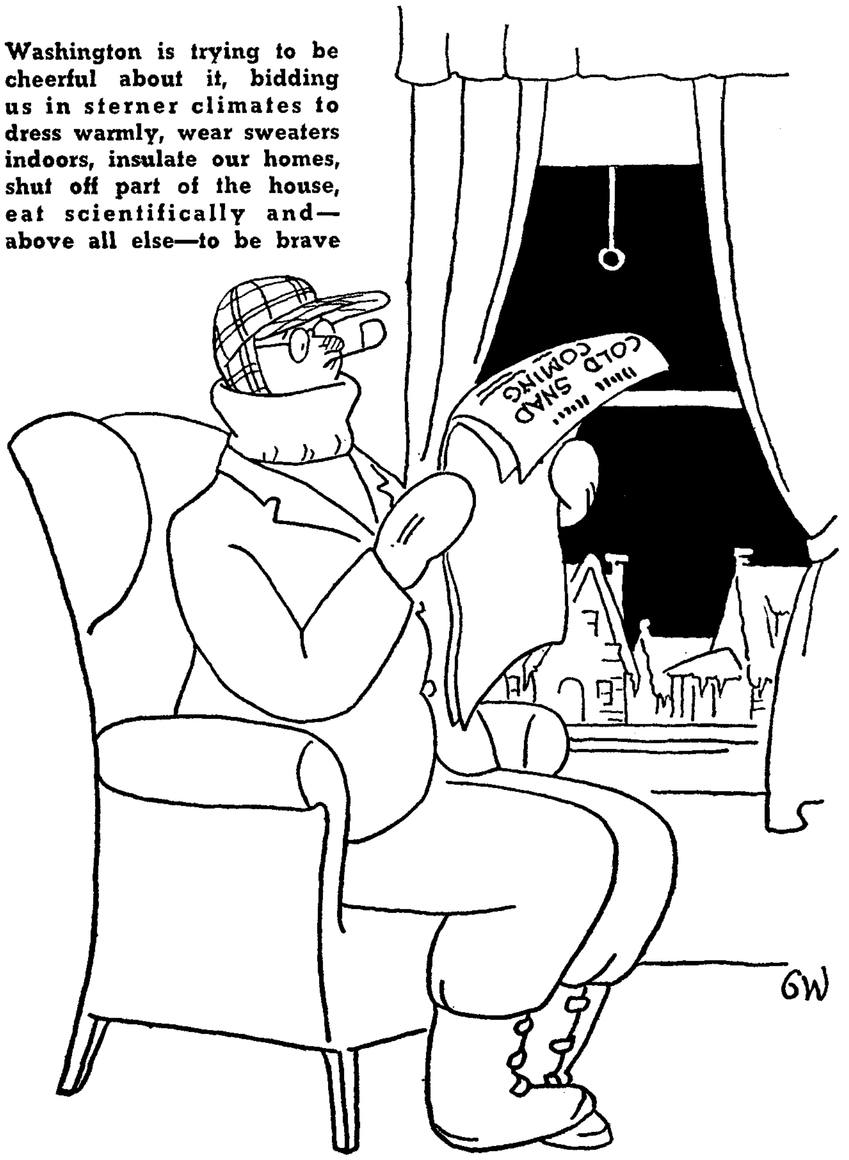
(Continued on page 27)



"Git, mule!" Jud said, and away they rocketed just as Sidler fired. Two of the bird shot struck Doctor Ingram in the back and he howled



We interviewed our honest Scottish plumber about converting. With thin patience he explained that he could not convert our oil burner into a coal consumer; also, that 90 per cent of all oil burners are not convertible



Washington is trying to be cheerful about it, bidding us in sterner climates to dress warmly, wear sweaters indoors, insulate our homes, shut off part of the house, eat scientifically and—above all else—to be brave

A Fireless-Side Chat

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Our Mr. Davenport predicts a cold winter for lots of homes. Here are the reasons. The solution? Well, after all, W. D. is no miracle man

WE WERE sitting in the living room minding our own business when one of the children sneezed. Our wife went into action at once. She turned up the thermostat, the oil burner responding with a spasmodic thump. It was a chilly evening. All we said was that the kid's sneeze probably meant nothing and that anyway, she should remember that in Washington (whence we had just come after looking into this very subject) Mr. Ickes and the twenty-two other government brass hats who have something to do with the amount of fuel oil we early-frost-belt Northerners should burn this winter had decided that dwelling-house temperatures higher than sixty-five or, at the most, sixty-eight degrees were unnecessary and unpatriotic, and anyway, we'd better make that the ceiling and like it, because we weren't going to get the fuel oil anyway.

We shall omit what she said about Mr. Ickes and the other twenty-two oil conservators, apportioners, deliverers and rationers. They wouldn't like it anyway. But the thermostat went up and stayed up. The kid went to bed with a clinical thermometer in his mouth, and as for the writer of this simple annal—we shut up. We shut up and made a mental review of what we had learned about this fuel-oil situation.

With Washington's customary celerity, the government began getting ready to think of doing something about it as early as last May. It has now got around to talking about drilling a few new oil wells in Indiana. But the first thing we who live on the more rugged end of the Atlantic Coast were told to do was to convert oil burners into coal burners.

Before somebody in Washington discovered that transportation was the shortage, not oil, and that it was just as difficult to haul coal as it was to haul oil, we had interviewed our honest Scottish plumber about converting. With thin patience he explained to us that he could convert a coal-burning furnace into an oil-burning one but could not convert our oil burner into a coal consumer; also, that more than ninety per cent of all oil burners were not convertible, not having been designed to burn coal in the first place.

And, anyway, he went on, we should know that the War Production Board, the Army and the Navy had shut down on civilian consumption of iron and steel and that even if we wanted to throw out our oil burner and install a coal burner we couldn't, because the furnace manufacturers weren't making any of the latter. And even if they were, they might deliver and they might not, because they were all working on war contracts.

Next we interviewed our fuel-oil man. He was pretty cheerful, saying that he'd do his best to keep us above the freezing point all winter. However, he didn't want to kid us. Two weeks before, he had been notified that a hundred thousand barrels of oil in tankers some ninety miles to the east were awaiting takers. The takers were willing, but the tank trucks were working for the Army and, as you can't do much trying to carry the stuff home in buckets, the ships had left, still loaded, because the oil-company storage tanks were full and there was no place to unload the tankers.

Oil for War Industries

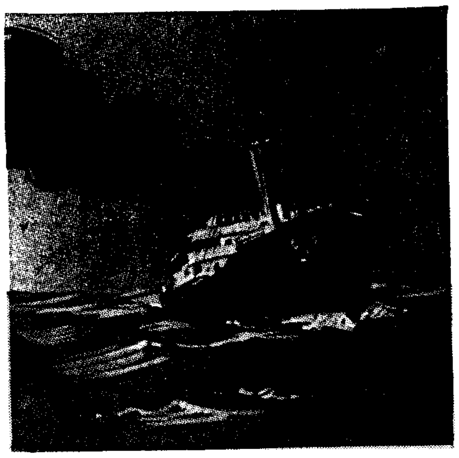
As for the oil in the storage tanks, that would have to go to war production plants which had found it impossible to convert from oil to coal. And this is probably as it should be, because New England is working on fifteen per cent (dollar value) of our war contracts, and guns and planes are more important than some kid's cold in the head—and his old man's, too.

Nevertheless, Mr. Ickes and the twenty-two bureau and division chiefs in Washington, who shared without noticeable harmony the fuel-oil problem for the chillier half of the Thirteen Original Colonies, were still talking and thinking hard, and the impetuous Mr. Ickes was obviously on the verge of doing something tangible.

Congress was thinking hard too—in terms of votes. Eastern members seeking re-election were assuring their constituencies that tank cars and river barges carrying gasoline to the well-oiled Middle West would be drafted into fuel-oil service for the submarined East. Middle West members, just as eager to hold their jobs, were assuring their people that tank cars would not be diverted. Congressional committees held hearings; and that's something else that should be rationed. The result of these hearings were several fat volumes of testimony, principally from gentlemen who are experts in what cannot be done, for the excellent reason that it never had been done.

But, due possibly to an oversight, two or three witnesses appeared bringing ideas with them. There was Mr. Walter P. Hedden, for example, Chief of the Bureau of Commerce, Port of New York Authority. Mr. Hedden talked at considerable length to the subcommittee of the Senate Commerce Committee. Briefly, he couldn't see why fuel oil could not be carried to the Atlantic seaboard from, say, Toledo, through Lake

(Continued on page 50)



Action Offshore

By Richard Howells Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Mutiny on the high seas. Hitler's navy doesn't appreciate this way of upsetting Nazi plans

UNDER the light of a single blue bulb, Tom Ruddock, chief mate on the Mary McNally, softened the tread of his booted feet as he moved along the working alleyway.

"This time," he assured himself, "we play it the wise way. No leading with the chin. The chin stays in, against the chest."

He looked sharply around, nevertheless, as he stopped in front of the locker. In there was stored the Mary McNally's sorry suit of sails—the unusable canvas of an old freighter. There, too, were stored other objects and articles not likely to be needed. And included *among these, since four hours after sailing time,* was Tom Ruddock's prize problem, headache and implausible nuisance. This lug, certainly, Mr. Ruddock told himself, was not needed.

While he stood there, motionless, eight bells—midnight—came softly to him.

He groped with his key, swung the solid steel door softly, ducked his head and stepped inside. He closed the door and cut loose his flashlight.

Chet Digby, reclining with a spare tarp pulled up to his chin, blinked and sat up. He was a scrawny, disreputable-looking, city-wizened man, not young, not old, not anything, as far as Tom Ruddock could make out. But the mate's eye slid from the man to his camera—that was something, that camera. If it hadn't been for the camera Tom Ruddock would have reported this *stray to the master hours ago.*

Digby fumbled at the handkerchief over the lump on his forehead and muttered to himself. He looked sourly at the bread and meat that Mr. Ruddock had stolen from the galley. A nice job for the second in command of a ship—stealing scraps from the galley for a snake-eyed stowaway.

"Listen, Admiral," said Chet Digby with peevish sarcasm, "when do I get to get out o' this matchbox?"

Tom Ruddock stretched a hand toward the door. "Come on out and meet the captain," he said cordially.

Chet Digby shuddered. "No, not that guy!" he said. "He gives me the creeps—them eyes of his."

Tom Ruddock was silent. Obviously, he decided, the way to get along with a guy like that was with the chin well in.

He put Chet Digby through his story again. Chet was sore about it, but he talked. He was a news magazine photographer, see? And sometimes he picked up a whole story, except for the captions, with that camera of his. The box told the story faster and a lot better than some guy could write it.

The story Chet Digby told now was long, in spite of its simplicity. He had covered the landing of survivors of a tanker torpedoed in smooth water off the Virginia Capes. The master, the mate, the radioman and five seamen were the only occupants of the one lifeboat that made shore.

"All right," said Chet Digby. "You get it that far. Well, Heinson was the master then, just as he's master o' this freighter, an' under his own name. They tell me he's been commanding American ships since 'thirty-seven. But when I come down to get shots of this dirty old freight house for a feature—they'll caption her 'picturesque' in the office—I find the second mate is callin' himself Adolph Berg."

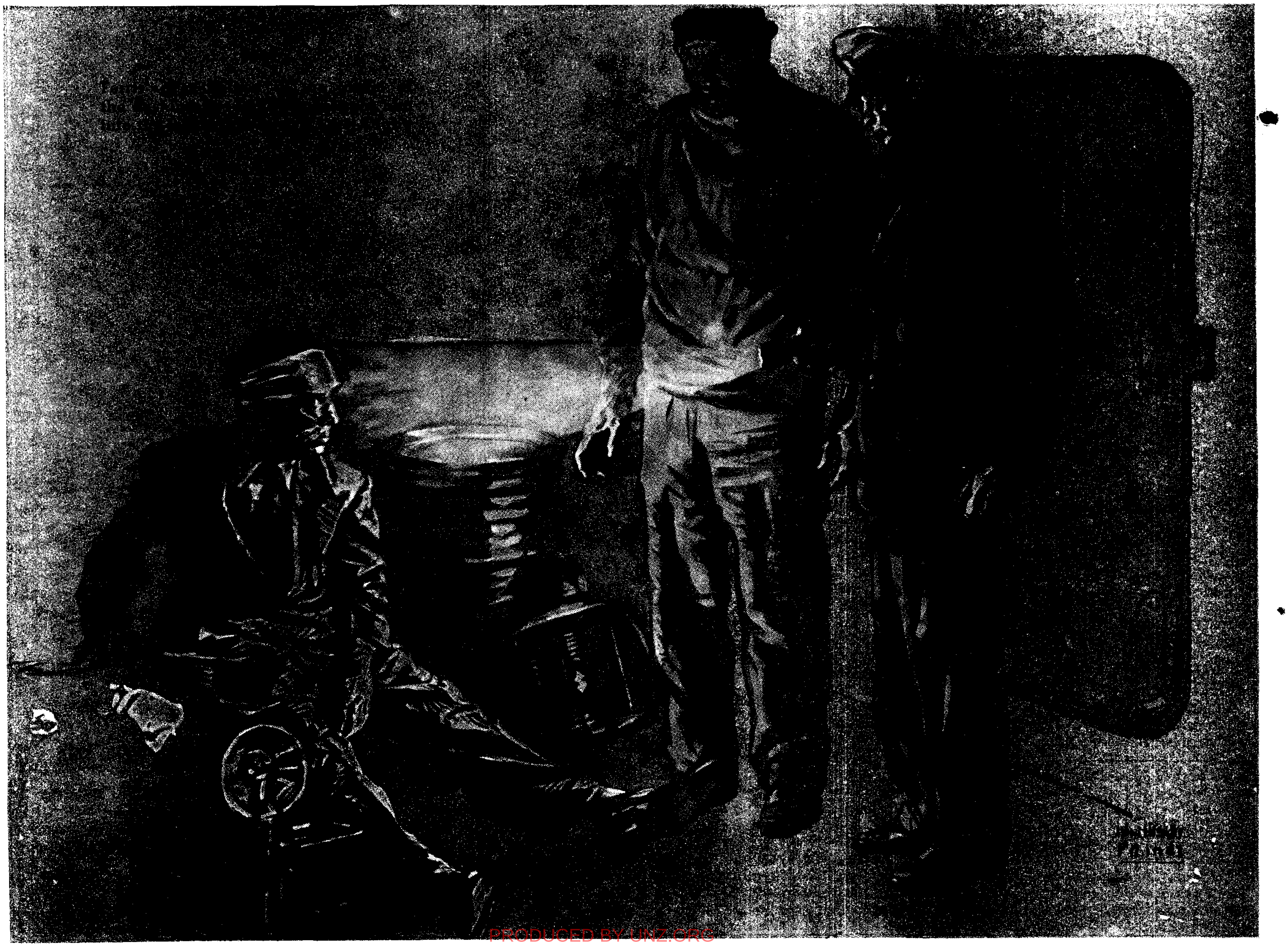
He shook his head emphatically. "That is different from his monicker when he was mate of that tanker. And when I say, 'Wasn't you with Heinson on that tanker that got torpedoed?' he denied it, up-and-down. He'd never sailed with Heinson before; didn't know the guy."

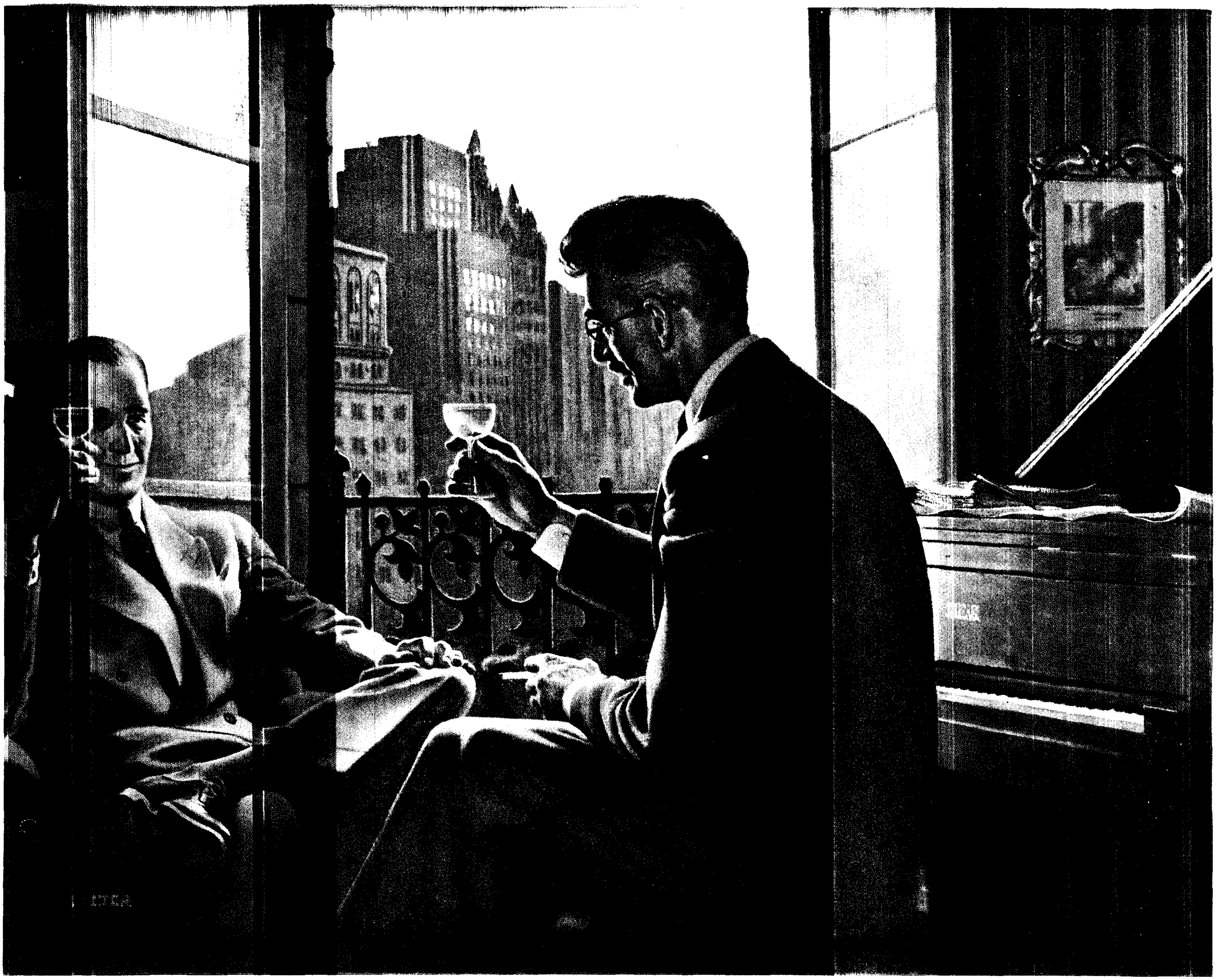
Chet Digby deepened the wrinkles on his scrawny head in a scowl.

"An' then I see the radioman, with a round pan nobody could forget—an' he gives me the same! Never'd seen Heinson. And his name now—Jensen—that ain't the same."

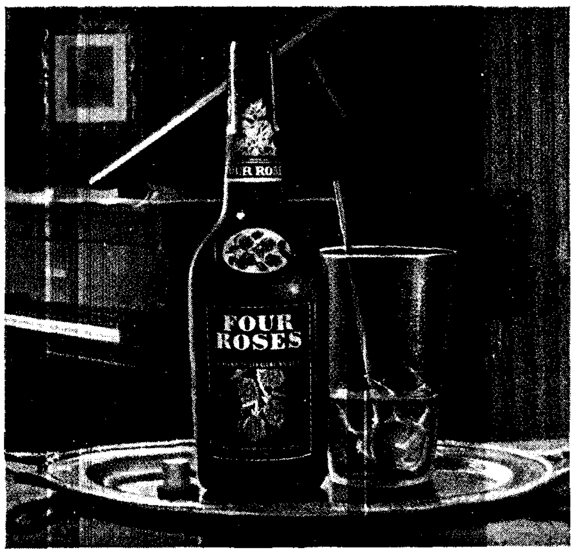
He jerked a hand. "I started lookin' all around and I see two sailors that was also survivors in that boat. I don't forget faces I shoot. All at once it seems to me as if Berg an' Jensen were sort of

(Continued on page 34)





Strictly off the record



JIM: I understand the Four Roses people wanted to use you in a magazine ad, Eric.

ERIC: Yes, but I told them I'd rather not. Being a composer, I figured they'd want me to rave about their whiskey being a symphony of virtues, Number One on the sip parade, and all that sort of thing.

JIM: Judging from this grand Manhattan, I'd say Four Roses comes pretty close to being just that.

ERIC: Sure—strictly off the record, it's tops! It's the finest whiskey ever bottled! In fact, anybody who hasn't tasted Four Roses recently doesn't know what he's been missing. It's the one whiskey I know that makes a perfect Manhattan Rhapsody!

JIM: Now you're talking like a composer in a Four Roses ad, Eric!

ERIC: I guess you're right—but it's the only way I know to describe the magnificence of today's Four Roses! Tell you what, Jim—on second thought, I'll let them quote me in a Four Roses ad if you'll agree to be in it too.

JIM: It's a deal. Let's seal the bargain . . . with another Four Roses Manhattan!

How to make the world's finest Manhattan—take one part vermouth and two parts Four Roses Whiskey. Add dash of Angostura Bitters. Stir well with cracked ice, strain, and serve with cherry.

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S **FOUR ROSES!**

When Your Throat is Irritated

SPUD
SPUD IMPERIAL
SPUD
SPUD

CHANGE TO SPUDS

...And Enjoy their Soothing Coolness!

WHENEVER throat irritation takes the pleasure out of smoking—try Spuds. You'll get a real surprise! For Spuds are specially made to give your throat a soothing, restful *change*, at times when you can't enjoy *any* ordinary cigarette. Thousands are discovering the benefits of Spuds' four decisive advantages:

First, Spuds are a *mildly* mentholated cigarette—made by an exclusive process that distributes menthol *evenly* throughout the cigarette. Second, Spuds contain a special moisture-retaining agent that does not produce acrolein—the irritating gas usually present in cigarette smoke. Third, Spuds are 20% longer, to give you a cooler, cleaner smoke, with more of the harsh irritants filtered out. And, fourth, Spuds are made of fine vintage tobaccos—blended to perfection.

So try Spuds—and give your throat a *rest!* Enjoy Spuds' soothing, refreshing coolness. Pick up a pack of new Spud Imperials today—*either cork tip or plain.* The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., "House of Tradition," Louisville, Ky.

NOW... POPULAR PRICE
AND YOUR CHOICE OF TIPS

Plain ends in the silver pack—cork tips in the gold pack. Spuds cost you no more than any other popular cigarette.

SPUD
Imperials

THE WORLD'S COOLEST CIGARETTE

Come Back Tuesday

Continued from page 22

"I'll do my own shooting," insisted the doctor.

He called his dogs in to hunt closely for the scattered single birds, but Fred had watched them down like a blue-darter, and quickly went to a pine top, caught scent, and again pointed. The other dogs backed dutifully. Doctor Ingram kicked the dead tree, and a hen quail came out like a hand grenade. Before he could shoot, there was a detonation by his ear and the bird dropped stone dead.

"I couldn't help it," Jud apologized. "Knowed you was going to miss, and I just had to let go."

"Wait until I miss, next time," the doctor said, with heat, rubbing his ear.

They hunted on, and after a while the doctor saw, far ahead, his dog standing motionless, and he said with quick pride, "I see Lad has stopped."

"Backs sort of pretty, don't he?"

"What do you mean, 'backs'? He has birds!"

"Nope. Yonder stands Fred in that broom sage ahead of your dog. Yourn's just backing mine."

THE doctor saw that it was true, and he swallowed hard. And as the afternoon wore on, his amazement grew, for Fred was plainly outhunting his own very good dogs and finding all the birds that were found.

"Where did you get that dog, anyway?" he asked, finally.

"Got him as a puppy from Lem Johnson—swapped him for a pig that got into my back field. Lem says he stole the puppy. But you cain't go by that—Lem'd just soon lie as tell the truth."

At that moment a figure in overalls jumped out from behind a bush and shouted furiously, "What you doing hunting on my land, Jud Lee?"

"Did we chance to wander onto your land, Mr. Sidler?" Jud asked in innocent surprise. "Well, I do declare!"

"I'll learn you!" said the angry landowner, and threw up his shotgun at them.

"Git, mule!" Jud said, and away they rocketed just as Sidler fired. Two of the bird shot struck the doctor's back and he howled.

When they were out of immediate danger, the doctor shouted above the banging wagon, "The dogs!"

"Shuh, old Fred done led them home by now. He knows what a cranky old fool that Sidler is."

When they got back to the house, they found not only Fred and the other two dogs—asleep under the house—but also the young man named Davis from the bank.

"Oh, my!" Jud said. "Durn' if I didn't forget and walk right up on him."

"Well, Mr. Lee," said Davis, "I hope you've got some money."

Jud turned to the disheveled doctor. "Doc, you owe me five dollars, don't you?"

"I suppose so," he answered bitterly.

"Well how about loaning me a little extra to go with it, until Saturday? I need fifty-five dollars more. This here's the rent man."

"Loan you fifty-five dollars?" The doctor laughed for the first time.

Davis said firmly, "It's no use, Mr. Lee. Better move out tomorrow or we'll have the sheriff come move you."

Jud said, "Doc, it looks like you *would* let me have the loan of fifty-five dollars."

A sudden thought seemed to come to the doctor. "If you really want sixty dollars, I know how you can get it."

"How?" Jud demanded.

"I'll give you sixty dollars for that dog."

"Fred?" Jud's face fell. "I guess I better hang on to the old fool."

Davis ejaculated, "You'd rather keep that dog than your farm, Jud?"

"I cain't sell my old dog," Jud said. "I just couldn't git shed of him. Anyway, he wouldn't hunt for nobody but me. Fellow stole him oncet and had to let go."

Davis sighed. "Okay. Tomorrow, Mr. Lee."

"Wait a minute," Jud said, suddenly. He ran into the house calling, "Ceely! Ceely! Where's our diamont at?" And presently he came back with a ring mounted with a glistening stone.

"Look here, Doc, I'll sell you our diamont ring."

"Where'd you get that?" Doctor Ingram asked, taking it.

"Ordered it out of a book. You can have it for fifty-five dollars."

Davis examined the ring. "That's nothing but glass with a quicksilver backing."

"You're plumb crazy. It's a Genuwine Simulated Diamont, just like it said in the magazine."

"I can't use a simulated diamond," the doctor said regretfully.

"Don't forget, Mr. Lee," said Davis, turning away.

"Wait, young man," said Doctor Ingram. "I believe I know how Lee can raise the money. There's a field trial in Laridian that starts Saturday, and there's a first stake of six hundred dollars and a second of about two hundred or so. That dog named Fred could come mighty close to winning one of those stakes, if Jud cared to enter him. I'd be willing to risk the entrance fee on it."

"You mean they'll pay Fred fer outhunting them other dogs?" Jud asked.

"Is Jud's dog that good?" Davis asked.

"Unless today was an unusual hunt for him, he'll be hard to beat," the doctor said.

"Okay, Jud," Davis said. "I'm going to take this gentleman's word for it, and give you one more week. But this is absolutely your last chance."

THE sun was just coming up when Doctor Ingram and Jud Lee arrived at the starting point, with Fred asleep on the back seat. Several small cornstalk-and-lightwood fires were surrounded by men, while other men saddled the horses. Jud spotted a wagon with planks laid across for seats, and he said, "Yonder's where I aim to sit at. I ain't no horseback rider."

"You'll have to ride horseback while you're running your dog. Better pick out a mount now."

Jud looked over the horses that were for rent, and his eyes lit up when he saw, tied to the fence, a sleepy-looking mule. On its back was an ancient saddle, held together by tobacco twine and haywire.

"Now that yonder is a critter I got as much sense as," Jud said, and went over to speak for the services of the mule. As he approached, the mule opened one eye and let fly with a hind hoof that grazed Jud's thigh. To the animal's astonishment, Jud immediately kicked him back. After that, they seemed to understand each other.

The first brace of dogs was put down and they raced away. Jud and the doctor rode up toward the front of the gallery, and the doctor instructed Jud in field-trial procedure as they went along. Presently one of the dogs pointed, and when the handler dismounted and fired, Jud observed that no birds fell.

"Shuh, that fellow's nigh sorry a shot as you, Doc," he said.

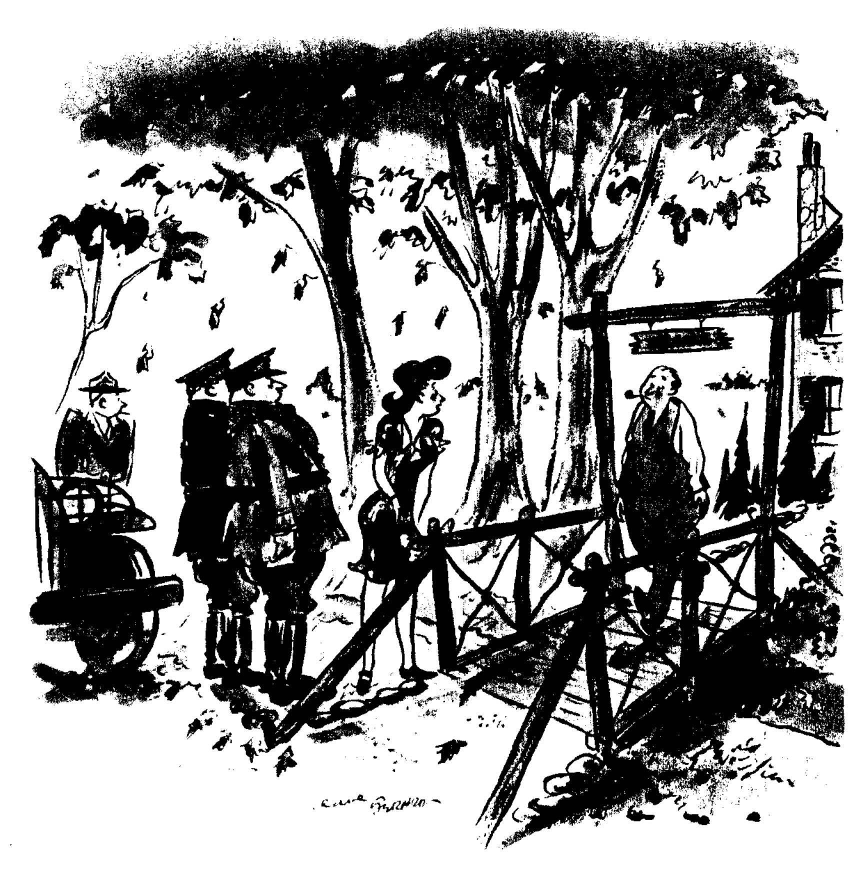
"No birds are killed in a field trial," Doctor Ingram explained.

"Ain't?" Jud asked. "It's goodby farm for me, then."

"What do you mean?"

"You wait and see," Jud said slowly.

It so happened that the dog drawn to run against Fred was the champion of

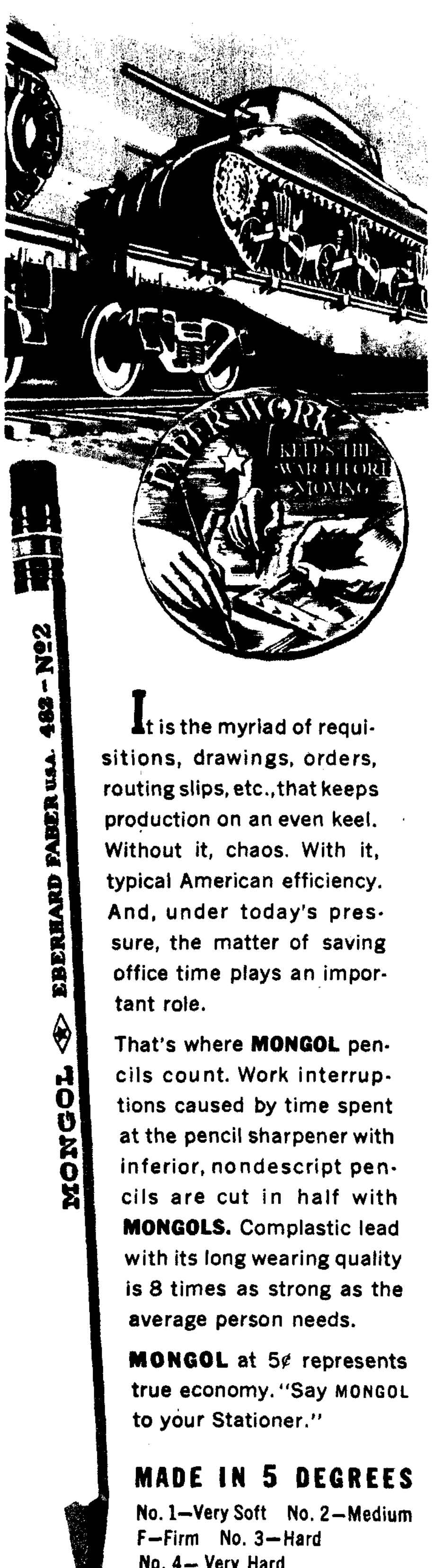


"George, have you made any arrangement to blow up our bridge in case of an emergency?"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

Paper Work

THE PUNCH BEHIND PRODUCTION


PAPERWORK KEEPS THE WAR EFFORT MOVING
MONGOL ◇ EBERHARD FABER U.S.A. 482—No2

It is the myriad of requisitions, drawings, orders, routing slips, etc., that keeps production on an even keel. Without it, chaos. With it, typical American efficiency. And, under today's pressure, the matter of saving office time plays an important role.

That's where **MONGOL** pencils count. Work interruptions caused by time spent at the pencil sharpener with inferior, nondescript pencils are cut in half with **MONGOLS.** Complastic lead with its long wearing quality is 8 times as strong as the average person needs.

MONGOL at 5¢ represents true economy. "Say MONGOL to your Stationer."

MADE IN 5 DEGREES

No. 1—Very Soft No. 2—Medium
F—Firm No. 3—Hard
No. 4—Very Hard

EBERHARD FABER

Leadership

IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

"LIFE PRESERVER"
(For Your Car)

AC

Every mile that you drive with *clean* oil means longer life for your engine. So, since AC Oil Filters keep oil clean, they are "life preservers" in a very real sense, and a practical means of conserving your car—and the oil you buy as well.

HOW OIL FILTERS CONSERVE

Oil Filters remove dirt and sludge from engine oil. Clean oil does not clog piston and ring slots. Consequently, it helps the oil control rings to perform their function longer.

As a direct result, oil economy is held higher and gas consumption kept down. Furthermore, carbon formation is retarded because excess oil does not reach the combustion chamber. And,—most important of all,—the need for engine overhaul is definitely postponed.

WATCH YOUR OIL

When the oil gets black and dirty, replace your oil filter element promptly. Change your oil as your service man recommends.

Especially "for the duration," drive with an oil filter. But be sure to protect your car's life with a proved "life preserver"—an AC Oil Filter.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
General Motors Corporation

SAVE WEAR
AC
AC OIL FILTERS
SAVE OIL

ARMY E NAVY

AC PRODUCES FOR VICTORY

Machine guns, aircraft spark plugs, standard spark plugs, oil filters, and many other products are being supplied to our armed forces.

last year, a hard-going orange-and-white pointer named Bold Springs Rap. At the breakaway, Rap raced away in true field-trial style, while Fred went away leisurely. But gradually Fred widened and in a little while was out of sight.

With the other handler, Jud rode up front, his long frame forked over the plodding mule. The other handler, Olivant, periodically called, "Ha-a-ay, Rap," and blew his whistle, until Jud rubbed his ear and complained, "Durned if you don't keep up a racket." Rap found the first covey of birds, and pointed them in a picture-book style, and he was steady to wing and shot.

When the dog had been sent on again, Jud said, "That's a right nice little dog you got. He's shore to take second."

Olivant smiled. His smile faded as he saw Fred, far out to the right, pointing near a plum thicket.

They galloped over to the thicket and Jud dismounted. He whispered to Doctor Ingram, "You shore I ain't allowed to kill a bird?"

"That's right."

Jud shook his head, and walked in and flushed the birds. Jud raised his gun, and Fred lifted his head interestedly to see how many birds fell. When none at all fell, he looked at Jud in amazement, and was visibly stunned as he went on off in search of more game.

Meantime, Rap again had found a covey and his manners were exemplary. Jud said, "You wouldn't want to swap that dog for a Genuwine Simulated Diamont, would you?"

"I guess not."

"He's a right nice little dog," Jud admitted.

Fred seemed to have recovered from his shock, and he found the next covey.

Jud walked in. The birds got up. Jud fired and again no birds fell. Fred gave him a look of profound disgust, and lay down on the spot.

"Git up from there," Jud commanded. "I cain't help it if they won't let me kill none."

FRED reluctantly rose and trotted off, obviously seeing little reason for finding birds if Jud couldn't hit them. The judges looked at one another significantly, for anything less than constant energy and application on the part of a dog is disapproved. At this point, however, Fred luckily struck quail scent, and unenthusiastically pointed a covey that had been feeding in the field.

"Well," Jud muttered to Doctor Ingram as he dismounted, "this'll put a finish to it. The durn' fool has took all the missing he'll put up with."

As Jud walked past the dog, Fred rolled his eye upward, obviously telling him that this was his last chance. Jud kicked the thin grass, and a bird whirred up, then another, and then the rest of the covey, scatteringly—perfect targets. He fired, and all the birds kept going. Fred watched their flight momentarily, then without another glance at Jud he turned toward the gallery, threaded his way through the horses, jumped into the nearest wagon and lay down.

"Is your dog sick, Mr. Lee?" asked one of the judges, puzzled.

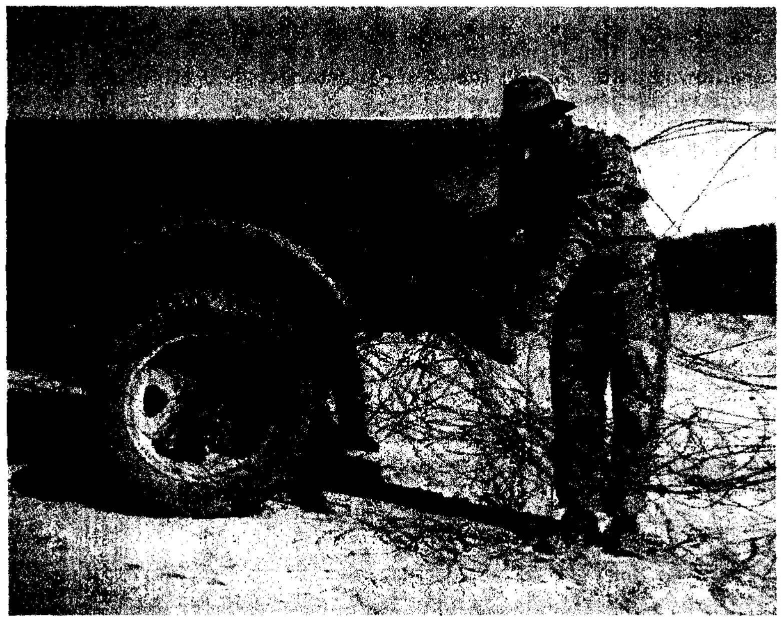
"No, he's just plumb disagusted," answered Jud.

He went to the wagon and got Fred by the scruff of the neck and put him on the ground. "You cain't set there and let us be throwed off the farm," Jud said. "Now git, afore I sting you with these here number-eight shot."

Fred saw the shotgun pointing toward him and he reluctantly trotted out front and began hunting again.

The doctor said, "He's ahead on covey

TRUCK TRIPPER. The major role of wire in warfare has generally been confined to the barbed variety and the insulated wire used for communications, but recent experiments have proved that rolls like that shown below will stop any wheeled vehicle—even a light tank, if its treads hit the coils at an angle. The truck at right has been temporarily put out of action by heavy wire that cuts tires to ribbons, and snarls axles and brake drums



"Nothing today, thanks!"

General Electric Electronic tubes some day may "answer" the front door!

There's another peddler! . . . There's the milkman! . . . Laundry ready, lady? . . . B-R-E-A-D M-A-N! . . . Some day it may be possible for you to turn a switch, and *see* and *talk to* the front door from any part of the house!

This television "busybody" does not exist today, and, if it did, would cost too much to be practical. But here is the important thing to remember: It is entirely possible right now to build such a device with electronic tubes. And American industry is famous for finding new ways to make the things you want at a reasonable price.

Today, startling new electronic devices are helping to defeat the enemy. These are closely guarded war secrets. In them scientists see many possibilities for new products that can make our lives safer and happier when peace comes.

Electronic tubes now can clean air of dust. Electronic lamps can kill germs, and in experiments have kept vegetables and fruits fresh for months.

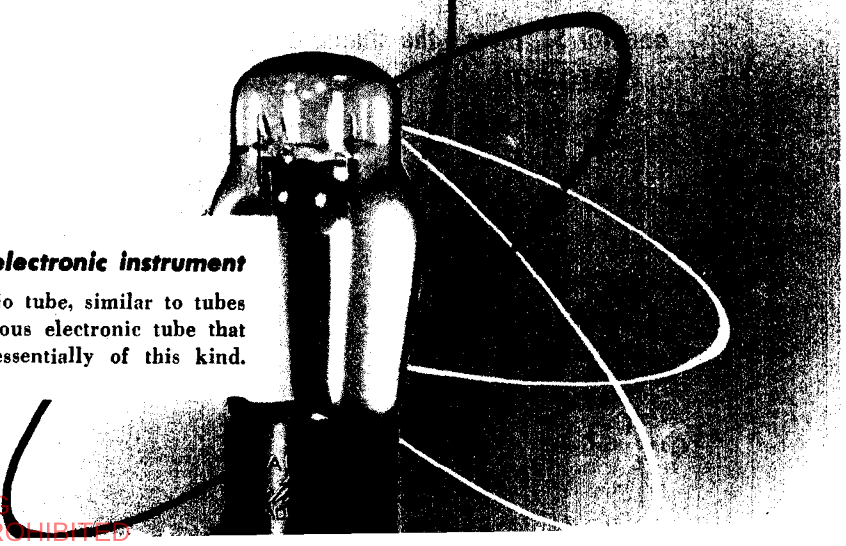
Electronic tubes warn of fire; guard against burglars; open garage doors; turn on the lights as darkness comes. Your General Electric radio is equipped with electronic tubes.

A full-color 32-page booklet which tells the fascinating story of electronics will be available shortly. This booklet is free. Write for "Electronics — a New Science for a New World," to General Electric — Radio, Television, and Electronics Department, Schenectady, New York.

Listen to the General Electric Radio News Program, with Frazier Hunt, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings, over C.B.S. and American (FM) networks. See newspapers for time.

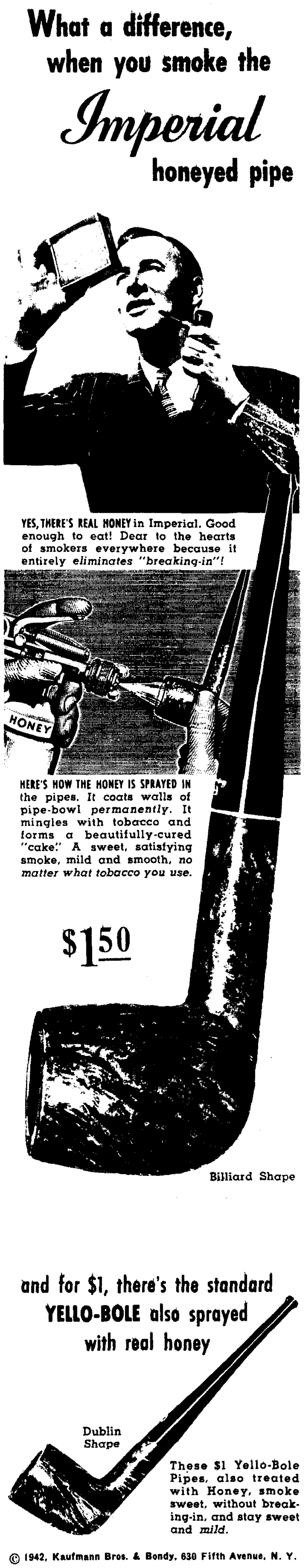
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research



Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

This is a General Electric electronic radio tube, similar to tubes used in all G-E radio sets. The miraculous electronic tube that can "answer" the front door will be essentially of this kind.


What a difference,
when you smoke the
Imperial
honeyed pipe

YES, THERE'S REAL HONEY in Imperial. Good enough to eat! Dear to the hearts of smokers everywhere because it entirely *eliminates "breaking-in"!*

HERE'S HOW THE HONEY IS SPRAYED IN the pipes. *It coats walls of* pipe-bowl *permanently.* It mingles with tobacco and forms a beautifully-cured "cake." A sweet, satisfying smoke, mild and smooth, no *matter what tobacco you use.*

$1.50

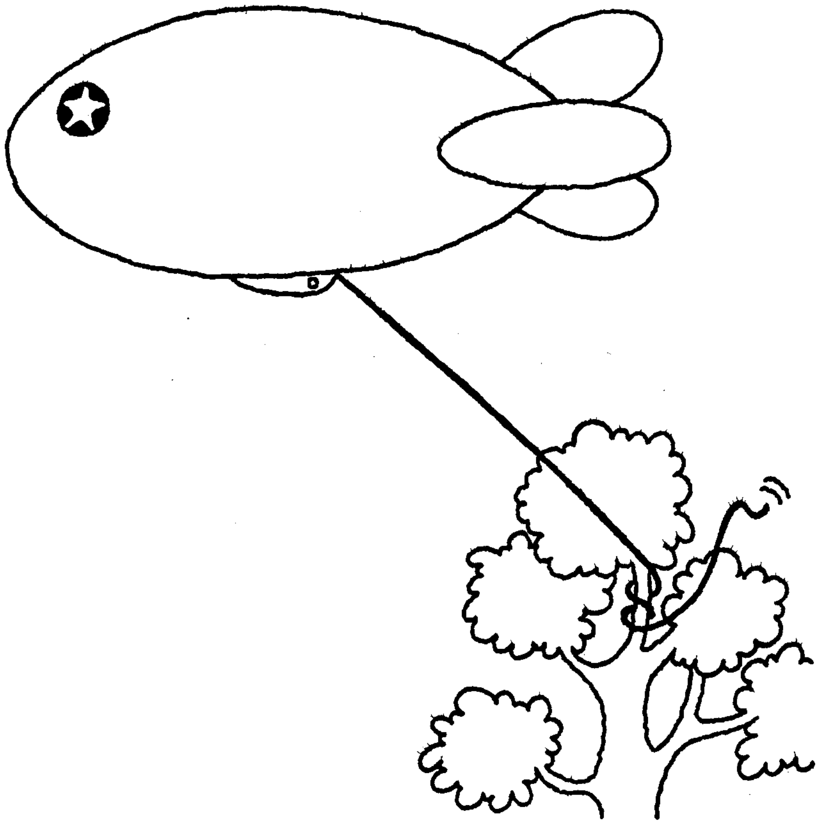
Billiard Shape

and for $1, there's the standard
YELLO-BOLE also sprayed
with real honey

Dublin Shape

These $1 Yello-Bole Pipes, also treated with Honey, smoke sweet, without breaking-in, and stay sweet and *mild.*

© 1942, Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



finds, but if he keeps being unwilling to hunt he won't have a chance for even a second. Rap looks to be first sure."

"Well, we ain't whupped yet," said Jud mysteriously.

The course made a sharp turn, and for a few minutes neither dog was in sight. *Then Rap appeared up front,* having swung perfectly.

JUD waited a moment, and then said loudly, "That dog of mine he rambles so far I may have to shoot to make him hear me." He turned the mule out of the gallery and spurred him, and across the cornfield they went, Jud's legs and elbows flapping. Now out of sight of the gallery, he reached the thicket of a branch head, and crossed it, knowing exactly where Fred had gone. And there in the lespedeza he found him, again on game. Fred was lying down, pointing with a complete lack of enthusiasm.

"Now if you ain't a pretty sight," Jud said, tying the mule.

He put two shells in his old double-barreled gun and kicked the grass in front of Fred. At first nothing happened, and Fred watched scornfully. Then the covey erupted from the grass.

Jud's gun came up, and with the first barrel he tumbled a cock. He swung back, saw two birds crossing, pulled the second trigger, and both of them fell.

"Don't never again look at me like I cain't shoot a shotgun," Jud warned, blowing the smoke from the barrels.

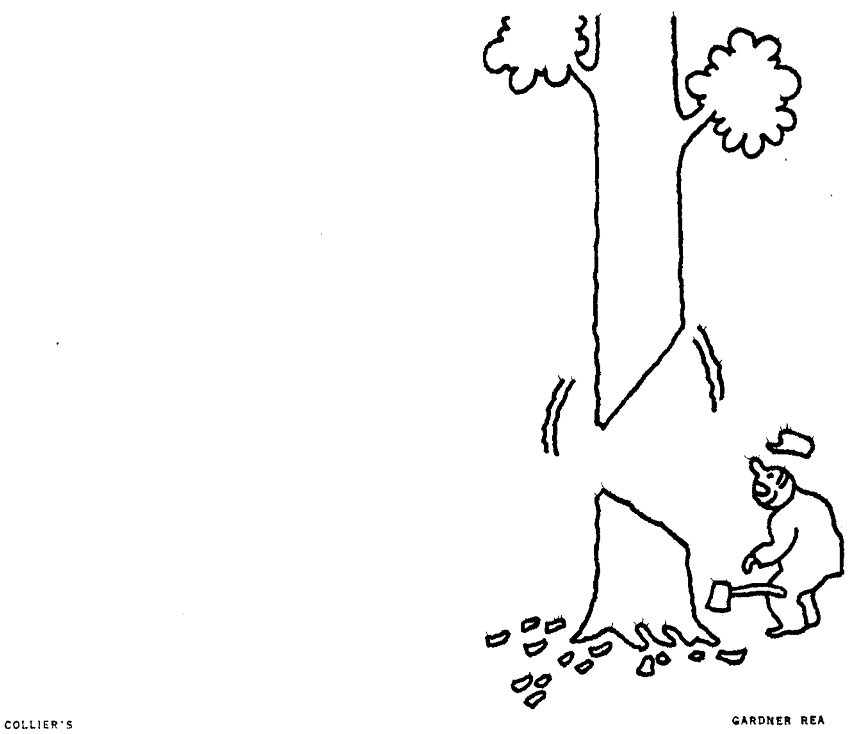
Surprised to see any birds fall, Fred *upon command sprang in and retrieved* them with happy animation.

It was a different Fred that Jud brought back onto the course. When they overtook the gallery, Fred swung on out in front, running full speed. The spectators looked at one another, wondering what could have so invigorated the dog they thought had grown tired.

"Had to shoot to make him hear me," Jud explained to the judges. He pulled a quail from his pocket. "And durn' if a funny thing didn't happen. Unbeknownst to me, this here quail was a-setting in the tree I was under, and when I shot up in the air he fell right out."

"I hope we won't have another miracle like that, Mr. Lee," said Mr. Roe, the owner of the plantation.

"Ain't likely," Jud said. Then: "Judge, look way up yonder on that ridge. They's a dog a-pointing, and he looks like that old fool of mine."



Fred *was* pointing again, and behind stood Rap, backing him. They rode to the place, and both handlers dismounted. This time, as Jud walked past him, Fred's eyes held keen anticipation, and Jud, noting it, paused. *If sump'm don't fall, that butt-headed scoun'l will think last time was a accident.*

As he hesitated, a sudden thought occurred to him, and he drew one of the dead quail from his pocket. Concealing it, he walked in and flushed the covey. As the birds swept over the sedge tops, he threw the dead bird into the mass of them and fired into the air. Fred noted the falling bird with satisfaction, and retrieved it promptly and then sped on off in businesslike manner.

After that it was, they all agreed, as pretty a dog race as anybody could ask for. "Just gee and haw between 'em, and not a bobble for neither." After the heat was over, eight more dogs ran, but everybody knew Rap had taken first and Fred second.

IT WAS only a few days later that the doctor had occasion to be in Jud's neck of the woods, and he drove up to the house about noon. It was somewhat warm for wintertime. Not seeing Fred under the porch, nor Jud anywhere, he wondered if they had gone hunting. But presently a head appeared at the window.

"Your father gone hunting?"

"Nope, he ain't," Jud's boy answered. "I'll fetch him."

Presently Jud came out on the porch and shouted jovially, "Come on in here, Doc, and lemme show you sump'm!"

"Kind of warm, isn't it?"

"Shore is. But I got just what'll fix you up. Ice water!"

"Ice water? At this time of year?"

Jud led him into the living room of the old house, and promptly pointed to *the shining electric refrigerator that* stood in the middle of the room.

"Chanced to stop in town after them bird-dog triles, and the feller sold 'er to me. Got the Ree to rig me up the electricity, and she's been a-going at it ever since."

"You mean the REA?" asked the doctor, weakly, opening the box. A light came on, revealing, on the shelves, four shotgun shells and a hat, nothing else.

The children clung to Jud's long legs and gazed at the refrigerator raptly. "Go git the bucket and let's mix up some ice-water," Jud said. He pulled out one of the trays and shucked out the ice and threw it out the window. "We'll friz up some fresh," he explained. "That there has been in there since yestiddy. Sit down and rest easy. She'll be done friz it in thutty minutes."

"You bought this with your field-trial winnings?" the doctor asked finally.

"And that ain't all!" Jud said. "Come on!"

He led the doctor into another room, where there was a new bed of pure borax and lying asleep on it was the dog Fred. Jud explained, "If he's such all a moneymaker as that, I aim fer him to have a true bed and a room to hisself. And he don't eat nothing but the best water-ground corn meal and first-run pot liquor!"

Suddenly Jud cocked his head to one side. "Lissen. I hear a car. I'll be back later."

"Who are you running from?"

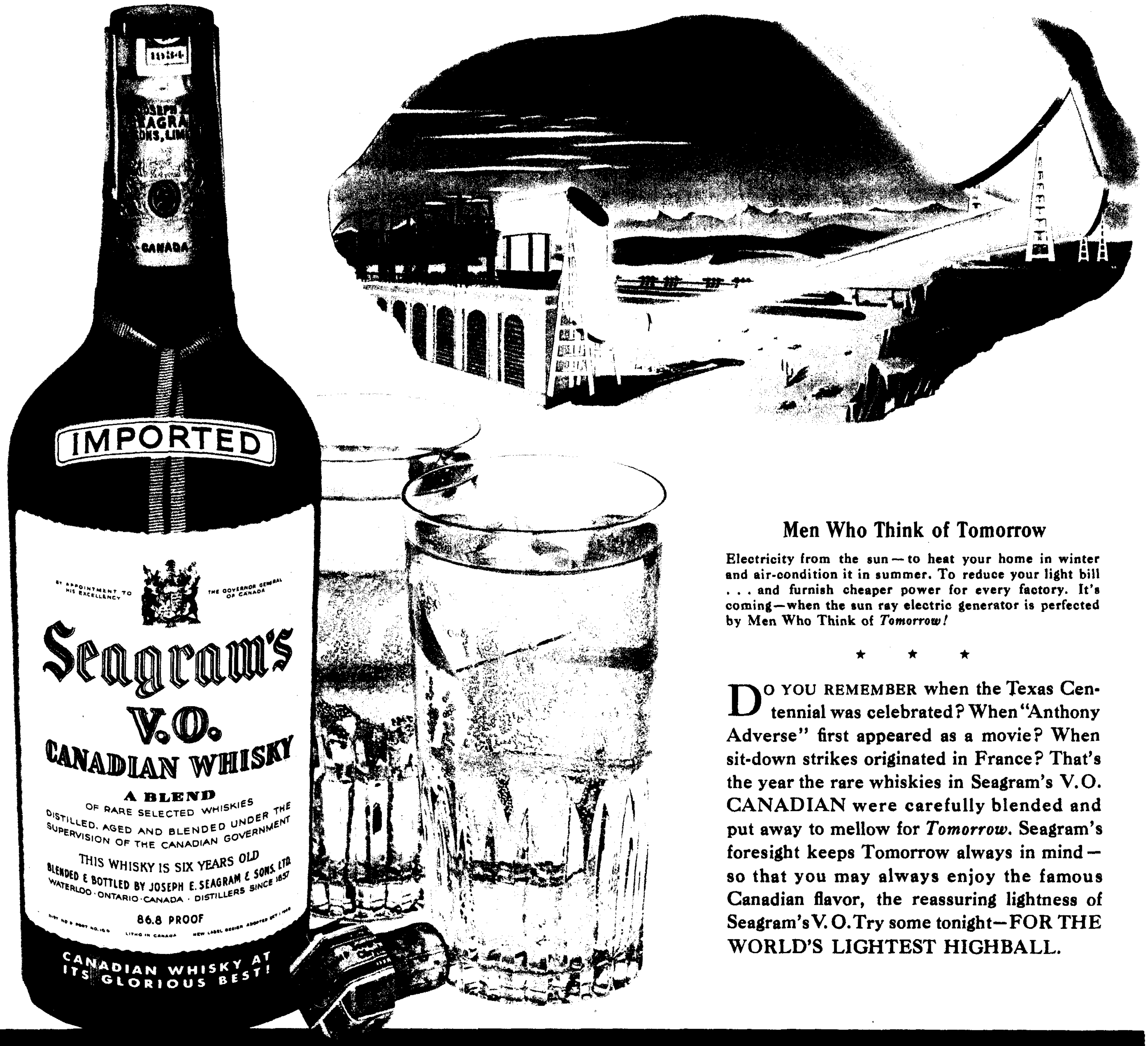
"That fellow from the bank, who you reckon? That's how come I was hid when you come."

"You mean you didn't pay the bank anything on your rent with that money?" demanded the doctor.

Jud was already out the door. "Tell him"—he called back—"tell him to come back next Tuesday, and I'll have the money shore!"

THE END

Men Who Think of Tomorrow Prefer the Light, Clean Taste of Seagram's V.O.


1934
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
CANADA
IMPORTED
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LTD.
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
LITHO IN CANADA
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

Men Who Think of Tomorrow

Electricity from the sun—to heat your home in winter and air-condition it in summer. To reduce your light bill . . . and furnish cheaper power for every factory. It's coming—when the sun ray electric generator is perfected by Men Who Think of *Tomorrow!*

★ ★ ★

DO YOU REMEMBER when the Texas Centennial was celebrated? When "Anthony Adverse" first appeared as a movie? When sit-down strikes originated in France? That's the year the rare whiskies in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN were carefully blended and put away to mellow for *Tomorrow*. Seagram's foresight keeps Tomorrow always in mind—so that you may always enjoy the famous Canadian flavor, the reassuring lightness of Seagram's V.O. Try some tonight—FOR THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

NICE WORK

...and you can get it!

The way a Schick Shaver goes to work on a man's beard is something to sing about. Ask the man who uses one!

And you, too, can get these quick, comfortable, effortless shaves *if you hurry*. The reason for the hurry is simply this:

Our factory is now working full tilt on war production, and the only Schick Shavers in dealers' hands are those we built before going all-out on our war job. So, not *every* dealer has *all* the Schicks he could sell.

Get yours, while the getting's good, and see what you've been missing. See how the marvelous 2-M Hollow-Ground Head arches your skin—making the whiskers stand up to be slicked off by the Flying Shuttle Shearer at the rate of 14,000 cutting actions per minute. See how *easy* it is to shave with a Schick. Then feel your smooth, boy-fresh face that need nevermore be marred by shaving nicks, cuts, scrapes or burn.

Pictured above is the Schick Colonel—handsomely styled in rich ivory plastic—and powered by the speedy "Whisk-wik" motor that works on both AC and DC. It's yours for only $15*—and if 2 weeks' trial doesn't convince you you've bought a bargain—take the shaver back to your dealer and get your money back. How can you lose?

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

**Slightly higher in Canada*

Specifications subject to change without notice

★★

...not forgetting Schick Owners!

No matter how long ago you bought your Schick, we want you to get the same slick shaves as when it was new. And you can, because renewal parts and expert service will be kept available. And if you want to bring your Schick Shaver right up to date with a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Head—you can do so for only $3 at the nearest office of Schick Service, Inc., listed here. *Free of charge, your shaver will also be cleaned, lubricated and adjusted by factory experts.*

ALBANY
938 Natl. Sav. B'k Bldg.
ATLANTA
603 Rhodes-Haverty Bldg.
BALTIMORE
111 N. Charles St.
BOSTON
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN
1007 Fox Bldg.
BUFFALO
553 Andrews Bldg.
CHICAGO
212 Palmer House
CINCINNATI
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND
9 Union Com. Bldg. Arcade
COLUMBUS, O.
633 Hunt'gton B'k Bldg.
DALLAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER
501 Colorado Bldg.
DES MOINES
413 Fleming Bldg.
DETROIT
908 Industrial B'k Bldg.
HARTFORD, CONN.
1202 American Ind't'l Bldg.
HOUSTON
521 Shell Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS
703 Merchants B'k Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
710 Fidelity B'k Bldg.
LOS ANGELES
443 South Spring St.
MIAMI
129 Shoreland Arcade
MILWAUKEE
152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
612 Andrus Bldg.
NEW YORK
17 East 42nd St.
NEWARK, N. J.
810 Raymond Com. Bldg.
OKLAHOMA CITY
206 Hightower Bldg.
OMAHA
647 Omaha Natl. B'k Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA
912 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
908 Investment Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME.
210 Bank of Com. Bldg.
PROVIDENCE
506 Turks Head Bldg.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
705 Temple Bldg.
ST. LOUIS
23 Mezzanine, Arcade Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO
787 Monadnock Bldg.
SEATTLE
701 Republic Bldg.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
521 Bond Bldg.

CANADIAN OFFICES
TORONTO
78 Richmond St. West
CALGARY
112A Seventh Ave. West

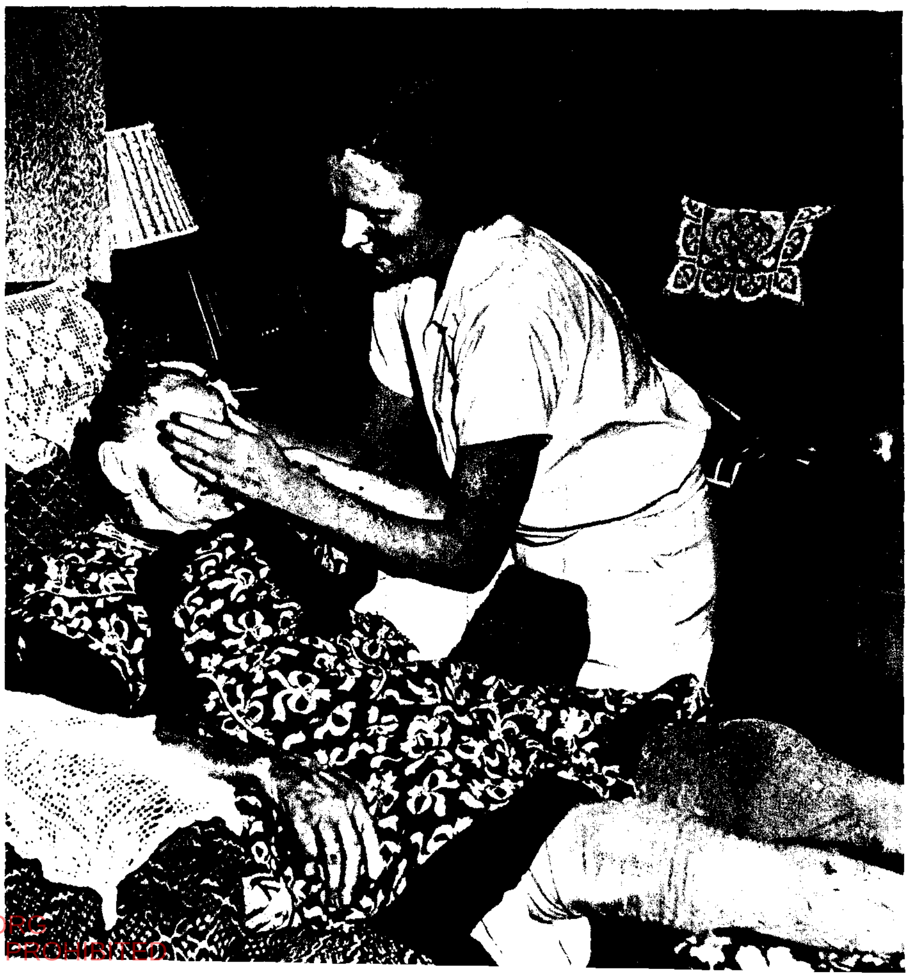
SCHICK INCORPORATED SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER

Riding to Trouble

By Shirley Alexander

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Patriotism and a fractured hip shouldn't go together. This aged victim fell on way to cellar to collect scrap, wasn't found for seven hours. Before transfer to hospital, Ambulance Attendant Gelwicks comforts her



Next time an ambulance whizzes by, take a look at the attendant inside. It may be a woman—doing a man's job! She's in a new service and she's strictly on her own

THE slim redhead sitting with the others in the Emergency Room looks like a college girl. Don't let the uniform fool you. She probably is! And right now, as the telephone rings and the message "Bus call" comes through, she goes to work as an ambulance attendant. She's going out to do a man-sized job. What she can expect to see when the ambulance stops is anyone's guess. The chances are it won't be a very pleasant sight.

Remember that name—Ambulance Attendant. Before you know it, it may become as much of a household expression as Waac and Wave. Furthermore, ambulance attendants will be closer to most of us than the women in the armed services.

They will come right into our homes, save lives, keep our modern system of emergency assistance running when a shortage of trained manpower threatens serious disruption. At home, ambulance calls must still be answered and preparations made for whatever may come suddenly and swiftly out of the sky.

The ambulance attendants' job is to relieve the critical problem created by the departure of staff doctors and nurses for the fighting fronts. Replacing internes on the ambulances, they give first aid, get accident victims and others requiring immediate medical attention to hospitals, where they are turned over to staff physicians. They will immobilize a fracture, revive victims of collapse, handle "psychos," or even help the stork. Maternity and very serious accident cases are answered by a doctor and an attendant; not infrequently, though, the call neglects to state the exact situation and the girl is on her own.

The A.W.V.S. Ambulance Attendant system was first put into operation in Flushing, New York. Mrs. Helen H. Poertner, Chairman of Hospital Contacts, suggested the idea to Mrs. A. E. MacDougal, Queens director. They deserve credit for cutting endless yards of red tape and getting the go-ahead signal. The plan succeeded so well at Flushing Hospital and Dispensary that the girls are now riding the ambulances on round-the-clock schedules. National Headquarters of the American Women's Voluntary Services is watching this work with considerable interest.

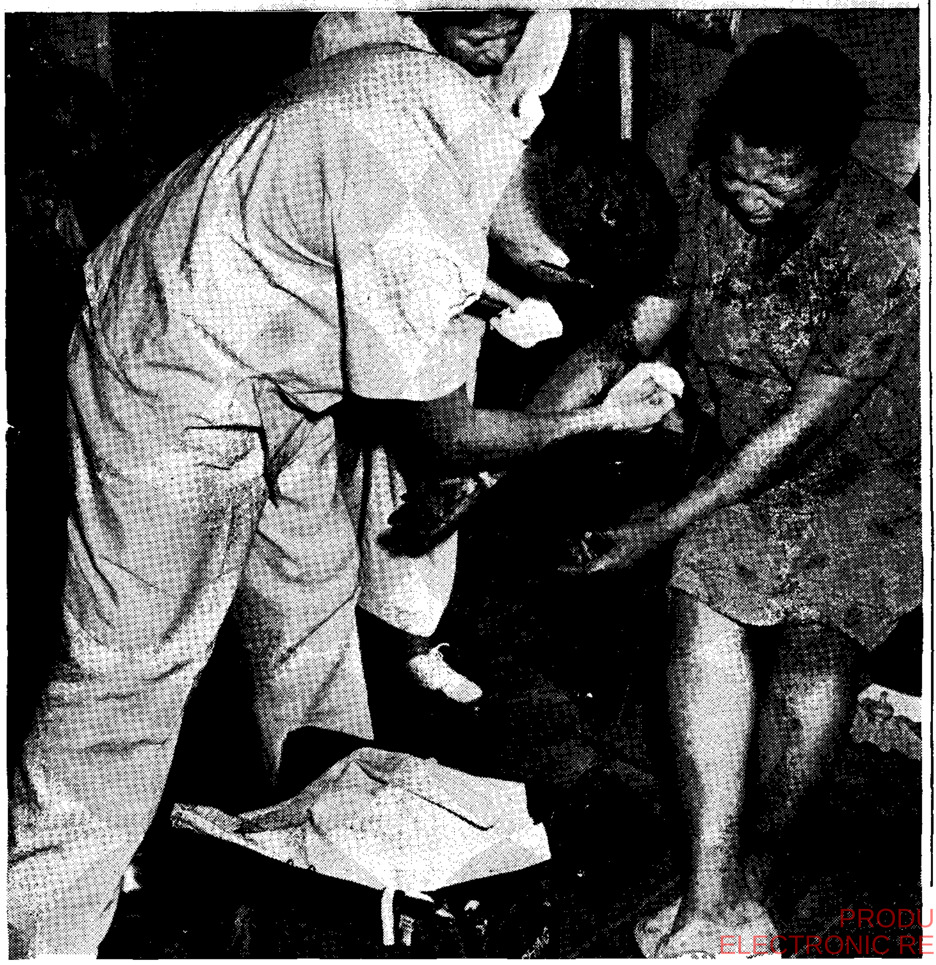
Ambulance attendants have no snap course to breeze through. Their requirements are: A.W.V.S. membership, good health, intelligence—and nerve. They must complete courses in Red Cross First Aid and Advanced First Aid. Then follows a three-week series of two-hour lectures by staff physicians on subjects ranging from otitis media (ear inflammation) to obstetrics.

During the first two weeks as an ambulance attendant the girl is on probation and is accompanied by a staff physician. Very soon her superior sees whether she can take it. If she's squeamish when the call is on the gory side, she's out! There are more than enough applicants for all the jobs.

Ambulance attendants have already accomplished one wartime miracle: they have cut down calls from people accustomed to getting free medical services by calling an ambulance. St. Vincent's in New York gives them credit for saving tires, gas and time in this way. There are few cases any more, like that of the young mother who, after the ambulance had rushed through red lights getting to her, said to the breathless doctor, "Take my baby's temperature." ★★★

Occasionally two ambulance attendants answer the call. This old man is a victim of temporary amnesia. Policeman found identification in his pocket and summoned an ambulance

Attendants are accompanied by doctor during first two weeks. Here Blanche Wiebach helps apply compress to knifing victim. Knife is behind victim's foot; her husband, alleged knifer, in background



Free 50¢ package of vitamins

LOOK FOR THIS SPECIAL COMBINATION PACKAGE AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

FREE
50¢ SIZE PACKAGE OF
Vimms
WHEN YOU BUY THE LARGE SIZE
$2.25 VALUE FOR $1.69
Vimms
VITAMINS and MINERALS
Vitamins + Minerals
REGULAR SIZE 24 TAB
BUY THIS
GET THIS FREE
~~$2.25~~ VALUE...ONLY $1.69

See how Vimms match the 6 VITAMIN formula doctors endorse

HERE ARE THE GOVERNMENT REQUIREMENTS NOW RECOGNIZED BY DOCTORS' OFFICIAL COMMITTEES		3 VIMMS DAILY MEET OR EXCEED THESE REQUIREMENTS ON ALL 6 VITAMINS	
VITAMIN A	4,000 USP Units	VITAMIN A	5,000 USP Units
VITAMIN B₁	1,000 micrograms	VITAMIN B₁	1,000 micrograms
VITAMIN B₂	2,000 micrograms	VITAMIN B₂	2,000 micrograms
VITAMIN C	600 USP Units	VITAMIN C	600 USP Units
VITAMIN D	400 USP Units	VITAMIN D	500 USP Units
VITAMIN P-P	No value stated The Food and Nutrition Board of the N.R.C. recommends 10,000 micrograms.	VITAMIN P-P	10,000 micrograms

In addition, Vimms supply these vital minerals:
CALCIUM . . . 375 mg. PHOSPHORUS . . . 250 mg.
IRON . . . 10 mg.

Yes, doctors officially endorse the very vitamin formula upon which Vimms are based! That alone is good news for the 3 out of 4 Americans U. S. experts say are vitamin-starved.

Get a *free* 50¢ package with every large size you buy. There's *no reason* to be nervous, pepless—vitamin-starved.

Get Vimms free trial offer today! **You get a money-back guarantee!** Compare Vimms with all other vitamin products. If you are not completely satisfied that Vimms are better, you get your money back. Mail the large package unopened and the unused portion of the regular size with your reason—and your name and address—to Lever Brothers Co., Pharmaceutical Div., Cambridge, Mass.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or refund of money if defective or not as advertised therein

TIRED?
JITTERY?
NERVOUS?
VITAMIN-STARVED?
GET THAT VIMMS FEELING!

Action Offshore

Continued from page 24

blockin' me off from that gangplank. Brooklyn, on the other end o' that plank, never looked further off. I start hustlin' aft, glancin' back, an'—"

"All right," said Tom Ruddock. There had been nothing phony about Chet Digby's injured head when Ruddock had come on him just reviving down in the 'tween decks of Number Five. That had been an hour on the wrong side of the pilot boat. Digby had had a fall, all right, and it had been only chance and smooth weather that had prevented the last covers from being slapped down on Number Five before Mr. Ruddock had chanced on him.

That had been the time to report him to Captain Heinson, of course. But Chet Digby's injured head when Ruddock ingly enough to win him a respite and concealment for further examination by the busy mate.

It wasn't too late to turn him in now. Any officer who had risen to the responsibility of chief mate at twenty-seven would not lead with the chin on a story like that. Undoubtedly there was some simple explanation, even if Digby wasn't lying. This was one for the master.

The master, the mate and the radioman! And Heinson was still Heinson but the mate with the other name had become Adolph Berg, second mate, and the radio operator now was newly become Jensen. One thing was certain: officers these days could not change names as easily as they changed ships. There were such things as papers, passports. To change a name in wartime involved various forgeries—handwriting, fingerprints, seals, records. Organization was needed. But if these birds did have organization back of them it meant something big. He shook his head. Organization to sink an old freighter the size of the Mary? That didn't make sense.

He looked at Chet Digby. "Think you can walk?" he asked.

"Sure I can walk," said Digby. "But look, keep me out of the ruckus, see? I'm a photographer, get it? I ain't in this war; I'm photographing it."

"Okay." Tom Ruddock said and turned to go. "This time I'll leave the door unlocked."

Outside he stopped dead. He frowned and spread his feet, feeling the movement of the ship under him. As she struggled ahead on the long salt road to Puerto Rico, she had been taking this southwester dead on, or even a shade on the port bow. Now, by Peter, the seas were hitting her almost broad on the starboard bow.

BIG seas don't change direction that fast. She was off her course—close to four points, forty-five degrees off. And she was off since Mr. Adolph Berg took over from the old third mate at midnight.

Four points! That was no drowsy quartermaster's fault. Four points! That would take her far to eastward, out toward a white spot on the chart, a region where no steamer tracks curved in blue across the paper to mark frequented seas.

He walked out onto the well deck, ascended to the bridge and walked into the darkened wheelhouse.

From over by the log desk Mr. Berg started to upright immobility. His straight, solidly shouldered body was tense. At the wheel Wald, the quartermaster, a tall, narrow man with lumpy bones, had turned toward Tom Ruddock with startled quickness.

Why not? Not many chief mates, due to go on watch at four A. M., are out of their bunks after midnight.

In an instant Adolph Berg moved swiftly. He came toward Tom Ruddock, telegraphing possible action in the unnatural limpness of his arms. It was too dark to see his face. He stopped between Ruddock and the binnacle. But Tom Ruddock had already seen the compass card. Four points! Berg's elbow touched the helmsman's arm and the man's surprise became alertness.

Coming here was a mistake. These men were set to jump him. That quartermaster was no actor; he was ready to leave the wheel and spring.

"Where's Ferris?" Tom Ruddock asked. "Where's Ferris? He should be quartermaster on watch—not this man."

Tension eased.

"Ferris?" said Adolph Berg. He was strangely still again. "He wass drunk. Unfit to take the wheel." He laughed softly, ingratiatingly, inviting Ruddock to join him in being amused. "He claimed that somebody had given him a Mickey Finn but he wass just drunk."

Tom Ruddock shook his head. "Terrible thing, drink," he said. He waited a moment, and walked out.

With the wheelhouse door closed behind him he swung his long body down the ladder in a hurry, to give those two no time to change their minds.

On the lower bridge he stopped and faced the mist. The Mary was plunging through this thickish night on her way to—what? Certainly not to Puerto Rico. Rendezvous? There was in her no irreplaceable cargo of planes or tanks for Isla Grande naval base. She carried only stores, food, routine stuff in her holds. And in her deep tank—

Mr. Ruddock drew in a mouthful of mist in a sudden gulp. In her deep tank—Diesel oil. Diesel! Was that it?

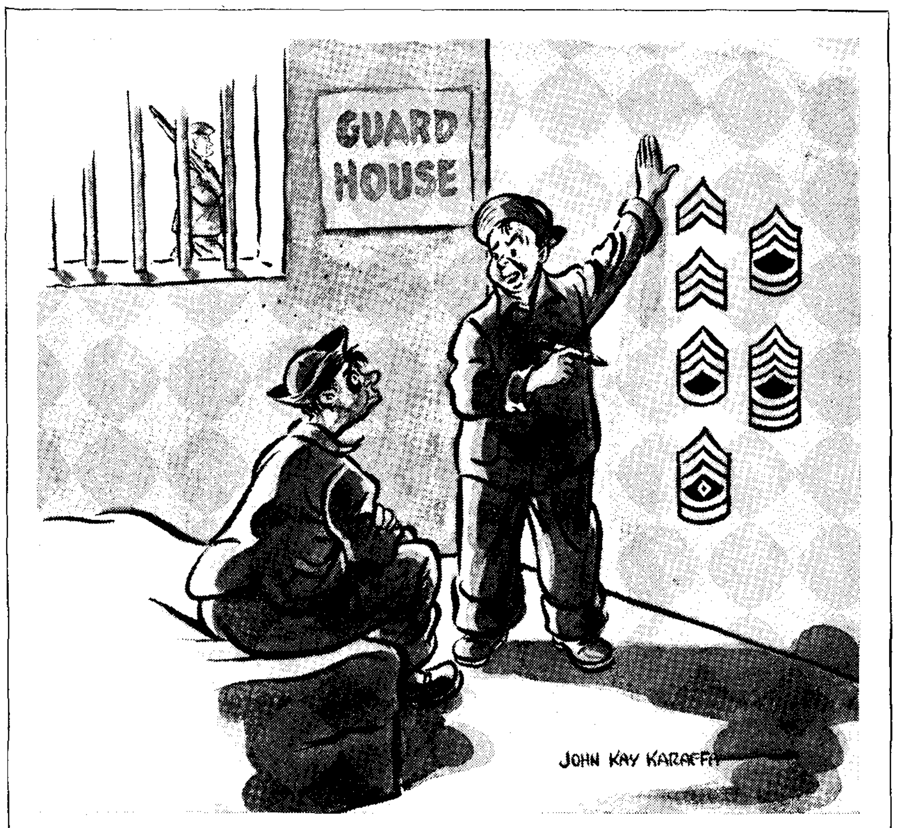
No longer ago than two nights back he had borne a hand in a talk around a small table about whether the U-boats could hang on longer than usual on every trip they made across the Atlantic. They were waiting for the big stuff—ten-thousand-ton tankers, deep-laden express freighters, instead of letting go torpedoes in a hurry against anything that came along. They had longer range, an engineer said. They were getting Diesel oil, said a deck officer. From what? From supply ships, said the deck, but he didn't explain to the black ganger's satisfaction how surface supply ships could long escape the vigilance of the aerial patrol.

He wondered what sort of oil Captain Heinson's previous command had had in her tanks. There had been only eight men in that one surviving lifeboat that got away in a smooth sea, Digby had said, the master, the mate and the radioman and five seamen. Where were the others, out of a complement of perhaps fifty men? On the bottom? Or in Germany? Certainly nowhere where they could stop Heinson from repeating, if his job was taking an oil ship to a rendezvous arranged in code by his radioman. Where, for the matter of that, was the tanker? On the bottom after a tank or two had been drained to refuel a pack of subs. Or running the blockade into a German port? These Germans were thorough. A trick like that, inexplicable, menacing, sinister, was worth the planting of a few trusted men in American ships years ahead. It would make every U-boat doubly destructive. She could wait for the big stuff.

TOM RUDDOCK wiped his forehead. He chewed his lip. "That blasted photographer don't know the unchallenged weight of a shipmaster's authority," he thought. "Heinson alone, simply on his word of command, could take this ship to any spot in the North Atlantic where the sub pack waited. And once there—"

He stared ahead into the thick wet night. It might happen toward morning—as soon as that. Night or day, they'd be safe in the refueling as long as this thick weather lasted. But how in that thick could subs hit the rendezvous on the nose? He remembered—that was where the radioman came in. They hadn't forgotten anything. Not even what to do about a nosy chief mate, probably.

He slipped down the ladder to the well deck and sought out the cubbyhole



COLLIER'S "Here's a list of who not to smack" JOHN KAY KARAFFA

1917 WAR
RUN BY
TELEPHONE
1942 WAR
RUN BY
RADIO

For Instance...

—An American flying officer who was in the Midway battle, relates the following interesting incident. —On its way back to the carrier, his plane picked up a [radio] message. It was a Japanese admiral—asking for—begging for—commanding help. He wanted a Japanese vessel sent immediately to "take him off"—"going to sink" —"afraid more American planes will come"—"please come"—"command you to come"—but—the Japanese ship—*and* Admiral—were sunk. (news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—on the ground—and at home.

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines — the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. *And that same "forward thinking"* of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

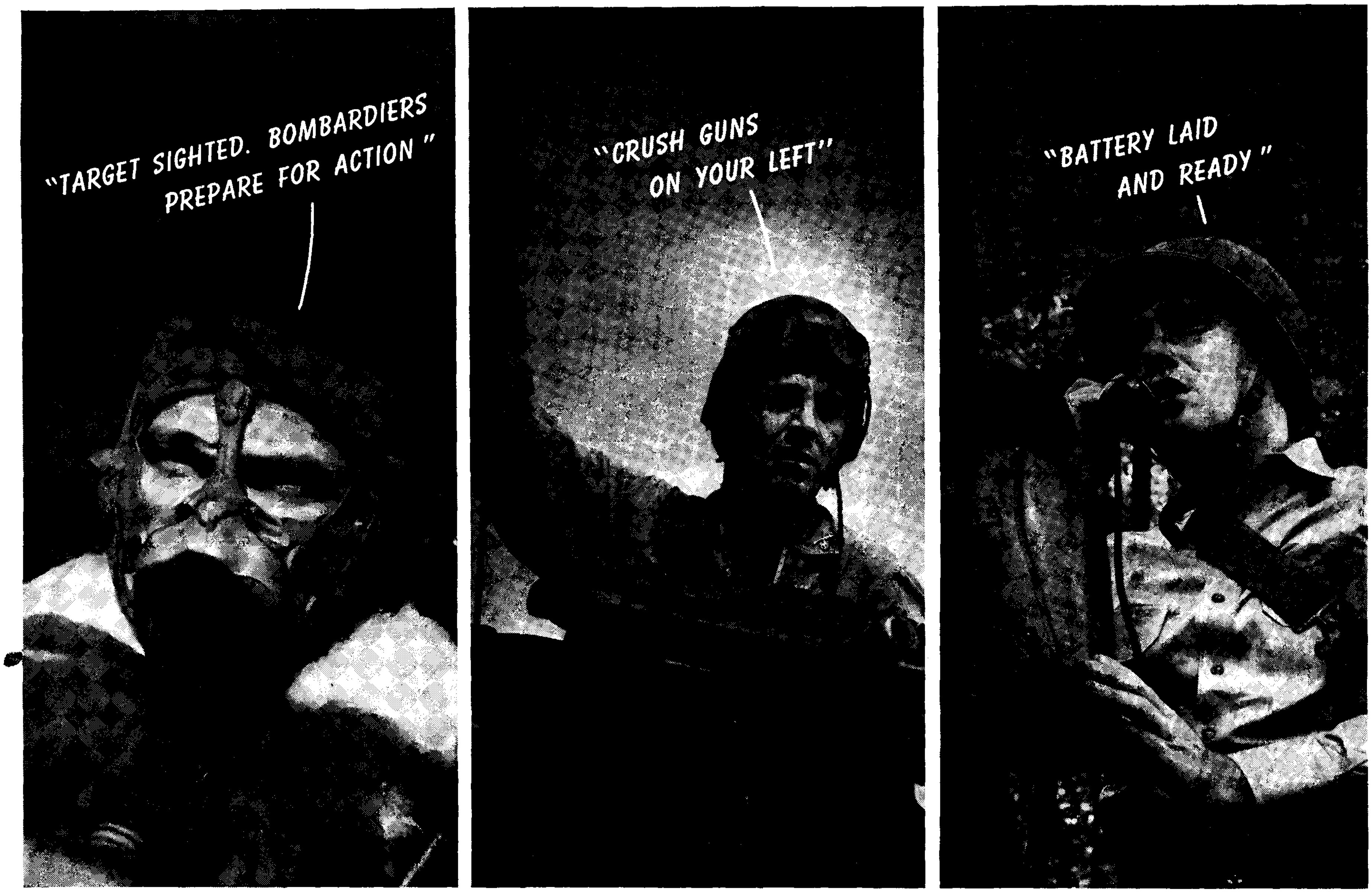
—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIO PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

FIGHTING WORDS

–from our fighting men


"TARGET SIGHTED. BOMBARDIERS PREPARE FOR ACTION"
"CRUSH GUNS ON YOUR LEFT"
"BATTERY LAID AND READY"

. . . delivered on every front by Western Electric equipment

"Get the message through!" is the tradition of men in the Signal Corps. More than 5,500 of them are from the Bell System.

OUT of peace-time telephone making come war-time telephones like these. On every front, they keep the armed forces in contact.

In the air, on land and water and under the sea, they give commanders control of operations . . . multiply the effectiveness of every fighter.

Like the men who use them, they are tough and dependable. They come from Western Electric, for 60 years manufacturer for the Bell System.

Western Electric

ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS

ARMY E NAVY

NEW WAY TO FIGHT ATHLETE'S FOOT

Medical science has made important advances recently in fighting Athlete's Foot! It is now known that the fungus organisms which cause the disease may thrive in shoe linings—as well as on feet—causing danger of re-infection from that source.

Based on new scientific knowledge, a new Mennen product—Quinsana Powder—is producing sensational results. Records kept of thousands of persons show that Athlete's Foot infection disappeared in practically all cases after only 30 days treatment with Quinsana. You can get Quinsana now in drug and dept. stores throughout the U. S.

2-WAY TREATMENT

1. Use Quinsana on feet daily to help prevent and relieve infection. Most common symptoms of Athlete's Foot are cracks and peeling between toes; mild infection may suddenly progress to more serious form.

2. Shake Quinsana into shoes every day to absorb moisture, thereby reducing chances of re-infection from this source. Being a powder, Quinsana is conveniently used in the shoes as well as on feet.

QUINSANA
A MENNEN PRODUCT
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Only 50¢ for large can of Quinsana. Use daily as a protective measure as well as for relief. It is also excellent for excessive perspiration and foot odor.

Pharmaceutical Division
The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco

with three-tiered bunks where the quartermasters were berthed. With Wald at the wheel there were only two men asleep in the room. Ruddock worked on Ferris. If somebody had put Ferris out, then he was trusting Ferris. The other man, about whom Ruddock knew little, lay like dead. So did Ferris, for that matter. But all mates have a way with drunks.

Ferris turned out. From the way he acted, it probably had been a Mickey Finn, all right.

"Come," said Ruddock, and Ferris came, at the last.

Back aft the mate let the air work on Ferris a while. By that time the squat quartermaster was coming back enough to be curious.

"Somebody put a glass in me hands in the dark," Ferris said. "There was liquor goin' around. 'Have a drink,' they said and I did, God—help me. 'Twas a Mick—"

"Go up to monkey island and take a look at the standard compass, Ferris," Ruddock said softly. "See how she's heading. Don't make any noise about it. Be sparing with this. Meet me aft on the boat deck."

He shoved his flashlight into Ferris' thick hand and separated from him.

Up on the boat deck Ruddock prowled around the radio shack. In spite of elaborate blackout precautions he was able to make out that there was a light inside. He thought he heard the click of a muffled key and a whine of sending but he could not be sure. But he made sure of another thing: Captain Heinson was awake and astir behind the blank door of his tiny office, next to his bedroom.

Tom slid down a deck and went to his room. His gun, which he had jammed in the drawer under his summer uniforms, was gone. It was gone. It was gone so thoroughly and so neatly he wondered if he had really packed it back there. But he had.

FERRIS was waiting for him aft on the boat deck. He was a good quartermaster; besides which he had studied for a ticket. That changed course had upset him. That much east in the southing might be good to hit Africa or the Cape Verdes but it was no way to get to Puerto Rico.

"The master ought t' be told about this, sir," he said uneasily.

Tom Ruddock grunted. That was how they would take it—all hands of them. The master! The minute any in the ship learned that the master had sanctioned that change of course—Well, this wasn't getting Tom Ruddock anywhere. Plainly he ought to drop it and hope he was all wrong. How about that chin? He clicked his teeth together.

Somebody was coming aft from the bridge. In the darker shadow of a boat they watched. The man came to the door of the radio shack. Against the white of the cabin he looked like Adolph Berg. He tapped on the radio room door.

It didn't open at once. When it did open, the light inside was out. The caller spoke. It was Adolph Berg. And he was speaking German. Jensen, the radio operator, answered, also in German. Well, there were plenty of naturalized Germans in Yank ships, some good men, too.

Jensen's fat figure was unmistakable. A sort of vagrant, unexplainable luminosity came from his bald head, as if it collected light from the covered moon. Several times the name "Ruddock" sounded in that quiet talk. Then Jensen went inside a moment, covered his head with a cap and together they walked forward and down the ladder.

"What did they say, sir?" Ferris muttered, with a fo'c'sle hand's confidence in the omniscience of a chief mate. "German, wasn't it? That means somethin' dirty. What did they say?"

Tom Ruddock reached for the gift of a prophet.

"They're after me," he said. "The second and the radio operator. They intend to scoop me in or slug me. Look, Ferris, I want you to tail those two birds."

"Me, sir?"

"Sure. Why not? Quartermaster, aren't you? They'll be touring the ship. If they start back to the boat deck make a little noise, enough to draw 'em back to investigate. They'll be quiet about it. Let 'em trail you, but don't let 'em catch up with you."

"What if they do?" Ferris rumbled. Like all seamen he disliked Nazis. "Do I—" He lifted a fist like a cargo block.

"No. Be sick. That Mickey Finn is still working on you. You're sick an' restless and heading for the rail an' you don't want to be stopped with questions."

The squat quartermaster nodded uneasily. "How long do I keep 'em off the boat deck, sir?"

"About ten minutes," said Tom Ruddock. "Then go to your room. I'll pick you up there, unless that sleeping beauty in the upper bunk should wake up."

"Him wake, sir?" Ferris was astonished. "He's due to turn out for your morning watch. He won't wake up till one bell."

Ruddock took the flashlight from him. "Get going, then," he said.

He walked up to the radio shack. He opened the door and went in.

It was empty. A quick sweep of his flashlight showed him that.

He looked regretfully at the transmitter. How simple it would be to get off a call for help if only he or anybody he trusted could jerk lightning. He sighed.

He got busy. Using Jensen's best uniform and other clothes to muffle the noise he wrecked the set quickly and as methodically as his jumping nerves permitted. There wasn't much chance of anyone hearing what went on in this oasis of solitude on a boat deck humming with wind but Jensen's stuff was handy to quiet the racket.

Sabotage made you feel queer.

When he had done a job on the set he turned to the emergency transmitter and finished that off fast. He left in a hurry.

In his mind those eyes of Heinson's burned through the black night in cold, disdainful accusation of him. If some simple explanation came up now—

For good or evil, the old Mary had lost her voice. She could no longer call U-boats from the vasty deep. But neither could she call help.

Back aft by the taffrail on the main deck, he drew breath. Nobody, barring detectives and fingerprint men, could prove he had wrecked the shack. He wasn't leading with the chin. On the other hand, he had a feeling that proof wouldn't be sought. He felt lonely. Of course, he had the backing of probably three quarters or maybe four fifths of the crew, if he only knew which ones. But time was short and one slip in confiding would mean finish.

HE WAITED a while, with the steering enginehouse handy to duck into or around, and then slipped forward to the quartermasters' room. Ferris was there, in his bunk. The sleeper above slept on. Tom Ruddock felt he had waited a little too long; he had given Ferris time to think. Ferris was on the pop with questions as he followed the mate along the working alleyway.

"We're going to see the captain," Ruddock told him. "Pipe down."

That quieted him. But Ferris' eyes bulged in the gleam of the flashlight as Ruddock brought him into the locker and he saw Chet Digby. Digby scowled uneasily at the quartermaster and Ferris glowered at the scrawny landlubber who could only be a stowaway.

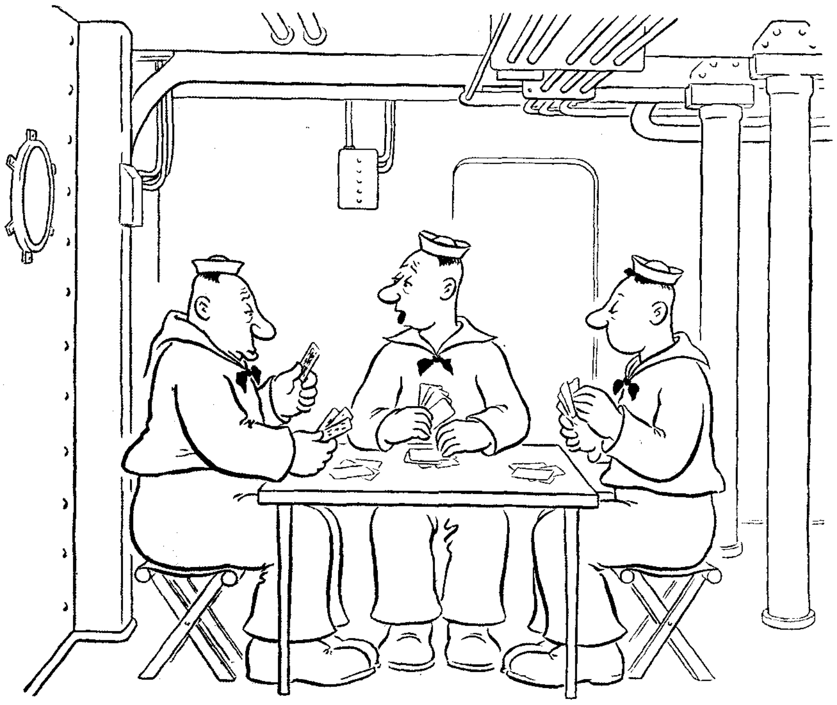
"Bring your camera," Tom Ruddock said. He wasn't arranging for any pictures but on the other hand he wasn't in the mood for arguments. It worked. Chet Digby followed his camera willingly out of the hideout.

Ruddock didn't mention chins to Chet Digby. If the man thought he was just going to take nice pictures, maybe he was happier that way.

There were three ways to approach the door of the master's office and he had only two men to watch them. But two were better than one.

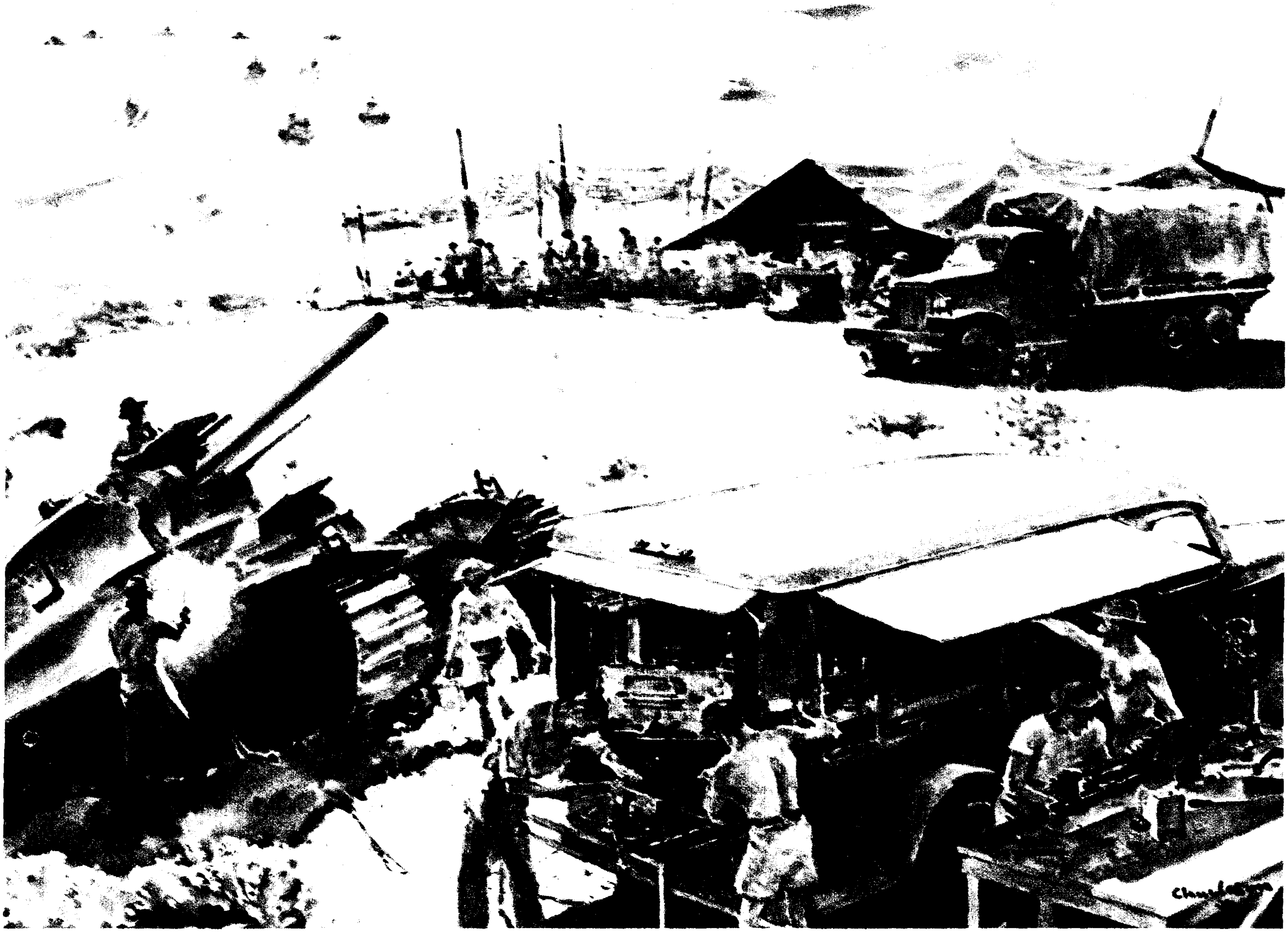
He ascertained with no noise that Wald was alone in the wheelhouse. Berg and Jensen were still prowling.

He stationed Chet Digby, complete with flashlight bulbs and ignoring the knob on his head, at the least likely approach to the master's office, the one



"But it's no fun playing cards, Alfred, if you're going to get sore every time you draw the old maid"

COLLIER'S F. HUMFREVILLE



TO KEEP THE BATTLE MACHINES SLUGGING

Harvester Men Form Maintenance Battalion to Serve the Battle Line

FIGHTING MACHINES, like soldiers, suffer battle casualties. Tanks, trucks, tractors and guns immobilized in combat are useless until repaired.

The men who repair the wounded machines in swiftly-moving armored warfare may tip the scale to victory. Maintenance in the wake of battle calls for soldiers who can grind a valve or handle a tough welding job—men with whom mechanics is second nature.

Army Ordnance, in its quest for men to operate its mobile front-line machine shops, came to International Harvester and suggested the formation of a battalion of mechanical specialists from among Harvester's employes and dealers. Harvester tackled the recruiting job and assumed the expense. Within two weeks the enlistment quota was passed. Now this new maintenance battalion is part of another armored division.

From Harvester factories and service stations, and dealers' shops all over the United States, came mechanics skilled in the building and servicing of machines. They volunteered eagerly to go to the front lines to keep the combat equipment on the field of action.

They will serve with the first such battalion formed from the manpower of a single company. Harvester takes the greatest pride in the speed and enthusiasm with which these hundreds of men volunteered; and in the aptitude of the men now in field training, reported to us by the regular Army officers in command. They are worthy comrades of the 5000 Harvester men who preceded them into military service.

American mechanics are the world's best. They come from the factories, shops and service stations of America—free men—builders of a free land. The Army needs 100,000 more of these men, to be enlisted in many similar maintenance units. Their skills are among our greatest assets in keeping the battle machines slugging for Victory.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

"STILL SMOKING THOSE OLD-FASHIONED CIGARETTES, CORPORAL?

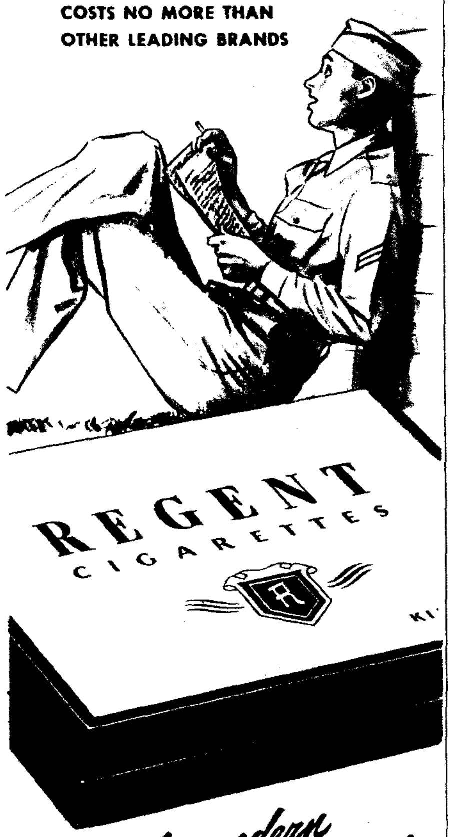
Go modern—Smoke REGENT!

THAT'S just a friendly tip, young fellow. King Size Regent is a *sensible* cigarette... gives you 20% *more* for your money.

Regent's designed for the modern taste, too. The finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos...*specially selected* for finer flavor...then Multiple-Blended for *extra mildness!*

And—Regent has a streamlined oval shape, comes in a crush-proof box that keeps each cigarette firm and fresh! So go modern, Corporal...get Regent for more smoking pleasure!"

COSTS NO MORE THAN OTHER LEADING BRANDS



The only modern cigarette with ALL the modern features!

from down the chartroom stair. Then, after wabbling in his mind, he instructed Ferris to stand by outside the office door and let him know fast if he heard anyone coming.

There was still a light coming out through the crack under the master's door. Ruddock wiped the sweat off his forehead again. No doubt, some simple explanation. He listened. No sound. Tom Ruddock knocked with one hand and turned the knob with the other. He was in with the sound of his rap.

Captain Heinson was sitting at his desk with a scratch pad on the chart in front of him. His eyes came up from his calculations and drilled, cold, disdainful, into this insect mate who dared invade his quarters.

"Captain," said Tom Ruddock, "I don't like that second mate—Adolph Berg."

He closed the door against the latch, leaving a crack for Ferris' benefit.

The ponderous man at the desk put down his pencil. There was a faint smile on his lips.

"You do not like the second mate," he said slowly, as if engaged in some engrossing conversation with himself. "I am sorry. Why?"

His blue-green eyes were probing but quite calm, like one delving deep into some secret of the animal world.

"Because, sir," said Tom Ruddock, "he's four points off his course and acting queerly."

Captain Heinson picked up his pencil again and made a mark or two on the scratch pad, under his calculations.

Ruddock braced himself. Any instant now he might be knocked down by that simple explanation he hadn't happened to think of.

"Off his course," said Captain Heinson weightily. "You think . . ."

He tilted his head. Tom Ruddock heard it, too, the sound of a man walking smartly along the corridor toward this room—the way Adolph Berg would walk. And Ruddock heard, as well, the sudden indecisive shuffle of Ferris' foot just outside the door. Ferris, poor devil, was caught between a second mate and a shipmaster, with a mate's orders on his mind.

"You are a smart but unfortunate man," Captain Heinson said weightily to Tom Ruddock. He opened the top drawer of his desk and reached in a hand, without haste. "Your suspicions are well founded but you have overlooked the fact that I, too, am not what I seem. These things, Mr. Ruddock, are too deep for your simple American—"

It was a gun Captain Heinson was going for. Tom Ruddock caught the blue-black gleam of the butt as the master, quite unhurried, began drawing it out, as confidently as a man picking up a fly swatter.

WITH a desperate lunge Ruddock leaned across the desk. He grabbed the drawer and pulled back, jamming Heinson's hand and gun between drawer and desk top. He held the drawer.

Veins swelled on Heinson's broad forehead. From the door behind Tom, Ferris was yammering unhappily, a warning that seemed utterly feeble and superfluous.

Heinson brought up his other fist to smash it down on Tom Ruddock's stretching and vulnerable arm. But Tom had another arm, too, and he swung it like a flail and deflected Heinson's blow.

Heinson's fingers clutching the gun imprisoned in the drawer contracted and the gun roared inside the wooden trap. The bullet splintered the desk top but did no harm.

Tom Ruddock caught up the solid base of the ornate pen and pencil set. Heinson's bristling head looked unbelievably solid and invulnerable. Ruddock hit at it hard.

The desk ornament was heavy. Heinson slumped at once. It had been a furious blow. There was no fake about Heinson's collapse. This man was human, too.

Tom Ruddock released the drawer and grabbed for the gun in Heinson's limp fingers. He swung around toward the door.

Ferris, propelled by a merciless kick, came staggering in the open door. His body blocked the view of Adolph Berg for a blessed moment. When Berg darted across the threshold, reaching into the side pocket of his pea jacket, Tom Ruddock had Heinson's gun leveled at him.

In spite of that, Berg jerked out his gun. Ferris made a fruitless grab at it. Tom Ruddock wasn't being polite. He fired and his shot spun Berg's agile figure around and knocked him off his feet.

Ferris followed him to the ground and got the gun. That spinning fall had been due to the punch of the heavy caliber bullet in Berg's shoulder. Berg wasn't good for much. Captain Heinson looked to be out for a week. Deceptive, that skull, as solid-looking as a pillbox.

"Shove Berg in that closet!" Ruddock commanded Ferris. "Pass the word that Berg has killed the captain. Anything to knock these Nazis off their applecart till we get organized. Pass that word to anybody that comes—but keep the door shut, your gun ready and Heinson out cold if you've got to slug him every twenty minutes."

"That guy is slugged plenty for a day or two," Ferris said, with a look at Captain Heinson.

Ruddock darted out. As he ran for the stairs to the chartroom with his gun ready, a flashlight bulb flared in his face. He swore at Chet Digby and went up the steps two at a time.

Gun ahead of him, he plunged toward the wheelhouse. That shooting had ruined the surprise element. Or had it? Wald was there, a hesitant ten feet from the wheel, and with him was Jensen, the round-faced radio operator.

Their eyes bulged when they saw Ruddock behind the gun. There was no fight in them.

Jensen was gray. He looked like an easy man to crack wide open.

Tom Ruddock backed them both into a corner, rang down the engines and grabbed the whistle siren. His blast lifted men out of their bunks all over the ship. He was acting captain, now, master of the ship, arbiter of heaven and salt water. That changed this situation completely.

"I'll keep 'em milling, confused, stupefied, till Chet Digby looks 'em over and picks out the Nazis he's seen," he reckoned quickly. "But they're all going to know right now who's master of this ship!"

HE WALKED out onto the bridge. His weary brain reeled with action that must be taken: identification of Nazis, ironing of Nazis, altering course to due west to avoid the gathering U-boat pack to eastward, maintaining watch for patrol craft, disposition of prisoners, disposition of wounded, breaking down that radio operator—that was just a few of them. And the most important was to get word to a navy patrol ship. Those calculations on the scratch pad on Heinson's chart—

Chet Digby, completely calm and quietly authoritative, came up into the wheelhouse.

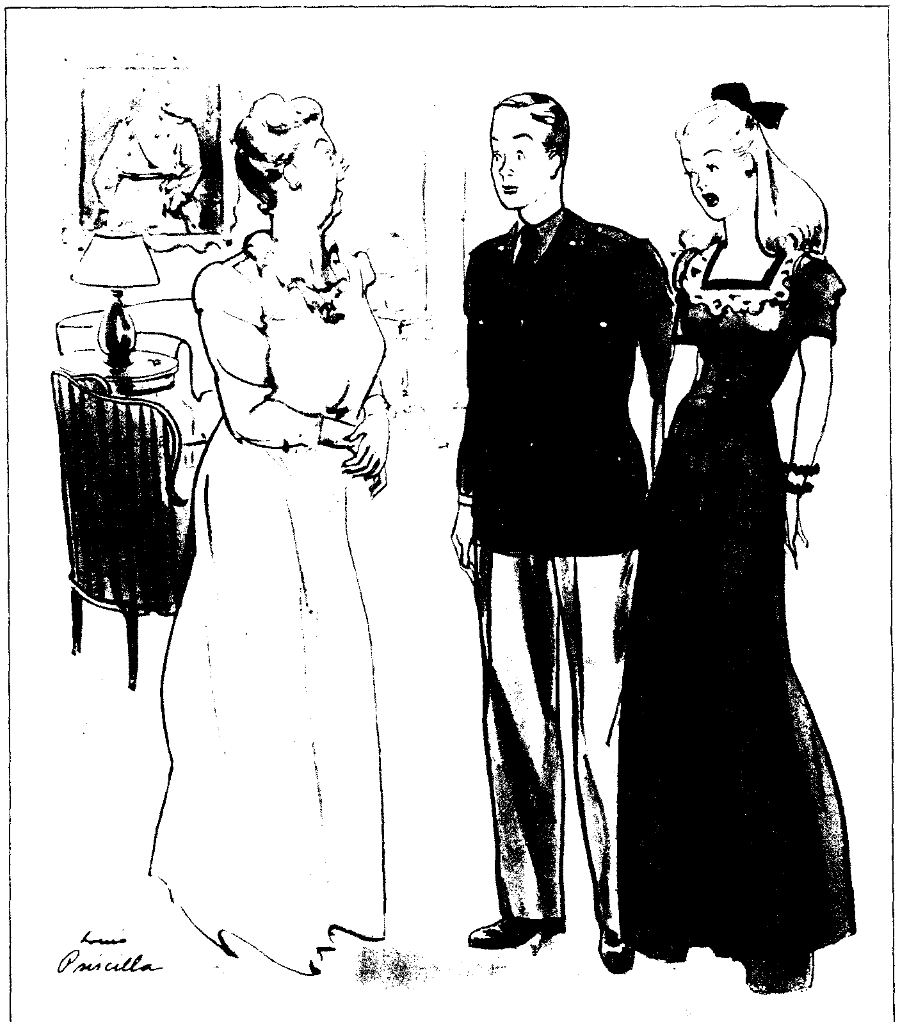
"That one I got of you rampin' by with a gun in your hand an' your teeth shinin' like you had Hitler by the tail ought to be all right," the cameraman said.

Tom Ruddock turned faint. "Me?" he said.

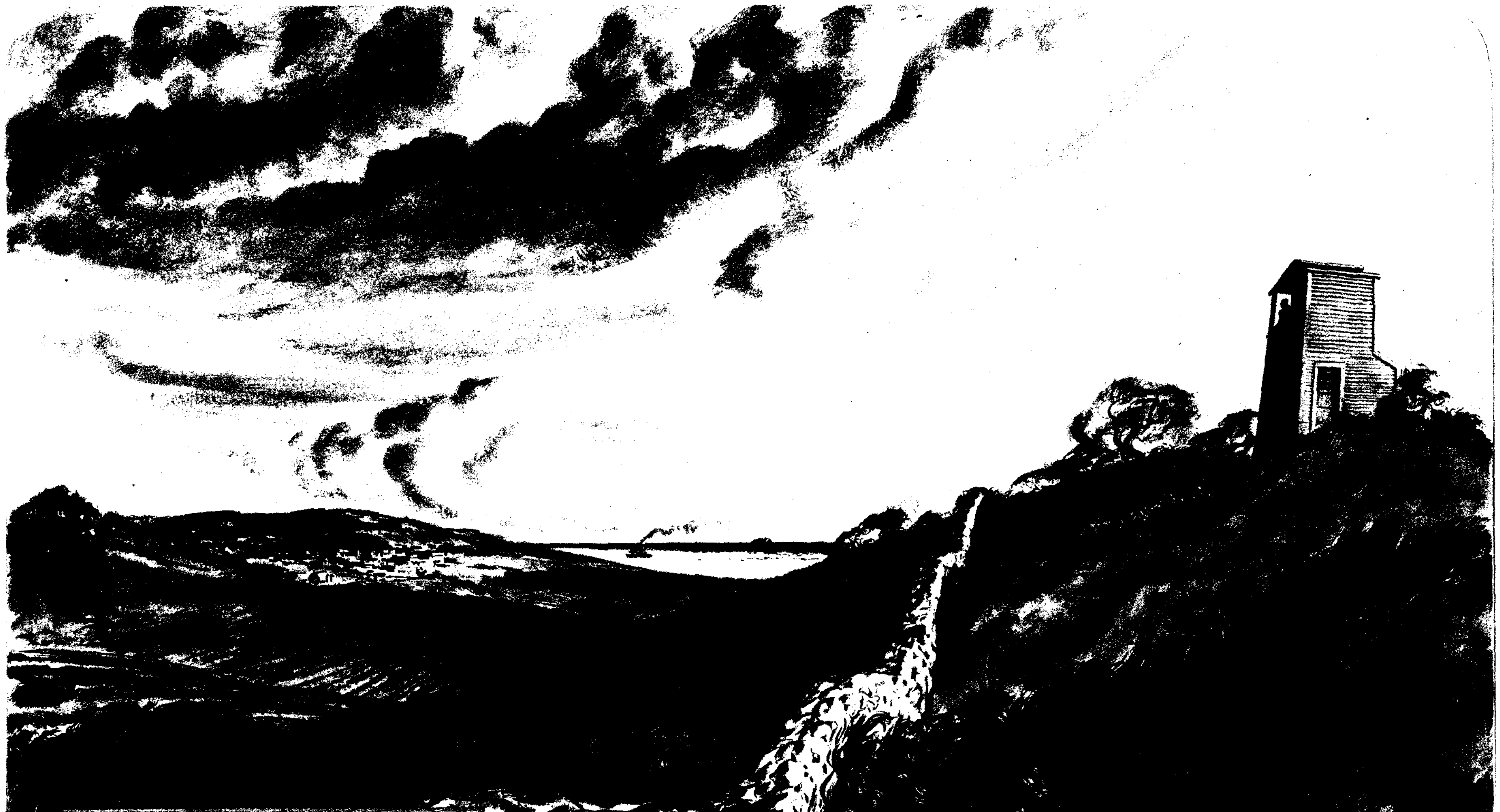
Digby raised his camera. "Stick your chin out more," he said.

Tom Ruddock obeyed. "But we keep the chin in—next time," he assured himself.

THE END



COLLIER'S **"When she told me your name was MacArthur, I expected a little older man"** LOUIS PRISCILLA



KAY BANCROFT, of Connecticut, an airplane spotter in the Air Warning Service. Kay mans her station on a hilltop overlooking Long Island Sound. On the radio beam between Boston and New York, she reports every inland and coastal plane, seen or heard. A time record is made of each observation . . . "Army Flash"—First Interceptor Command—is immediately informed by telephone. "My Elgin is always with me," Kay says.

Hour by hour she stands guard above the Connecticut coast

She works for Victory on Elgin time

For many "Kay Bancrofts" at their air raid posts . . . for thousands of men engaged in actual fighting—the vital element of *time* is being supplied by accurate, star-timed Elgin watches.

But fine watches are only part of Elgin's contribution today. There is also need for special American-made precision instruments and timing devices for planes, tanks, ships, and guns.

Elgin, on government orders, is now turning out an important share of this material. For here in Elgin's great factory are to be found the finest scientific facilities coupled with a craftsmanship developed through four generations.

FEWER ELGINS FOR CIVILIANS! At present, Elgin watches for civilians continue to be available at most jewelers. Each is a splendid example of Elgin's famous tradition for accuracy, for beauty, for fine design.

If you find your choice of these watches is limited, please remember Elgin has "joined up." Until victory is achieved, America's war requirements will continue to be Elgin's first concern.

★ ELGIN ★

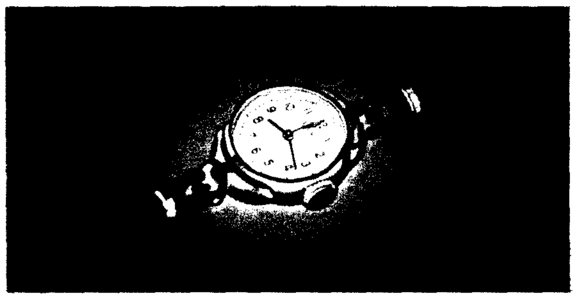
Greatest Name in American Fine Watchmaking since 1865

ON BOTH FRONTS TODAY—ELGIN SERVES!

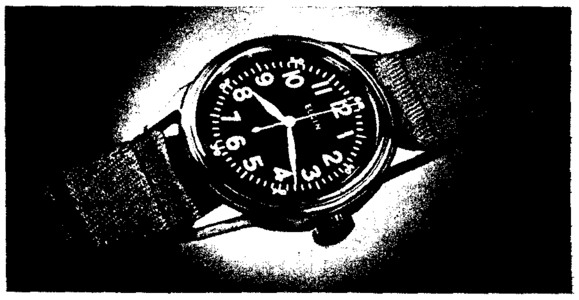
For men and women serving at home: *Lord and Lady Elgins, Elgin De Luxe watches, professional models for doctors and nurses, railroad and transportation watches, and other fine Elgin timepieces.*

For the exclusive use of the armed forces: *navigation watches, stop watches, aviation clocks, tank clocks, service watches, chronometric tachometers, compasses, time fuzes for shells, jewel bearings, special timing devices for naval and aviation use.*

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



15-jewel Elgin. Sweep-second hand.

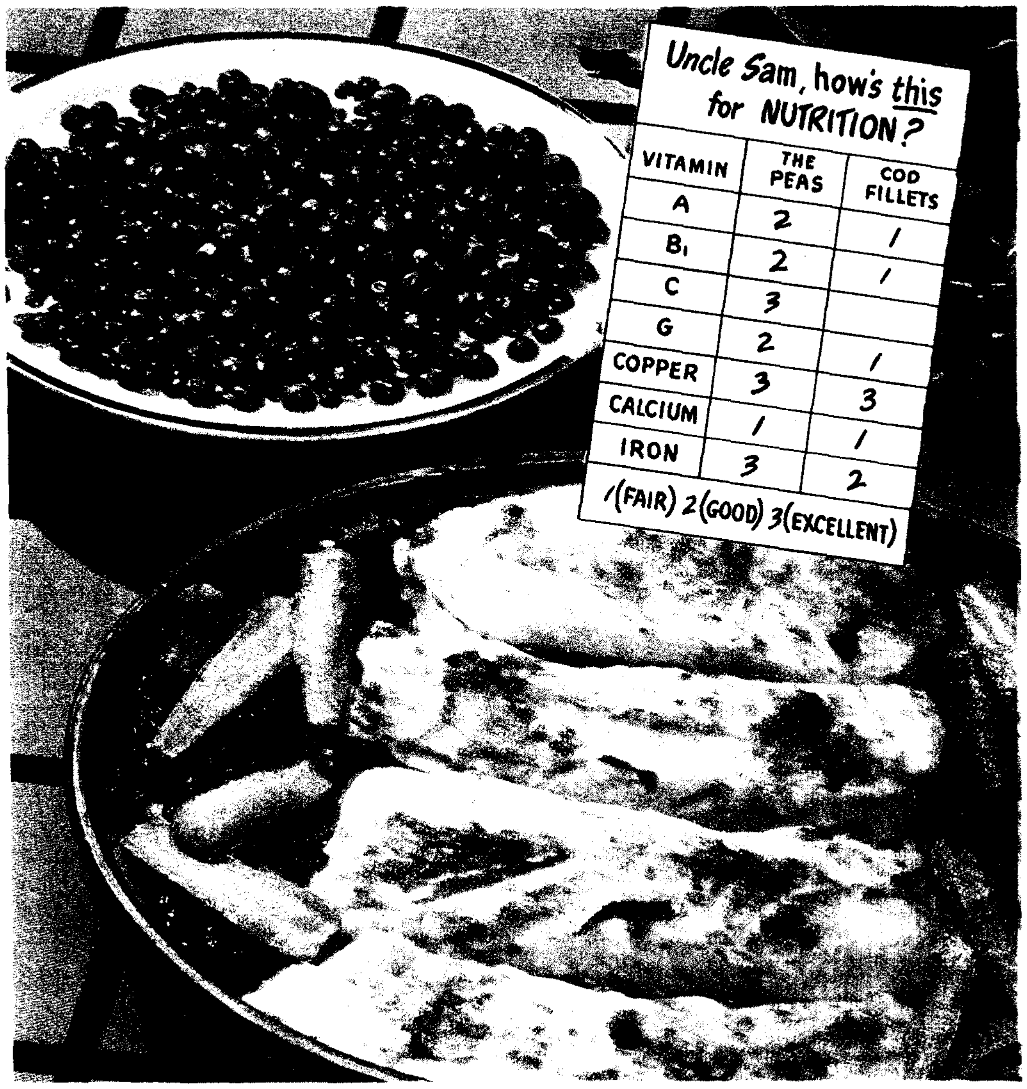


Elgin Navigation Hack Watch for Army Air Corps.

ALL taste and NO work
make these peas . . . GREAT!

1. These Birds Eye Peas are ALL taste, NO work for *you!* They're *garden-fresh*, picked at peak goodness and whisked through the *Quick-Freezers!* All summertime goodness is *captured*—held for *you!*

2. There's no kitchen work to these Peas —and NO waste! *Shelled*, washed, ready to cook—1 box equals 2 lbs. of *unshelled* peas—*serves* 4! Buy Birds Eye Peas: save *minutes* and *money!*



Uncle Sam, how's this for NUTRITION?

VITAMIN	THE PEAS	COD FILLETS
A	2	1
B₁	2	1
C	3	
G	2	
COPPER	3	1
CALCIUM	1	3
IRON	3	1
		2

1 (FAIR) 2 (GOOD) 3 (EXCELLENT)

3. With these Peas, serve *delicious*, flaky Birds Eye Cod Fillets! *Ocean-fresh*—they're *filleted*, trimmed of *all waste*, washed, *Quick-Frozen . . . ready to cook!* There's no *fuss*, no *muss!*

4. Bake these Fillets in a casserole, and you'll *love* their zesty freshness! You save money, too. For one pound serves 4—you pay for *no waste!* Try this dandy dinner—today!

★ *This week is National Birds Eye Frosted Foods Week* ★

BIG SPECIAL
ONE WEEK ONLY—OCT. 19-24
PEAS
ANOTHER BIG VALUE
COD FILLETS

IMPORTANT: Birds Eye Peas have received the Seal of Acceptance of the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association.

BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
FRUITS · VEGETABLES
MEATS · POULTRY
SEAFOODS
BE SURE IT'S BIRDS EYE

CHARLES KERLE

Stanford's former quarterback, Frankie Albert, a genius at devising smar football strategy on the spur of the moment. Now he's an ensign in the Navy

Football Ad Libbers

By Tom Siler

Coach George Halas of the Chicago Bears discusses a plan of attack with his standout quarterback Sid Luckman, former Columbia University grid star, who is regarded as one of the best field generals in the pro game

LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

W. EUGENE SMITH

When Colonel Bob Neyland was coaching at the University of Tennessee, one of his great backs was George Cafego. Now he's known as Corporal George Cafego and he plays football for Colonel Bob's Army All Stars

The old sand-lot strategy of gimme-the-ball, never-mind-the-signals sometimes works in big-time football. When it does, it's wonderful. But when it doesn't, well—

CLARK SHAUGHNESSY scanned the anxious faces on the bench. He wondered what he could do. The brilliant, gray-haired strategist sat there last fall and watched Jimmy Phelan's University of Washington eleven push his Stanford boys back, back, back.

Stanford held a 13-7 lead midway of the final period, but his players apparently had shot their bolt, and the Huskies were closing in for a telling blow. You could just feel it. Shaughnessy had his best combination on the field, headed by the incomparable Frankie Albert, quarterback and veritable coach-on-the-field.

He decided to sit tight. Albert looked over at the bench, grinned and waved at Shaughnessy, apparently enjoying his mentor's discomfiture. Stanford went into the huddle. Scorning the orthodox punt, Albert told speedy little Pete Kmetovic to lug the ball outside his own right guard, a play that had worked wonderfully well three times in that game. Nobody questioned his judgment, even on third down with 12 yards to go, the ball on Stanford's 30. The play called for the left end and tackle to sift through and take up blocking assignments should Kmetovic get into the open.

Albert took the ball from the center, wheeled quickly, faked beautifully to Kmetovic—and kept the ball. He stepped back, then cut around his own left end without benefit of a convoy. Fifty yards he raced down the side line, yelling to the amazed Shaughnessy as he passed the Stanford bench. That was the first time the coach or any of his teammates had ever seen such a play. This product of an ingenious quarterback's imagination, a bit of ad libbing on the field, pulled Stanford out of the hole and broke the back of the opposition.

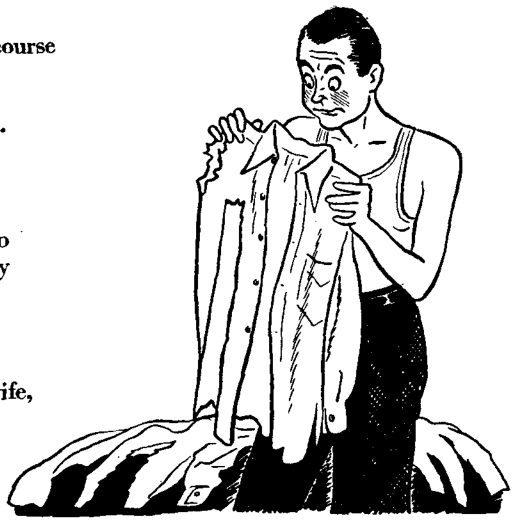
Why did the play work? On the original play when the Stanford left end and tackle darted across the scrimmage line, the Washington right end and tackle had a clear path into the opposing backfield. Three times they rushed in, arriving a split-second too late to catch the departing Kmetovic. Albert saw all this, waited for the opportune moment and then capitalized on their brash lack of caution.

Luck, you say? Not at all. It happens each fall much oftener than you think. These extemporaneous maneuvers look great when they work, terrible when they don't. The boys court the wrath of an all-knowing coach when they fail. Many are doghouse bound for the duration when the ad libbing wilts like a stale joke. But what can you say when a kid goes up with instructions to bunt and bangs the ball into the next county?

Albert didn't bother to tell even Kmetovic what he intended to do. Sometimes this is wise, sometimes disastrous. Take the case of Otto Graham, Northwestern's brilliant sophomore tailback of 1941.

Mighty Minnesota, destined for an undefeated season, was hanging on to a 2-0 lead in the second quarter when this fuzzy-faced youngster improvised a play. Otto had noticed that every time Northwestern executed its pet pulverizing reverse, Minnesota's secondary shifted out of position. So he called the reverse again. He faked the ball to Right Halfback Ike Kepford, who normally took it, and stepped backward quickly.

The big Gophers massed to stop the familiar reverse while Graham rifled a long pass to Bob Motl, end, who raced



HENRY'S WIFE'S taking her first-aid course
Was like divorce.
She was always out somewhere
Tourniqueting here, cauterizing there.

It wasn't only
Being lonely
That Henry resented:
His wife kept pilfering his white shirts to make bandages out of and his supply was quite perceptibly dented.

But therein lay
What saved the day.

To replace the shirts pinched by his wife,
Henry bought some Arrows, the first in his life.

They worked a miracle,
Or, if you don't believe in miracles, something pretty near-ical.

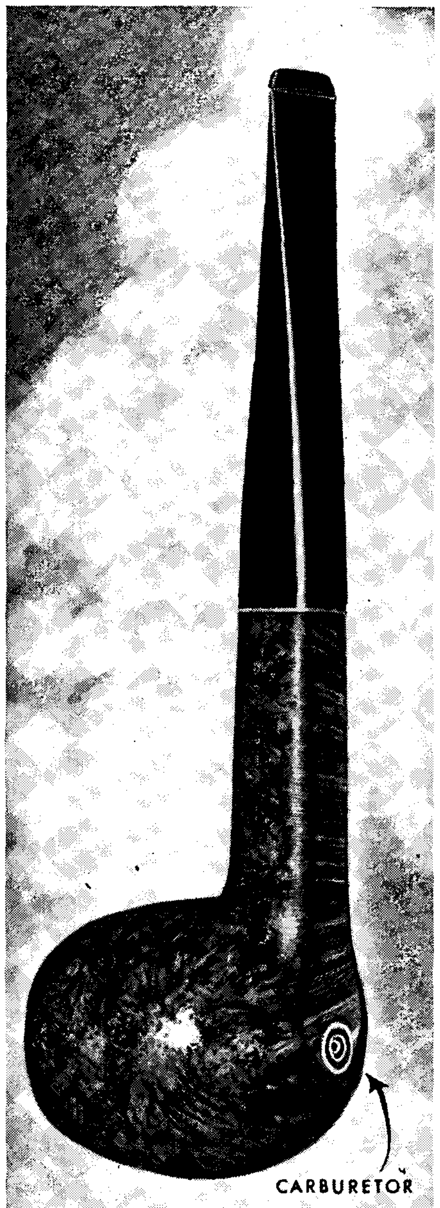
The Arrows had collars that looked *so* good on him
And the "Mitoga" figure fit was *so* trim (knock wood) on him
And the fabrics were so well woven and so lustered
That Henry looked as smooth as a cup of custard.

(Also, though this is not an integral part of the fable,
These Arrows were guaranteed not to shrink even 1% — they have the *Sanforized* label.)

Well, in a word,
Henry looked so swell that his wife could not help noticing what had occurred.
She liked the looks of his shirts so much
She resolved a course of mustn't-touch.
What's more, realizing for the first time in a long while how attractive Henry was, she got far more clubby
With her hubby.

And then one night, while they were pitching woo
She convinced Henry to take up First Aid too.
So they are now out together studying cases of everything from arteriosclerosis to sneezes
And for bandages they're using strips of Henry's wife's chemises.

ARROW SHIRTS
See: HITT • TRUMP • DALE
A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit!
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.
★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



KAYWOODIE
briar

Many smokers call this Kaywoodie Briar the best material in which to smoke tobacco. It's from the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean now shut off by the war. Fortunately, there's enough of it stored in our bins to satisfy your requirements for several years. Some of this briar is *two to four* centuries old. Nothing else smokes with such sweet, relaxing smoothness. It's good to know that you can still get these seasoned Kaywoodies.

If you're working extra hard and fast at your job these days, then perhaps you're smoking faster, too. If so, Carburetor Kaywoodie is the pipe for you. Its ingenious little Carburetor floods the bowl, as you smoke, with cooling air. If you draw hard and fast, the cooling drafts come in faster too. The soothing Kaywoodie Flavor is always yours to relish to the very last puff. $4.00 at all dealers.

The pipe in this picture is an "Apple" shape, Carburetor Kaywoodie, $4.00

Copyright 1942, Kaywoodie Company
KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK and LONDON

In New York . . . 630 Fifth Avenue

into the zone vacated by the Minnesota secondary. Motl took the pass on a dead run and scored unmolested, a maneuver that covered 67 yards and left the Gophers talking to themselves.

But a sharp blast from the referee's whistle cut through the jubilant Northwestern cheers. It seemed that Graham had overlooked one thing: He had failed to inform Tackle Leon Cook of his plan. Consequently, Cook had drifted too far across the line of scrimmage in violation of the rules on a pass play. The touchdown was called back, Minnesota went on to win, and the sophomore's neat bit of strategy went for naught.

His coach, big, jovial Lynn Waldorf, told reporters after the game that he had never seen the play before. "You could have knocked me off the bench (230 pounds) with a mud cleat when I saw Graham keep the ball. He simply saw a flaw in the Minnesota defense develop on the field and had the courage and mechanical ability to make the most of it. Too bad it didn't count."

Johnny Blood will go down in football history as one of the smartest backs by any yardstick. Don Hutson, Green Bay's superlative pass catcher, once said it was "always mighty interesting" playing with Blood in the saddle, because nobody ever knew what Johnny would do next.

"We had an end-around play, No. 54," Hutson recalls. "That was me going around and taking the ball from Blood. It worked fine for a while, then everybody knew about it. Then we changed it to 54-X. I went around the same way, but Fullback Clark Hinkle got the ball and hit the line. One time we got down to the 10-yard line and everybody figured we'd try 54 or 54-X.

"Blood was calling signals. We went into the huddle and he called for 54-XX. We lined up automatically before everybody realized all at once that we had no such play. We started back to the huddle, but Johnny waved us back into position. Well, we ran through the old 54, but Blood didn't give me the ball and he didn't give it to Hinkle, either. He kept it and ran around the wrong end all by himself. The next time we saw him he was over the goal line, grinning and waving at us."

Sticking to the Script

Even the pros, as steeped as they are in football knowledge, cannot work this sort of magic often. The boys on defense are usually right up with them. Naturally, the collegians are even less successful as a rule with such ad libbing. Most college coaches know the limitations of their inexperienced boys and insist that the youngsters stick to the script. Bob Neyland, now a lieutenant colonel in the Army, was one who adhered stubbornly to this view in producing many great teams at Tennessee. Like Minnesota and Duke, among others, he concentrates on perfecting the fundamentals and performing a few plays perfectly.

I was on hand the last time one of his quarterbacks did a bit of impromptu masterminding against Duke a few years ago. The result was considerably less than perfect at a time when Tennessee was leading by 13-0 in the third quarter. Deke Brackett, signal caller, noticed that Duke left the flat zone unprotected on the weak side when his passer, Charlie Vaughn, ran to his left to pass. Without so much as a by-your-leave to Neyland, the quarter devised a play which started ostensibly as a pass to the great Beattie Feathers. Instead, Vaughn faked this toss and threw diagonally to Brackett in the previously unguarded flat zone.

But Duke's Freddie Crawford, All-America and amazingly unorthodox tackle, happened to be passing the time of day close to Brackett. He grabbed the pass and outran everybody to the goal line 60 yards away. So hopped up was Duke at this happy turn of events that the Blue Devils pushed across the tying touchdown quickly before Tennessee could salve the irate Neyland's feelings by kicking a last-minute field goal for a victory that had appeared a breeze a few minutes earlier. Hugh Faust, one of Neyland's aides, says that's the last time any of the Tennessee players have tried any ad-lib stuff.

Two of the players, however, did take it upon themselves to switch assignments in Tennessee's Orange Bowl battle with Oklahoma three years ago. Neyland had instructed his team to hit Oklahoma's strongest spot as soon as the Vols got the ball. And they did, running their favorite off-tackle play over Waddy Young, All-America end. Normally, the block belonged to Bob Foxx, 190-pound crusher. But George Cafego, wiry star of 170, asked for the assignment in the huddle. The good burghers of Miami are still talking about that block. Young went one way, the ball carrier another, and Tennessee was in the clover the rest of the way.

Comedy at Texas Tech

One incident that smacks of slapstick involves Marquette a few years ago when Paddy Driscoll was head coach. Paddy was fretfully trying to prepare his boys for an invasion of the Texas Tech campus at Lubbock, but the freshmen were far from adequate in simulating the Texans' attack for defensive purposes. So Paddy gave the varsity the Tech plays, on the theory that if they learned them, they would know how to cope with them. Many were intricate spread formations characteristic of the Southwest's wide-open football.

Late in the game, Quarterback Harry Leysenaar called a play in the huddle, and the team went into a Texas Tech spread before anyone realized it. But none knew the individual assignments. The linemen looked back appealingly to Leysenaar, who was in a quandary too. Tech was just as befuddled; they didn't know Marquette had anything like this. Overanxious, Texas Tech jumped the gun on the comic play and was offside. The penalty gave Marquette a first down at a critical time in what turned out to be a 60-yard touchdown drive.

The thinning locks of Burt Ingwersen, now line coach at Northwestern, can be traced back to the days when he was head coach at Iowa and, more specifically, to the day that one of his ends Dick Romney tried to outguess the opposition. Iowa was leading Wisconsin by 7 to 0, with 30 seconds remaining in the game. Romney had his instructions. But instead of rushing the passer, he backed up to help cover the receiver. Instead of passing, the Wisconsin left halfback set sail for 55 yards before he was hauled down on Iowa's five.

The gun went off. Ingwersen, disheveled and tired, sighed and went out to meet the boys. But just as they reached the side lines, an official raced up and said the timer had been in error. There was time for one more play. Ingwersen just knew Wisconsin would score in this wacky finale, but a short pass failed to click. Nevertheless, it was a long time before Romney got out of Ingwersen's doghouse.

Which explains quite eloquently, I think, why coaches always have a crying towel handy. They never know who is going to have a brain storm next. Put twenty-two players on a field, immature lads at that, and anything can happen. That's what makes football the spectacular business it is. They listen to the studious theories of the coach and then go out and knock ten years off the old boy's life. And sometimes they make him look pretty bad.

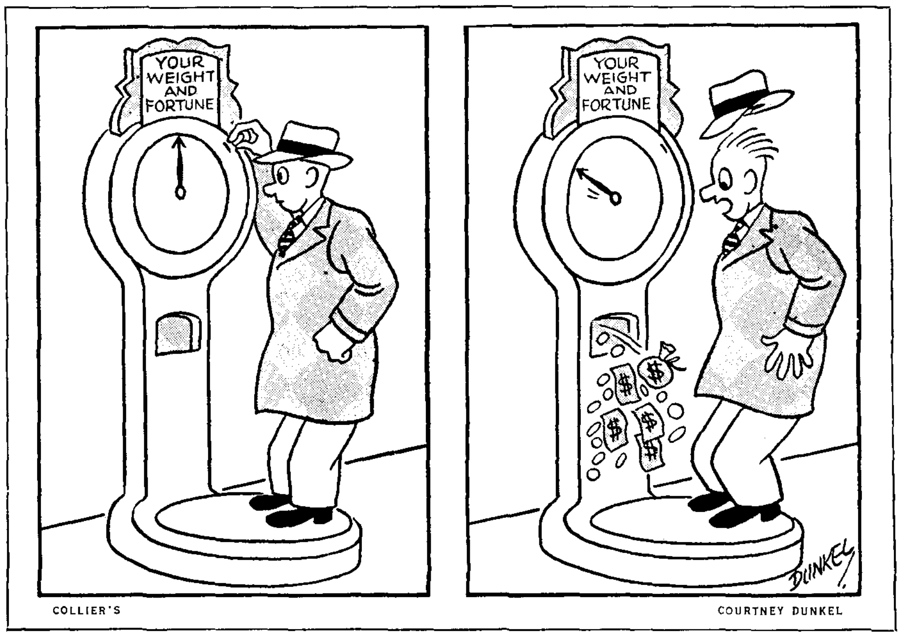
'Way back in 1925, Tad Jones, Yale coach, and his assistant, Charles Comerford, drilled the ends all week to fade in the flat zones to protect against Army's tricky passes. So what happened? Army took advantage of this strategy by running the ends dizzy. Jones therefore sent Walter Bradley into the game to tell the battered ends to crash for a while. Bradley deliberately disobeyed orders on the first play. He drifted as his mates had been doing, intercepted a flat pass and ran the distance of the field for a touchdown.

Rockne Says No

Elmer Layden, pro football commissioner, never tires of telling about the time Knute Rockne, the old master himself, got his wires crossed and rushed Layden and Harry Stuhldreher into the game against Carnegie Tech. The ball was on Tech's five on what Rockne thought was fourth down. Stuhldreher had his orders to try a pass. But Harry learned it was only third down. So he took charge himself and called for a buck over center by Layden. Surprised and unprepared to receive the ball, Elmer couldn't get his hands up in time to receive the ball from center.

"The ball hit me on the knees," says Layden, "and bounced over the line of scrimmage and into the Carnegie end zone. You'll get some idea of how far the ball bounced when I tell you that George Vergara, our right end, recovered it for a touchdown. I thought that was a right good play but Rock put it back in the sack."

THE END



COLLIER'S COURTNEY DUNKEL

What! AN ARTIST'S MODEL BUILDING A BOMBER?

SOUNDS unlikely, doesn't it? But if you walked through the big North American plants you'd be thrilled at the way hundreds of women like those pictured here are handling big, important parts of the job of making planes.

The lovely girl at the drawing board is Jackie Maull, onetime model for John Powers. She is one of many career women—former secretaries, singers, milliners and others—whose new careers are at North American. Other women employees were housewives—and good ones, too.

Here you will find wives, sisters, sweethearts (and a few widows) of men who are fighting for freedom. They are proud of their men—and every woman here can be proud of her own contribution to the winning of the war.

America, you owe a lot to women like these.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC. Main Plant, Inglewood, California

BOMBERS For the United Nations, B-25 Mitchell ★ **FIGHTERS** For U. S. Army and RAF, P-51 Mustang
TRAINERS For U. S. Army, AT-6C . . . For U. S. Navy, SNJ-4 . . . For RAF, Harvard

BONDS BUY BOMBERS! When you buy War Bonds you're buying planes for victory.

NORTH AMERICAN
Sets the Pace

1 *Mrs. Dorothy Strohl,* punch press operator, has a very personal reason for wanting to help make good planes. Her husband is in the Army Air Forces.

2 *Mrs. L. D. Webster* is a grandmother who's doing her part in the war effort. A former interior decorator, she now sews fabric coverings on control surfaces.

3 *Lois Mouton* is a graduate of a North American class which teaches to assemble, adjust and test-fire airplane machine guns. She was a dictaphone operator.

4 *Mildred Woody* learned the highly skilled trade of engraving from her father. She operates the machine that engraves instrument panels in planes.

What to do about

IF YOU SAVED YOUR LAST WINTER'S ANTI-FREEZE...

Some of the ingredients of "Prestone" anti-freeze will last from one winter through the next—those, for example, which protect the car against freeze-up. But to give protection against freeze-up is only one function of a good anti-freeze. A good anti-freeze also performs other functions, just as important. One of these is to guard against rust and corrosion . . . which is why all good anti-freezes are "inhibited." These inhibitors do wear out; and when that happens the car is no longer protected against clogging and overheating caused by rust.

That is one of the reasons why you cannot use an anti-freeze indefinitely . . . why, for instance, we guarantee "Prestone" anti-freeze for "a full winter's use," and no more. *New, fresh anti-freeze is always to be preferred over anti-freeze which has gone beyond a single winter's driving.*

If, however, you decide to re-use your anti-freeze, take the following precautions:

If you stored your anti-freeze during the summer, take it to your dealer *before* putting it back in the car. There are 2 good reasons.

(A) To make sure that no dirt or foreign matter has spoiled it. (Cans frequently rust through from the outside and from the bottom.) Dissolved impurities will later cause rusting and radiator clogging. If your solution is brown or rusty-looking, don't bother to take it to your dealer but discard it at once. Be extremely cautious in this regard. Your car is a valuable property: it is in the interest of sound conservation to take all reasonable precautions.

(B) To have the strength checked. You don't know, definitely, what concentration you had at the end of the season. If your anti-freeze was "alcohol base," you almost certainly lost strength before you took it out last spring. Even if you used "Prestone" anti-freeze, which contains no boil-away alcohol, have the strength checked just the same. You may have lost protection through careless filling, slop-over at the over-flow pipe, and leaks caused by road-shock and wear-and-tear during driving.

If you left your anti-freeze in your car, and have been driving with it all through the summer, point B becomes even more important, for obvious reasons.

These precautions are the very least you can take to protect your car. Remember, none of them will put back into the anti-freeze the rust and corrosion inhibitors which were there when you bought it last fall, and which have since been used up. This is one of the sound technical reasons why manufacturers guarantee anti-freeze for only one winter's driving.

PRESTONE

TRADE-MARK

IF YOU DID NOT SAVE YOUR LAST WINTER'S ANTI-FREEZE...

See your dealer at once . . . and get "Prestone" anti-freeze installed in your car.

As of the date this advertisement goes to press (approximately July 15th) it appears that there will be enough "Prestone" anti-freeze this fall—after Army, Navy and lend-lease requirements have been met—to supply all regular users. We make this prediction because we have increased our manufacturing facilities and because there will be fewer cars on the road this coming winter.

HAVE YOUR DEALER CHECK YOUR CAR for leaks, rust, sediment, or loose connections which may have developed during summer driving. Make sure your "Prestone" anti-freeze is used in a clean, tight cooling system. Then you can *forget* the anti-freeze problem for the rest of the winter. You will be protected completely—against freeze-up, boil-away, dangerous and obnoxious fumes, rust and corrosion. You can place complete confidence in new, fresh, full-strength "Prestone" anti-freeze. It is *guaranteed* for one full winter season.

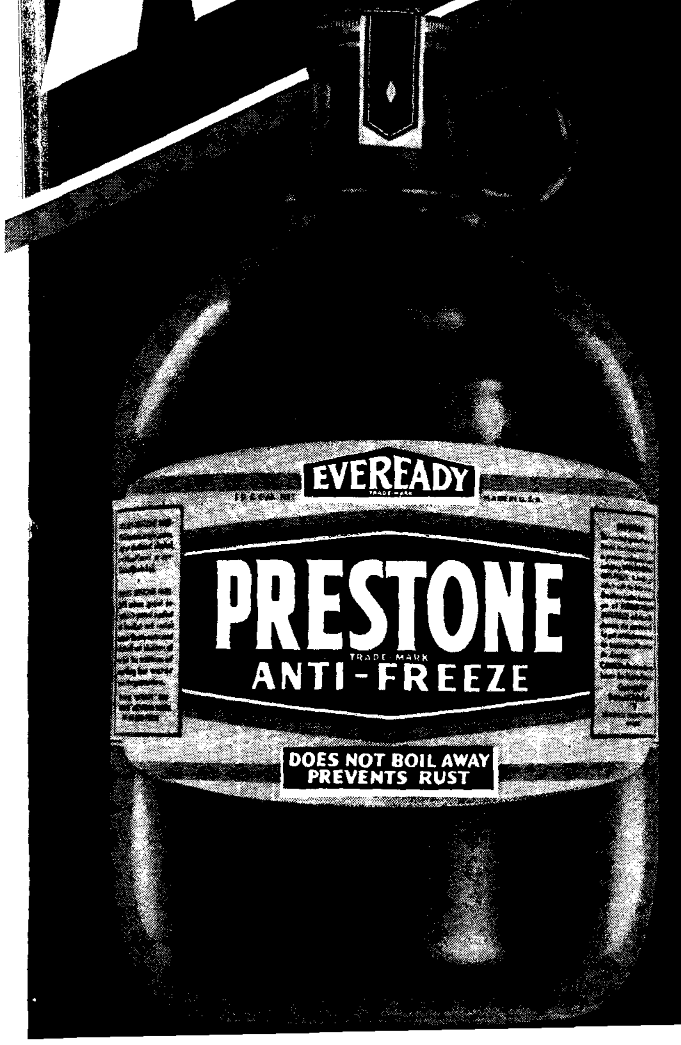
nti-Freeze this Fall

YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT...
ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER!

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

Anti-Freeze

O.P.A. RETAIL CEILING PRICE
$2.65 PER GALLON

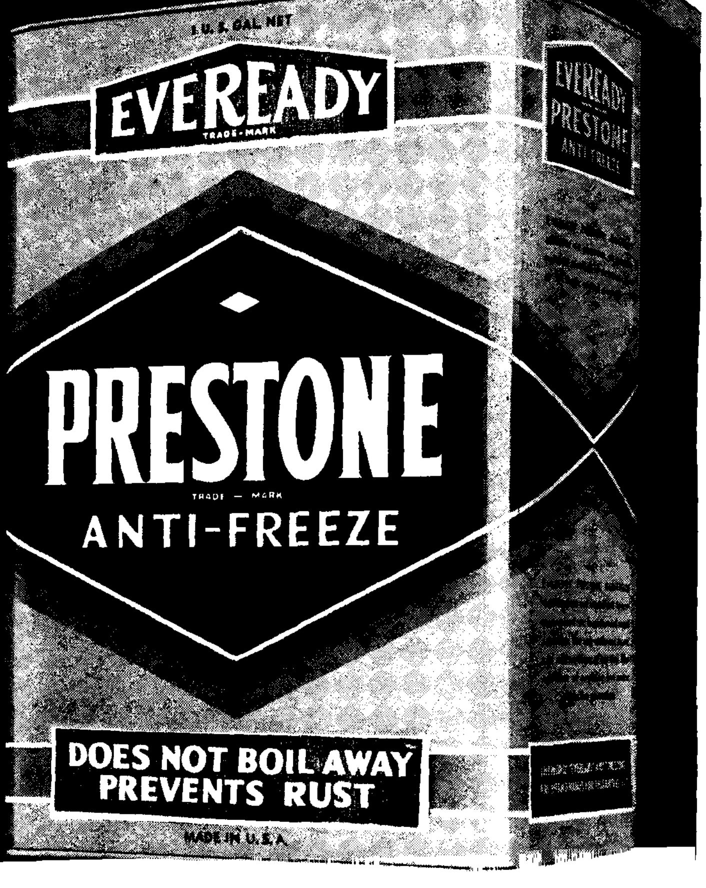

EVEREADY
PRESTONE
ANTI-FREEZE
DOES NOT BOIL AWAY
PREVENTS RUST

IT'S THE SAME "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE, no matter which container it comes in—metal can or glass jug. To conserve metals for wartime use, the familiar "Prestone" anti-freeze *can* was discontinued early this season, and the sturdy new glass *jug* was substituted. Your dealer may have cans or jugs or both. Buy either. No difference in the "Prestone" anti-freeze they contain.

Product of
National Carbon Company, Inc.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago and San Francisco

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.


1 U.S. GAL NET
EVEREADY
PRESTONE
ANTI-FREEZE
DOES NOT BOIL AWAY
PREVENTS RUST
MADE IN U.S.A.

★ **"WE'RE TELLING THE PEOPLE ABOUT THIS WONDERFUL BRAN!"**

"We think everyone should know about Nabisco 100% Bran, and what a pleasant, easy way it is to help relieve constipation due to insufficient bulk. And we're campaigning for the two big improvements that make this bran so *delightfully* different!"

BRAN
VOTE 100% FOR NABISCO 100% BRAN
VOTE 100% FOR NABISCO 100% BRAN

NABISCO 100% BRAN

★ **"JUST TRY THAT FLAVOR!"**

"So-oo delicious! That's the first big difference in Nabisco 100% Bran. You never dreamed bran could taste so good! And try the recipe for muffins on the Nabisco 100% Bran package. *Yummy ... yummy!*"

★ **"ACTION THAT'S GENTLE AS A LULLABY!"**

"Yes, and you'll appreciate Nabisco 100% Bran's *mild, gentle* action. Double-Milling makes the bran fiber smaller... less likely to be irritating. Nabisco 100% Bran contains iron, phosphorus, Vitamin B₁, too. Buy a package today!"

NABISCO 100% BRAN
TO WHICH HAS BEEN ADDED SUGAR, SALT, MALT EXTRACT AND PRUNE JUICE
READY TO EAT
DOUBLE MILLED

"YOU BET THIS BRAN IS GOOD—IT'S MADE BY NABISCO, BAKERS OF YOUR FAVORITE CRACKERS AND COOKIES!"

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

This seal means that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association has accepted this product and approves this advertisement.

Nabisco 100% Bran comes in both pound and half-pound packages. Eat it regularly. If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, consult a competent physician.

NABISCO

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Return of the Wildfowl

Continued from page 15

know what he is like to understand the part he played, both as destroyer and savior, in the conservation of wildfowl.

Besides, he is a most extraordinary creature. The duck hunter, for instance, probably is the only living thing which enjoys beastly weather and hardships. "Bluebird weather" is his contemptuous term for mild fall days. He hates nice weather in duck season. He wants storms. It takes cold winds and gloomy days to stir up the ducks and start them moving restlessly in trading flights or southward.

The duck hunter gets awake in the middle of the night, crawls into the stiff and chilly waterproof clothing he must wear, and eats his bacon and eggs (a daring variation on this standard hunting breakfast is to substitute ham for bacon). He collects his decoys, gun and dog, flings open the door with some effort, inhales lungfuls of mixed sleet and wind, looks upon the meteorological turmoil outside and finds it beautiful.

"Great day, isn't it?" he screams to his partner, trying to make himself heard above the uproar as they are taken out by boat to the blind offshore.

The Most Patient Human

Once the decoys are planted, the guns loaded, shells handy, and the duck hunter is settled down in the blind to await dawn (hunting hours this season are sunrise to sunset unless the individual state has modified federal regulations), the man is afraid to move too much or to talk, although nothing could hear him in the whistling storm.

There he stays, sometimes all day, sometimes quitting from midmorning until the evening flights start, or when he has his limit of ten birds.

What does he get in return for all this? Well, he probaby gets ducks, and some (like the lordly canvasback, the redhead, mallard and pintail) are table delicacies; but no man would go to all that trouble for a bit of special food.

There is more to it than getting a meal. Whether or not he will admit it, the man in the blind loves the birds he kills. He likes the foul weather, the stinging wind on his cheeks, the lonely waiting, the excitement of seeing a huge rick of ducks (or "raft," depending upon where you were brought up) taking to the air farther down and heading straight for his decoys.

He likes to come in to a hot drink, a hot bath and a hot dinner. Maybe he likes duck hunting only because he feels so warm and comfortable when he quits hunting in the evening.

He likes to argue about guns, the merits of various retrievers, which birds make the most sporting game, whether or not live decoys should be allowed—which they are not, by the way.

The 12-gauge shotgun is the most popular duck gun now; but if the duck hunter is an old-timer he will talk with vast respect about the big-gun men of the past, those persons who used cannonlike 8-gauge and even larger 4-gauge guns which could bring down a high-flying bird at 100 yards. A 10-gauge gun is the largest allowed legally now.

If he is a veteran, he will talk all night, too, about the days when baiting was permitted and the ducks were drawn in by grain and other feed to shore blinds. Most blinds in coastal sections are offshore now. Or he will recall tolling for ducks—in which a trained dog ran up and down the shore until the usually wary ducks became inquisitive and ventured inshore to find out what was happening. He may speak disparagingly of the past but with an unholy light of pleasant memory in his eyes.

This, then, is the manner of man who hunts the waterfowl. Perhaps he is wealthy enough to have such cold-weather luxuries as chamois-leather underwear and maybe he owns a whole ducking island. Maybe he is so poor that he has to band together with half a dozen others to buy a "shore"—or a bit of water front on which to erect a blind.

Whether he is rich or poor, he has one thing in common with all other duck hunters—the birds. That common bond uniting the only persons who are out consistently to observe the ducks really saved the waterfowl from extinction.

The hunter helped bring about the decline in waterfowl, but he wasn't the only cause. The great slaughter reached its peak at the turn of the century. Two things cut savagely into the duck population—market hunting and spring shooting.

The market gunners were commercial killers, trapping, blasting and shooting ducks in incredible numbers to sell to restaurants and gourmets, in and out of season. I have seen swivel guns—such as are used even now by an occasional Chesapeake Bay poacher in illegal hunting—which are capable of killing dozens of ducks in one blast at a rick.

Spring shooting, both market and sport, was terribly destructive in a twofold way. The ducks flying north in the spring were already mated, ready to rear their broods a few weeks after arrival on the breeding grounds in the north. The hunters who killed the adults in the spring also destroyed potential ducklings. It was a case of killing the geese and ducks before they laid their golden eggs.

It had to stop. Since birds are internationalists, recognizing no boundary, the first and most important step in protecting them was the Migratory Bird Treaty of 1916 between the United States and Canada.

Wildfowl Country Destroyed

This made both governments responsible for the migratory birds of the continent. In 1937, the U. S. and Mexico ratified a similar treaty. These two treaties—particularly the first signed in 1916—began the salvation of the wildfowl, a salvation not achieved, however, until other obstacles were overcome.

There was the drought, for instance. Our prairie states and the provinces of western Canada produced wheat for the Allies in the first World War. Land is required to produce wheat, and farmers, intoxicated by wartime grain prices, sought more land.

They found the land in the North Central states and the corresponding prairie provinces of Canada, but much of it was under water in marshes, sloughs and lake bottoms.

They drained the marshes—millions of acres of water area. They created a farmland that wasn't a farmland because the soil turned out to be sour or alkaline. The land baked under a hot sun, a great drought gripped it, and the vast flatlands dried up, killing cattle, destroying crops, creating dust storms, driving human beings out of the area—and killing off the waterfowl because this was where the puddle ducks had their breeding grounds.

Water in quantity is as necessary for waterfowl as it is for human beings. Ducks flying north in the spring would find temporarily flooded areas and nest there. But drainage ditches and a water-thirsty subsoil quickly soaked up these spring ponds, and the newly hatched ducklings died in the dust and heat without water in which to find food.

The flights dwindled until, in 1934, the all-time low in waterfowl population was reached with some 30,000,000 survivors, and extermination seemed inevitable. That was the year the federal "Duck Stamp" act was passed, and presidential approval was given to establish waterfowl refuges in the United States.

The sale of Duck Stamps provided some funds to help save the waterfowl; a $1 stamp is required of all migratory bird hunters in addition to a regular state hunting license. In addition, millions in federal funds were allotted to the Biological Survey (now part of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service) to create refuges in this country.

That was all very well for the United States. We had wise shooting regulations, waterfowl refuges; and work was started to undo the damage wrought by unwise farming in the North Central states. The market hunters were pretty well under control after a long and bloody warfare between them and federal officers, a war which claimed lives on both sides.

Canada Helps Conservation

However, an international wild duck census made in 1935 by More Game Birds in America, Inc., showed that some 80 per cent of the waterfowl are produced in Canadian breeding grounds. United States federal funds could not be spent in Canada, and the Canadian breeding grounds were drying up.

In other words, all the good laws, the refuges and sportsmen's efforts in this country meant nothing much if Canada were ignored in the conservation movement. Birds dying soon after birth in the North scarcely could provide hunting in the States later in the fall.

The duck hunters acted. They joined hands with other friends of the waterfowl in Canada and in 1938 formed Ducks Unlimited, Inc., in the United States and Ducks Unlimited (Canada) in the North. The organization's object was to provide United States money to save the waterfowl in the sparsely settled prairie provinces.

If the most important breeding grounds were in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba provinces, then that was the area in which to start saving the waterfowl. If drought killed more ducklings (20 per cent) than anything else, then that was the thing to fight with the most weapons. If federal funds couldn't be used in Canada, then private funds collected from wildfowlers and all who were friends of the waterfowl must be employed.

Ducks Unlimited, a nonprofit organization, sought money and got it—more than half a million dollars of it since 1938. That wasn't much and it needs more, but Ducks Unlimited spent what it had wisely. It constructed low-cost dams to flood again those wastelands created by drainage operations. It even put beavers to work, introducing them into new country to create more dams and, consequently, more shallow-water lakes for the puddle ducks which rear their young in such ponds.

It fought the crows which had followed agriculture into the Northwest and which kill 15 per cent of the duckling crop. It made friends of skeptical farmers by creating water for their cattle as well as water for the ducks. It enlisted volunteer workers, trappers, ornithologists, woodsmen, men whose work takes them into the ducks' summer grounds.

Ducks Unlimited fought other menaces besides drought and crows. It had to battle disease, agricultural operations, jackfish which dine on ducklings, magpies. Overconsumption (through shooting) and underproduction (on the breeding grounds) are the two great ills of the waterfowl. Ducks Unlimited made the latter its special field. None of this could have been accomplished without the aid of the provincial governments and the Canadians.

It worked. By 1940 an estimated 65,000,000 waterfowl flew south. Today we have another 35,000,000 added to that number. Perhaps, in a few years, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and Ducks Unlimited, each working at its own task, will bring back the duck population to the 200,000,000 which once swept from north to south and south to north twice a year.

Maybe the man in the blind will think of this as he takes his hands from his shooting gloves and blows on cold fingers this fall. Certainly he will notice that his favorite birds—the mallard, or greenhead, the black duck and the pintail—are more plentiful than they have been for years.

Even the canvasbacks, most prized of all the ducks although not so common as the three aforementioned, will be more abundant. Duck hunters will argue over the speed and shooting qualities of ducks, but most will agree that the canvasback makes "right good eating," as they say in the Chesapeake-Currituck region, where the bird dines on wild celery and reaches its palatable best.

Gadwall, widgeon, blue-winged teal, even redheads are increasing. Cinnamon teal, however, are not doing too well, the Pacific Coast will discover.

The ducks are doing all right. But how will the duck hunter make out in this war year?

He is going to encounter some changing conditions. If he lives along tidewater or hunts there, he probably will need a Coast Guard identification card before he may use his blind. A survey of the various Naval districts along the Atlantic Coast indicates that present regulations against carrying firearms in boats will not be interpreted literally where duck hunters are concerned.

Very little of their hunting is done on the actual ocean front, but takes place in the bays, marshes and where the tidal rivers empty into the backwater.

Jump-Shooting is Warmer

Where regulations are too strict, the man in the blind can change his tactics and move inland to follow jump-shooting, which consists simply of stalking ducks along streams, jumping them from cover and taking a shot or two before they thunder out of range. It isn't quite as fast shooting as gunning from a blind; it doesn't produce quite as many birds—but the walking and snaking on your belly through the sedge keeps you twice as warm. It has that virtue.

The inland wildfowler will not note any great difference as a result of the war, and some of the best duck hunting in the country is found on the Central and Western flyways.

Ammunition will be available in sufficient quantity for this season, but the man who wants to buy a new 12-gauge shotgun will find that all in the lower-price category have been frozen by the War Production Board. He will have to buy a used gun, a higher priced one, or settle for a lighter weapon, a 16-gauge or even a 20-gauge.

The long 70-day season was set for each zone to give every war worker a chance to get in a couple of days' shooting, and not to encourage an extra-heavy kill of birds. However, it will be the best shooting anyone has seen since the "good old days" of indiscriminate slaughter.

THE END

Mr. Skirm yelled, "WAIT!"
...so I waited!

MR. SKIRM: Peggy, how many times do you use a sheet of carbon paper?

PEGGY: *Why, uh . . . ah, about 20 times I guess.*

MR. SKIRM: I thought so. Here, take a look at this:

> This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Royal Park Avenue Carbon Paper. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 20960-NY. issued July 30, 1942

PEGGY: *Jeepers, it's a miracle! How come?*

MR. SKIRM: As I understand it, Park Avenue is *deep-inked*. Royal uses some special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. Another reason is Park Avenue's extension edge. That lets you reverse each sheet, top to bottom, so that you use all parts of the paper.

PEGGY: *Ah me, too bad such 18-carat carbon paper can't be on the desk of every girl in the office.*

MR. SKIRM: It's going to be, starting Monday. And, believe me, I'm going to expect you girls to get a lot more mileage out of your carbon paper from now on!

* * *

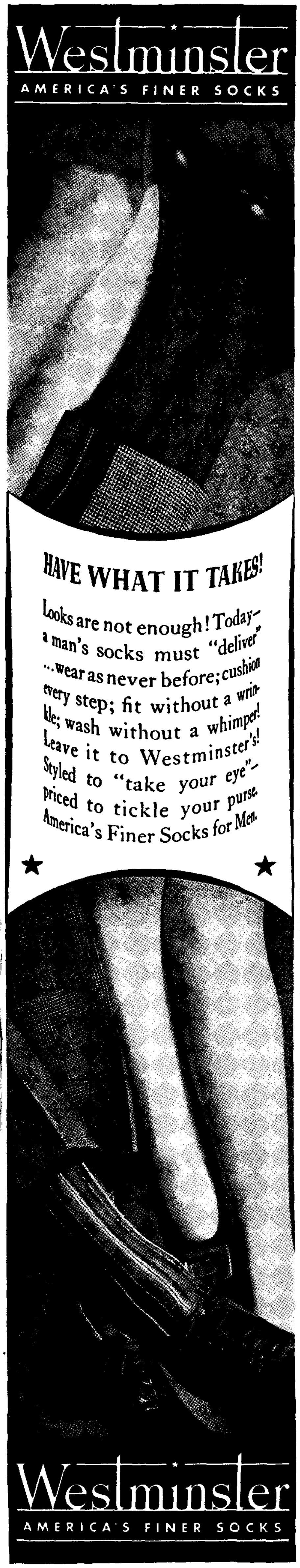
PARK AVENUE is only one of the outstanding carbon papers in the Royal line. Why not get *your* purchasing agent to call in the local Royal representative today? He can quickly show you which weight and finish of Royal Carbon Paper exactly fits your every typing need.

Royal Carbon Papers and Ribbons are made by the Roytype* Division of the Royal Typewriter Company.

The armed forces need typewriters! See how many of your standard machines (made since Jan. 1, 1935) you can spare. Call your nearest Royal Branch—we will buy them, affix the Government seal, and pay you the Government fixed price.

*Trade-Marks Registered U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright 1942, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

ROYAL
Park Avenue
CARBON PAPER



Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

HAVE WHAT IT TAKES!

Looks are not enough! Today—a man's socks must "deliver" ...wear as never before; cushion every step; fit without a wrinkle; wash without a whimper! Leave it to Westminster's! Styled to "take your eye"—Priced to tickle your purse. America's Finer Socks for Men.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Black-and-Blue Beauty

Continued from page 13

ask you," retorted Miss Aldridge. "Did you ever wear a girdle?"

The girdle came off, and henceforth the darling of magazine covers had a wardrobe consisting of one outfit, a pair of desert shorts and a blouse. She bore them about at a steady gallop because serials are made for action and not for acting. As soon as the sun peeped over the distant hill, the camera started whirring away, and Aldridge and all others had to be there in front of it.

"For two weeks I'm the only girl among fifty men," says Aldridge, "and still I'm full of illusions about the sex."

When it is recalled that the lady's last important job was as a member of the celebrated Navy Blues Sextet at Warner Brothers, the transformation becomes all the more peculiar. The Virginia stuff is true and it still shows in her accent. Her father died when she was young, and the family went to live at "Bladensfield," Lyells, Virginia, a 24-room wreck with no lights or plumbing but with plenty of land and atmosphere. She was taught by her three maiden great-aunts, all ex-schoolteachers, and then went to St. Mary's Female Seminary at St. Mary's, Maryland, and took a business course.

"Good typist, bum stenographer," says Aldridge.

Her first job was as a secretary in the Federal Land Bank in Baltimore, but before that, she was Apple Blossom Princess for St. Mary's at the Winchester festival and got her first taste of publicity. Her school friends had fixed her up with clothes, and she made a splash. Her picture was in the papers then, and later, when she was thrown off a horse and suffered a broken hip, the picture was dragged out and was brought to the attention of John Powers in New York.

"Photogenic," pronounced John, and asked her to drop in and show herself if she was ever up New York way.

She got up New York way in the simplest manner possible by vamping a West Point cadet and getting a bid for the prom. She gave John a look at her going through, and Mr. Powers was pleased. The Federal Land Bank at Baltimore sadly averred that it would survive if she departed, and she was soon in the big city making big dough.

"Three hundred a week," says Aldridge, "and I hope it'll be a lesson to some people out here." Meaning Hollywood.

A Cover Girl's Travels

After a New York career that made her famous in a minor way, she and Georgia Carroll met up with a magazine editor who was suffering from affluence and accepted his proposal to do a promotional stunt entitled A Magazine Cover Girl Sees the World. The world in this instance seems to have ended at Honolulu because that was as far as they got. However, they had free clothes and all expenses paid. On the way back, Miss Aldridge met Elsa Maxwell in San Francisco, who grasped her by the elbows and said, "The very one!"

It seems Elsa was making a picture in Hollywood called Hotel for Women and she thought Aldridge had the look of somebody high-class stinky. Accordingly, she played a society girl and tried hard throughout to do the role justice, being from that section of Virginia where society consisted of a Saturday-night barn dance.

"I'm still trying to get enough money to go back and put running water in that place," says Aldridge, by way of explanation.

After the experience with Elsa, Aldridge did bit parts wherever anybody wanted a girl who could wear clothes, and her mug kept appearing on national magazines. At the worst, she could always get a spot of modeling, and there was J. Powers in the background making gestures of reconciliation. It seemed like a good break when she got into the Navy Blues Sextet, which kept the little beauties occupied for about seven months on good salary, but it really ruined any chance of a screen career because producers felt that girls as beautiful as that couldn't possibly have brains. When the Sextet was in New York making personal appearances with the picture, Rose Franken was on the verge of hiring Kay for the Claudia company but happened to see her in makeup for the stage appearance with the Sextet and put up a faint hand and asked to be excused.

"Sophisticated," said Miss Franken in a horror-stricken voice.

Aldridge the Slugger

This lay beneath Aldridge's determination to get into something real, something earnest—meaning serials. Anybody who has seen her clout the villain in The Perils of Nyoka with a right cross to the lug and a one-two to the liver will never after consider her anything but a menace.

Her social career in Hollywood has been spectacular. Most of the eligible young men have escorted her about the dens of boredom in that sad village at one time or other, and many of them have had serious intentions.

"He's declared," says Kay, showing the proper pride in the catch, with a hint that the young man had better not try to get out of it. At the moment she is trying to make up her mind. Her serial career is merely a money-maker. She admits it.

"I got to get a husband and some children," she says. "If they want to hand around a little movie money for six weeks' work a year, maybe we can all live on it."

She learned to ride bareback on the farm and still keeps up her interest in it. Aside from that, she swims, dances not too well, and eats huge meals. She lives with her mother and two brothers in a house at Santa Monica. A sister is married and another brother is in Hawaii. The family think she's a case. Recently, with intent to badger her mother, she came home, showed some resentment and said, "Look where a producer pinched me on the leg!"

"Really," said mother, looking at the wound with the greatest of interest and no disapproval whatever.

Kay was slightly set back. "She's been reading those fan magazines," she said sadly. "I was almost afraid to tell her a producer *hadn't* pinched me. It would have disillusioned her."

When Miss Aldridge finished The Perils of Nyoka and went back this year to Virginia for a visit, she still bore the marks of her triumph in the shape of various welts and interestingly colored contusions. She went to call on the old family physician just to let him see what a big girl she had become. He looked at her with pleasure, beaming.

"Just like all the Aldridges," he said pleasantly. "Bilious."

THE END

HEYER-PIX

A Hollywood lady getting her lumps: the lovely Kay Aldridge is booted over a cliff, part of her routine as Queen of the Serials

Wine ~ *friendly as a gift of blossoms*

When you set out wine, you help everybody to relax a moderate way, and enjoy a good visit

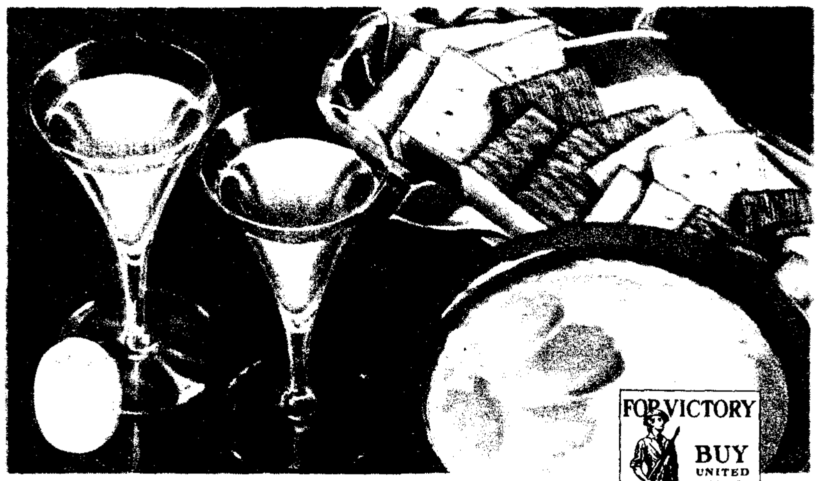
One of the best of ways to spend an evening now is just to have some friends over. Just to share with them a bit of good food and a glass of wine. To trade some talk, and relax.

Wine is made on purpose for such evenings. You find that its fragrance and satisfying taste invite you to ease up a moderate way. And as you sip a glass of wine, you discover you take more comfort in being with friends. You enjoy yourself.

When you serve wine at your house, set it out as simply as you would tea or coffee. We've a new booklet which tells a good deal about wines and wine serving — as well as about cooking with wine. Why don't you write for this free booklet, addressing the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

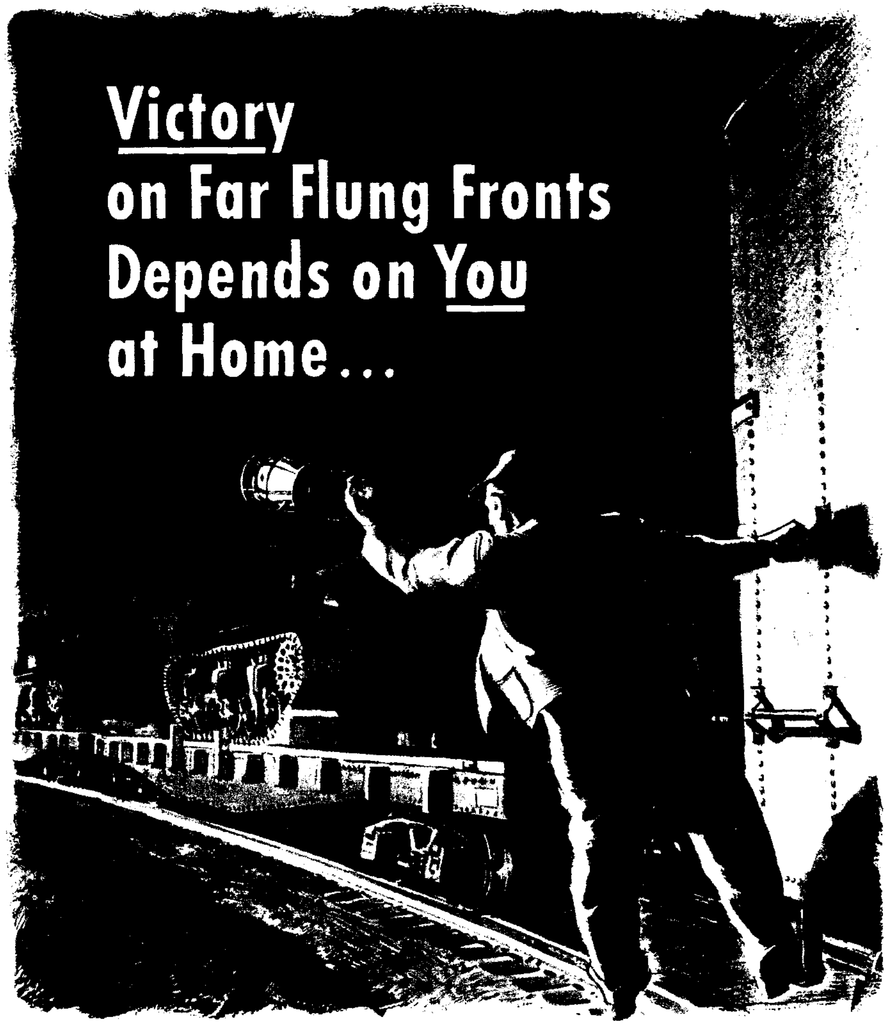
You'll find excellent California wines now at your dealer's. Sound and well developed, these wines are true to type, and inexpensive, too. Consult your dealer—he will be pleased to help you choose among the good wines of our own country.

National Wine Week, October 11-18



The wine pictured above is nut-like amber Sherry. A natural flavor companion to Cheddar and other sharp cheeses, Sherry's grand for casual entertaining. For serving with meals you will prefer a lighter table wine like tangy red Burgundy or delicate golden Sauterne

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



Victory for America on far flung fronts is a thousand things . . . socks and solenoids, goggles and gasoline and quinine as well as food, guns, planes and tanks. And to transport these things upon which the very lives of our fighting men depend, is the staggering problem of the Army Services of Supply . . . a problem which you and your coal dealer can help solve—together.

FOR VICTORY . . .
COOPERATE WITH YOUR COAL DEALER

Order your coal needs well in advance and enable your dealer to get his shipments when they least interfere with the flow of war materials—also this advance ordering will enable your dealer to plan deliveries to use the minimum of equipment and save gasoline and tires.

FOR YOUR OWN COMFORT . . .
ASK YOUR COAL DEALER'S ADVICE

Ask your dealer's advice on the coal to buy—remember there are hundreds of different kinds of coal and many different kinds of heating equipment.

The cheapest coal may not always be the most economical. And to conserve coal and get the most efficient heating results—ask your dealer's advice on firing, banking and regulating your furnace this winter.

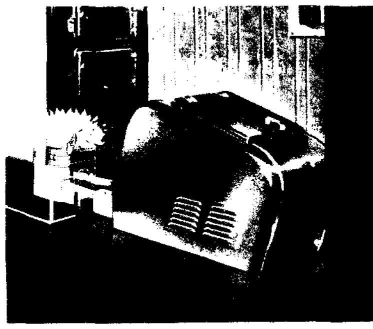
For Victory—and for your own comfort—cooperate with your coal dealer. Then, after the War is finished turn your heating worries over to the Combustioneer Automatic Coal Stoker.

HOW COMBUSTIONEER
IS COOPERATING FOR VICTORY

To help speed production for Victory, Combustioneer's entire manufacturing facilities are dedicated to the full scale precision production of gun turrets, propeller hubs and other products for American Warplanes.

COMBUSTIONEER USERS

If you own a Combustioneer, take care of it. Let your dealer inspect and service it so that you may enjoy, to the utmost, the money-saving efficiency of uniform, economical Automatic Coal Firing.



Combustioneer
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES

DIVISION, THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENGINEERING CO.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Keep on making it hot for the Axis—Buy More War Savings Bonds and Stamps

A Fireless-Side Chat

Continued from page 23

Erie to Buffalo and thence to Albany via the New York State Canal, better known as the Erie Canal. At Albany, the inland tankers could travel either north or south on the Hudson River inasmuch as the river doesn't care which way a barge goes, as long as it keeps going.

Somebody on the can't-be-done side objected, saying that there weren't enough barges, although the Inland Waterway Carriers' Association had just reminded them that it was operating nearly 700 barges on the Mississippi River and its tributaries, and that with a little ingenuity many of them could be converted to oil carriers and towed directly to pipe lines which feed into Toledo.

Furthermore, another upsetter of tradition reminded them that to the appropriation of $980,080,000 to the United States Maritime Commission, Senator Danaher of Connecticut had managed to tack on an amendment setting aside "not less than the sum of $20,000,000 for the construction of towboats and barges adapted for use in the transportation of oil, gasoline and other fuels over the inland or coastal waters of the United States." And nothing noticeable had been done about it.

Thus enlightened, Congress proceeded to okay a couple of thousand miles of new pipe lines which would require huge amounts of steel and iron very much needed for ships, planes, tanks and guns, and which could not be completed anyway for many months.

Florida Canal Resurrected

Then, becoming sensational, it resurrected the old trans-Florida Canal project, which was abandoned five or six years ago as a very tricky boondoggle. The canal could be built in a year or two, provided that machinery and the labor could be made available. A brief stretch of it already exists, the creation of General Brehon B. Somervell, Chief of the Army's Supply, who is not at all convinced that he couldn't run the War Production Board better than Donald Nelson does.

Anyway, Congress cannot justly be accused of solving the East Coast's fuel-oil problem. We want to be fair about this.

To increase the confusion, President Roosevelt and Mr. Ickes came forth with coincident statements that even the minimum requirements of the East's 1,250,000 householders who heat their homes with oil might not be met. Furthermore, said Mr. Ickes, oil-burner owners who did not convert to coal (whether they could or could not do so) might be denied deliveries in any quantity.

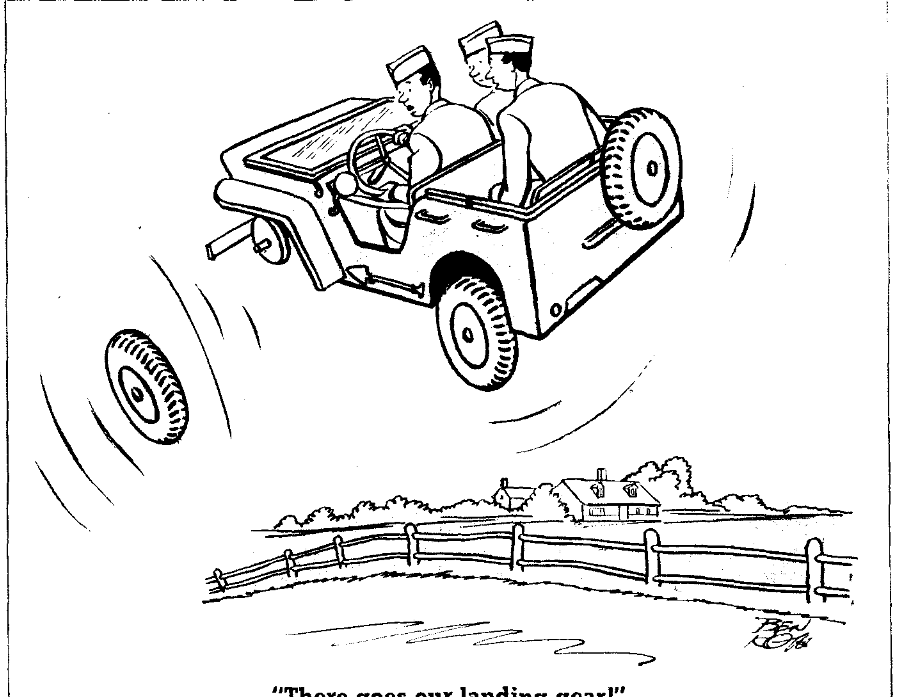
In the winter of 1918-1919, we had a flu epidemic. It was a cold, fuel-scarce winter. If we had the space we'd tell you what doctors say about the causes of influenza, grippe, pneumonia and the common cold. But we haven't, so we shall drop the subject with the statement that their opinions differ—widely. Anyway, in that winter, upward of 35,000,000 citizens were abed with respiratory diseases, chiefly flu. How many were removed from their beds by the undertaker we don't know. Even the United States Public Health Service doesn't seem to know. But flu killed more Americans than German guns did—far more. (Perhaps you detect a movement back to the kid's sneeze.)

Shortage of Doctors

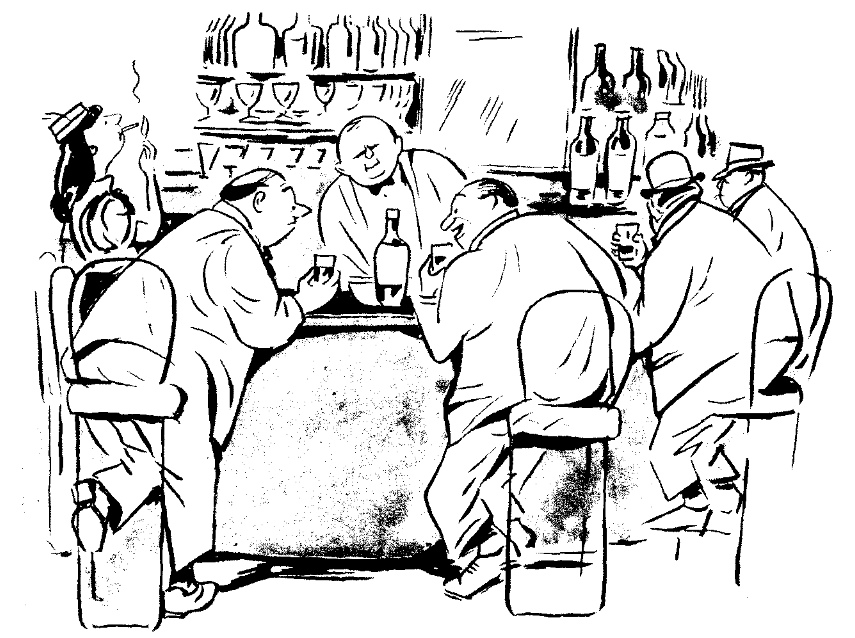
So the best advice we can drum up at the moment is that you refuse to catch flu and pneumonia this winter. Just how you're going to do this is, of course, your worry. Your doctor may be in the Army or the Navy or the Marine Corps. The Army alone is trying to recruit more than a hundred physicians a day. It hopes to add 20,000 medical officers to its numbers before Christmas. If eventually the United States has an Army of 9,000,000 men it will require the services of one third of all the physicians in the country, or two thirds of all of them under the age of forty-five.

Already scores of small towns and villages are doctorless. Washington is trying to be cheerful about it, bidding us in sterner climates to dress warmly, wear sweaters indoors, insulate our houses, shut off part of the house, eat scientifically and, above all, to be brave. But just what's going to happen in the doctor-, fuel-, wool- and insulation-rationed East if there is a flu epidemic, we, of course, don't know. But it's a dandy topic for fireside chatting, isn't it?

THE END



COLLIER'S "There goes our landing gear!" BEN ROTH



"I don't know what I'd do without her, and I hope I soon find out!"

COLLIER'S GENE STANLEY

Year of Wrath

Continued from page 12

If she's a French girl, Nick told himself, I'm a sheep-killing dog. All right. If she is and she wants an officious interpreter, it's up to her. He straightened his tie. *"Comment allez-vous?"* he asked her.

"Why, swell," she said. Her laughter was comfortable.

"That's pretty American talk for a French girl," he said.

"I'm half and half," she said. "My mother was from Baltimore, you see, and I myself even spent a year at Vassar."

"Well, that practically makes us related," Nick said warmly. "My brother married a girl who went to Smith."

"Seriously," said Al in a gloomy voice. He halted. Then he added lamely, "Betty and I have to be getting over to the New Grand for dinner."

NICK called to the passing Japanese waitress. "Have a round with me first," he said pleasantly.

Al opened his mouth, but before he could speak, Betty said, "It would be nice, just one before we leave, wouldn't it, Al?"

"The same?" said Nick.

"The same," Al said despondently, and Betty nodded.

"Two Scotch-and-sodas and one dry Martini," he told the waitress.

"Is no velmouth, please," she said.

"Okay, plain Scotch."

"Is no Scotch today. Suntoly," she said.

"Okay, three Suntories—anyway it looks like Scotch." He turned to Al. "Tell me something, Counselor. You've been home in the past year. Do the telegraph companies still sing happy birthday to you?"

"I think so."

"All right. Do you think I could get them to sing a message that's not for a birthday?" He withdrew Pottle's cable and handed it to Al. "I want to have this answered in a bathroom baritone."

While Al read the message, Nick noticed that Betty had an unusually agreeable smile.

"They won't take your reply," Al said, handing back the cable. "They've got a law or something against using those words. Say, seriously, I'm absolutely darned sorry."

"So is Kikuchi. I think Domei must have known about it at daybreak."

"Pottle must have known what he was going to do a month ago," Al said indignantly, "if this new guy's coming in tomorrow. The stinker!"

Al's sympathy undid Nick; silently he surrendered Betty to the Japan Times-Advertiser, even though she asked in a soft, friendly voice, "Oh, have you had bad news?"

"You're absolutely darned right," said Al. "Nick's been given a raw deal. He's out of a job, and we all ought to get together to find him a new one."

Preferably in Shanghai, Nick thought and bravely killed the notion. He winced at his courage, hearing Betty say:

"It's too bad I don't know of something in Shanghai. If you were French, though, Free French, I would know of work for you. But not for money, I'm afraid."

"Betty, remember! No talkee politics," Al said, waggishly, setting down his new drink. He turned to Nick. "Betty's father is working like a coolie for the Free French movement, and she's lost her perspective."

He patted her hand. "Relax, honey. You're on a holiday."

"I am here to take orders for dresses," Betty said. "Listen. I didn't go into the dressmaking business in Shanghai for fun. I did it because the Banque Franco-Chinoise dismissed my father when he refused to stop broadcasting over the Free French radio. I don't regard it as an important sacrifice. All the same, I don't forget, no matter where I am."

Nick knew he should leave. "Well, we're all for the Free French here," he said, rising. "So why fight about it?"

Al said in too casual a voice, "You know what? We ought to be getting over to the New Grand, Betty."

"Well." Nick shook her hand. "Take the B table d'hôte. The word's around there's a potato on it this week."

He walked out slowly, still feeling that he had forgotten to tell her something important and still not knowing what it was. On the second floor, he looked into the men's reading room which was deserted save for the American nickel man reading the sports pages of the latest issue of the Herald-Tribune, a month old.

In the packed dark, L-shaped barroom, there was laughter and the rattle of dice and unhappiness. The lonely oil man was unhappy, sitting at one end of

HOME MOVIE THRILLER!

"SPORT SPELLBINDERS!"
8 mm.
16 mm.

COSTS LESS THAN UNEXPOSED FILM!

Amazing sports action shots that will take your breath away! Thrilling tuna fishing...high hurdling and pole vaulting . . . water and sand skiing . . . sea sledding . . . dangerous rapid shooting . . . outboard racing...steeple-chasing... motorcycle and jaloppy racing thrills... *all in one terrific, action-crammed film!* Here's the sports movie of super thrills and spills that every collector will be proud to own! Don't wait! Don't delay! Own and show it now!

SIX OTHER GREAT CASTLE FILMS' SPORTS PICTURES!

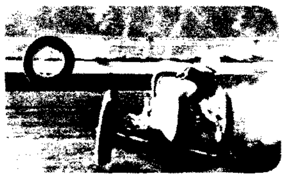
"RIDE 'EM COWBOY."—Cowboy champions match wits, stamina and strength against bronco and steer. Action in every foot!

"BOWLING ACES."—Joe Falcaro in a dazzling performance! Demonstrations of form, grip, footwork! Bowl with champions!

"BIG FISH."—Battles royal with game fighters of the deep! Sailfish . . . marlin . . . even whaling! A fisherman's thrill!

"ICE CARNIVAL."—Flashing steel! Racing and stunts! Rink grace! Laughable skating clowns! A gem of a film!

"FRESH WATER FISHING."—The angler's delight, whether young or old. The strike of speckled trout and flashing salmon!



"A THRILL A SECOND."—An edge-of-the-chair gripper! Daredevil men and women taking chances at everything!

ON SALE AT YOUR
PHOTO DEALER'S TODAY!

CASTLE FILMS INC.

LOW COST!
8 mm. Condensed version . $1.75
8 mm. Full length. $5.50
16 mm. Condensed version . $2.75
16 mm. Full length. $8.75
16 mm. Sound, 350 ft. . $17.50

FREE! Every projector owner should have Castle Films' new 1943 32-page catalogue describing 110 thrilling movies. Profusely illustrated. Send coupon below NOW!

CASTLE FILMS, INC.
RCA BLDG. NEW YORK
FIELD BLDG. CHICAGO
RUSS BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO
Address nearest office

Please send me Castle Films' New 1943 FREE CATALOGUE.

*Name*__________
*Address*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________ C-10

Copr. 1942, Castle Films, Inc.

Lady Buxton

"It isn't just that my Lady Buxton looks so smart... it's so divinely practical too!"

My Lady Buxton "Three-Way" is *so* versatile! When I carry bills or important papers it provides me with a secret hideaway. I simply reverse the inner fold—lock it back in—and all my "valuables" are safely out of sight. Or, when I'm at my formal best, I just take out the inner fold entirely and I have a *complete*, streamlined billfold for my evening bag.

My Lady Buxton is well organized—it's a regular pocket file with 3 full-length compartments for checks, bills and papers, etc.

You'll find today's active woman enthusiastic about the Lady Buxton "Three-Way!" It's fashionable, it's chic—but more important, it has the Magic Purse!

(top) "Three-Way" with Magic Purse—in Goatskin. **$5.**

(center) "Three-Way' with Magic Purse—in Sheepskin. **$3.50.**

(bottom) Magic Purse model with open window. **$2.**

Other Lady Buxtons from **$1.00.**

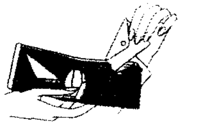
Just the thing when you'rb in uniform!

MORE THINGS TO DO—more things to carry! That's why, especially when I'm in uniform, I find my Lady Buxton so very useful.

My Lady Buxton's beautifully tailored—yet practical as can be! Lady Buxton's *patented* construction allows it to expand when I fill it full. Yet, when I ease off the load it slips back to its original "just-bought" shape.

Lady Buxton comes in a variety of gay, costume flattering colors! Ask to see Lady Buxton by name—you'll discover there's no other billfold like it!

HERE'S THE MAGIC PURSE



The Magic Purse unsnaps for "solo" use. It's easy to take out—just as easy to snap back! Locked back into the billfold by the patented "flaplock"—it's in to stay!

WRITE FOR FREE GIFT BOOK

Dozens of "what-to-give" suggestions—thoughtful remembrances from 75¢ and $1.00 to lovely matched sets at $25. Clear instructions for fancy gift-wrapping. Information on leathers. Write Buxton, Inc., 4277 Orleans Street, Springfield, Mass. or Department S, 47 West 34th Street, New York City.

the bar with an attaché from the American Embassy and the little Japanese shipping man who napped in the club library every afternoon.

The oil man had a skinful. So he greeted Nick lovingly, again mistaking him for the language student.

At the far end of the bar, Dewey, the United Press correspondent, was playing poker dice with an American film salesman and a bank teller. He called to Nick:

"Well, well, we're just waiting for you to buy us a drink."

Nick joined the roll. The film salesman bought and Nick pulled out Pottle's cable to show Dewey. With faked indifference he looked away, hailing the two engineers from Pittsburgh who were playing liar dice with Cogswell, the American news broadcaster, at a table behind him.

For nearly forty years, Gregory Ward Cogswell had been as imposing as his name. He had been, for almost thirty years, a newspaper correspondent in Europe, the Middle East and the Far East. For the past nine years, he had served as a roving correspondent for the United Broadcasting Corporation, with Asia as his self-designated territory and Shanghai his headquarters. The United Broadcasting Corporation would have allotted to him any continent he wanted. UBC valued his past and his prestige and the sound of his Boston voice over its networks.

Cogswell knew everyone you ought to know in embassies and consulates from Harbin to Melbourne. He was even related to the State Department; his sister was married to an assistant secretary. He had other relatives: a son who changed his name to avoid identification with his father; a wife whom Cogswell saw almost every five years, when he paid his visits to America.

ASIDE from these two, whom he rarely mentioned, everything was of the best and for the best; and he even looked a good deal younger than his age. Although his complexion had become yellowish in the last few years, he had his hair, a fine white in contrast to his heavy gray eyebrows. He walked like a young man; he rode his horse like a younger one.

Nick was surprised to see him sitting with two tedious engineers who were peevishly waiting for word that their work was satisfactory and they could go home. In the sticky months they had been installing American-made machinery in the Nagoya airplane factory, the engineers had lost weight. Dawdling reluctantly now in Tokyo, they had lost their composure. Much of the time they spoke in morbid whispers, like captives, about the pennant chances of the Pirates and the T-bone steaks at the William Penn grill.

At the sound of Dewey's voice, Nick looked away from the engineers. Dewey was sore.

"The old criss-cross," he said, handing back the cable. "I wouldn't hustle for ANS if they offered me a million dollars. Every time they change editors, they use a broom."

"Sure, the itty-bitty end of the stick," Nick said. Dewey's sympathy helped, too.

"A million dollars?" the film man repeated. "What's happening?"

"Why, Nick's canned and a Rover Boy named Martin McCleery is taking over and I think I know why," Dewey said. "He owes Pottle money, and the jerk hires him so he can pay off. That's a guess, but I'll go bail on it." He laughed at the film salesman. "Three treys in three. Why don't you sign the chit now?"

On his third drink, Nick sold the coffee to the bank teller and the cigarettes to the film man. Dewey promised to query his chief on openings in the Far East. The crowd was dwindling; even the engineers and the Japanese shipping man had vanished. Cogswell had joined the oil man and the attaché at their end of the bar and Dewey kept urging Nick to hit the broadcaster for a job; maybe UBC could use him.

The fourth drink furnished Nick with the steam to approach Cogswell. But the oil man intercepted him, draping his arm over Nick's shoulders and saying:

"Listen, son, wait a minute. Let me talk, son."

The attaché was saying to Cogswell, "I'll soon be on my way to Washington. They're going to ask me all about the Japs' building schedules. They're going to ask me about planes, and ships, and everything. And what am I going to say? I don't know. Yes, I do. I'll say, 'They won't let you see a single thing.' "

Cogswell said sympathetically, "I know they won't. The cagiest people in the world, bar none."

SPLASH LANDING

HIS name might have been Jones, but anyway he was an experienced pilot, and one day not long ago he was assigned to coast patrol in California. Never having flown a seaplane, he went on a few preliminary flights with an instructor, and when his turn came to take over the controls he did all right—until the instructor signaled for a return to the base.

Forgetting that his landing gear consisted of pontoons, Jones started to circle the field itself for a landing; and the instructor, waving frantically, pointed to the ground and made horrible faces at the pilot. The sign language worked in the nick of time, and the ship eventually slid to a safe stop in the water near the base.

As both men stepped out on the wing, the instructor was still a bit shaky. "When my heart gets back to its proper location," he told Jones, "remind me to give you a memory course!"

"Aw, forget it, pal," said Jones. "That look on your face up there scared me so much I'll never again forget I've got a seaplane stick in my hand. Come on, let's get back. I'm hungry."

With which he leaped off the wing and landed—kafloom!—in the bay.

The oil man held Nick back. "Wait a minute, son," he begged. "Let me talk. Listen."

"And they'll say: What have you been doing all these years?" the attaché said in a dismal gummy voice. "They'll say: What have you been doing? And I'll say—you know what I'll say? I'll say they won't let you see anything here. *Not a thing*."

"No one can blame you," said Cogswell.

The oil man said, "Listen, son." He made an enormous effort. "We pay the freight, don't we?" he announced solemnly.

"May I quote you on that, sir?" Nick asked.

"You may quote me on that."

"For the Tea Ceremony Annual," Nick said, still hoping to edge toward Cogswell, who was asking the attaché:

"Going back by the way of Hawaii?"

"Manila. They'll ask me there, too, and what'll I tell them?"

"Manila?" said Cogswell. "I wouldn't mind running over there myself."

"Come on," said the attaché. "Take the Asama Maru with me from Shanghai. Come on, go along. I could use some company."

Dewey drowned their voices, calling out, "Well, well, if it isn't Al Carpenter. We were just waiting for you to buy us a drink."

"I can't, I'm with someone downstairs." Al plucked at Nick's sleeve and drew him away from the oil man, saying in a low, excited voice:

"I have the absolutely darn' worst luck in the world. Before Betty and I even got started for dinner, the office gets me here to tell me they're shorthanded tonight, and please to come over right away and fill in."

"You'll enjoy night rewrite," Nick said in a guileless voice.

"Seriously," said Al. "Betty, she hasn't even had dinner yet and the way I feel is, after all, you've always been so darned decent, I don't just mean lending me your dinner coat, but everything."

"Is it okay with Betty?" said Nick.

"She doesn't seem to care one way or the other," Al said.

"I have one little chore and then I'll go right down with you," Nick said.

Nick darted over to Cogswell and asked about chances for a job with UBC. Cogswell was friendly. He said he knew of no openings but he would bear Nick in mind. As Nick rejoined Al, Cogswell patted the oil man's shoulder. And before leaving the bar, he invited the attaché to be his dinner guest in Shanghai, en route to Manila and home.

AN IMPERIAL HOTEL car, a glossy black limousine that Cogswell hired by the day, was waiting outside. He gave the Japanese chauffeur an address, leaned back in his seat, and drew an English cigarette from his etched Siamese silver case.

By the time he had finished his cigarette, the car was passing a sentry box, up a graveled driveway lined with dense dwarf shrubs. Secretly, young as he felt, Cogswell was relieved to be entering a Western-style home where he did not have to remove his shoes and slide across polished floors in loose felt slippers. It was also less than a hardship to be permitted to sit in a chair. In recent years he found that his legs became numbed when he sat too long, cross-legged, on Japanese matting; another reason for traveling to Japan as infrequently as possible, and placing a Japan Times-Advertiser reporter as resident string correspondent for UBC.

On esthetic grounds, Cogswell preferred the *décor* of a Japanese-style room to this parlor where he grimaced at the swarthy velvet upholstering of the chairs, the meaningless position of the center table, and the lamé oils, hung Tokyo-fashion, very high at an angle where a man would have to lie on the floor to study them. He composed his face instantly as Ernst Sperling rose from a chair in a dimmed corner.

Sperling greeted Cogswell with his customary reserve although they had seen each other frequently in Shanghai and had been acquainted since a winter in London in the late 'twenties when Sperling had been attached to the German embassy. He was now an accredited correspondent for a German news agency, newly assigned to Washington. For several months, he had been waiting in Tokyo for his visa—with his tallow-faced wife, his monocle, his soldierly spine and his concealed contempt for Oriental peoples.

"You look fit," said Cogswell. Sperling was tanned so deeply that his scanty brown hair appeared lighter.

"Ah, yes," said the German. "You also look to be in excellent shape."

Cogswell offered Sperling a cigarette, lit it and his own and said in a chatty voice, "By the way, three days ago, I mailed some letters to the States."

"So?"

"Your Germans in the censorship at the Tokyo Central Post Office held them up so that they missed yesterday's boat."

"Ah, no," Sperling said, as though he were chagrined. "That should not have been."

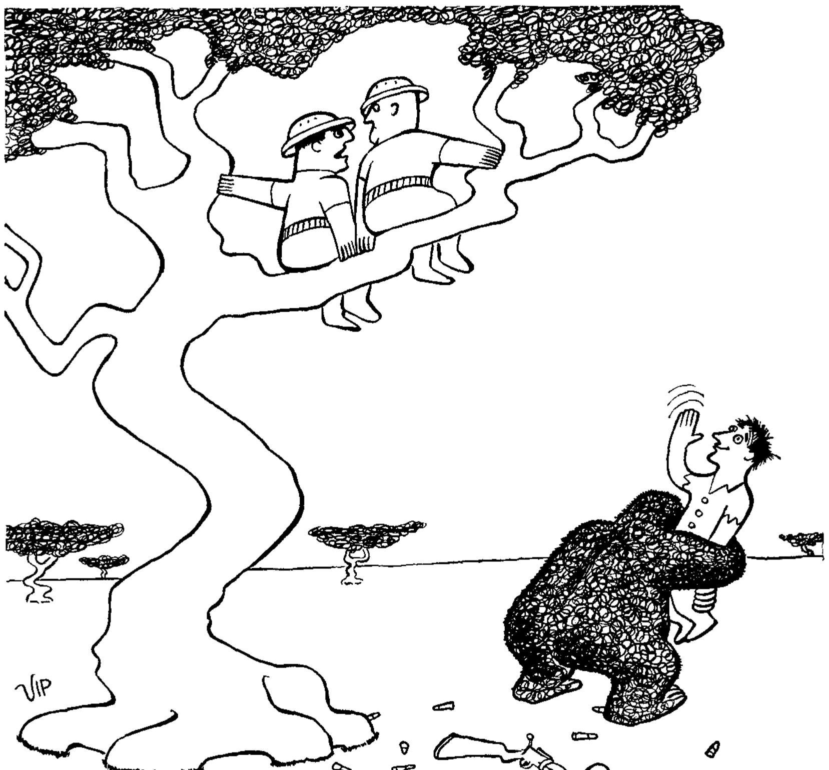
"I gave the letters to Harold Makita. The Japanese in the censorship do not scrutinize communications Harold puts through," Cogswell said agreeably.

Sperling said, "Everybody knows that there is always a dumbhead somewhere."

"My letters happened to be written to some of our friends, powerful Americans, depend upon it."

"I'll take it up immediately."

"Don't bother on my account," Cogswell said. "I'll be back in Shanghai



COLLIER'S "There goes a game loser" VIRGIL PARTCH

You still get GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR

in LHS CERTIFIED

Purex

50
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ANTIQUE FINISH #19

LHS learned early in its history to buy exceptional briar root whenever offered—even if the purchase meant long years of storage—because one never knew when another quality lot would come along. As we have never permitted any but selected Mediterranean briar to bear the proud name of LHS Certified, these provident purchases make it possible for you to enjoy this finest of briar root today.

Fifty years in a business is a long time—but it takes a long time to learn that pipe-making is a labor of love. For a pipe is more than just a smoke to a man. A pipe is his friend, his comfort, his solace, his pleasure. LHS is proud that pipe smokers everywhere know that LHS on a pipe is, and has been,

"FOR DECADES THE SIGN OF A PERFECT PIPE"

FOR THAT 'EXTRA SPECIAL' GIFT

LHS ULTRA-FINE: We can make only a few of these. The most select Mediterranean briar root, lined with genuine block meerschaum, fitted with finest vulcanite bits, ornamented and reinforced with 14K solid gold band, $10.

LHS STERNCREST: Specimen grain imported briar root. The stem is ornamented and reinforced with rhodium sterling silver band that does not tarnish, $5.

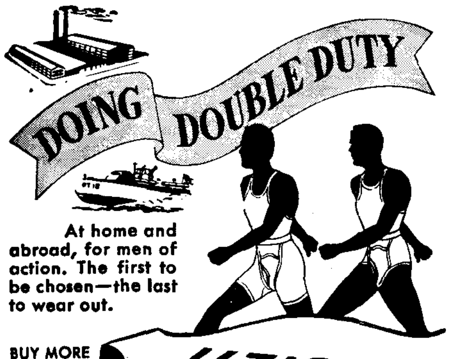
There are LHS models to suit every face and satisfy every taste. If your dealer has no stock left of the pipe of your choice, write for LHS Pipe Chart, sending us dealer's name and address.

L & H STERN, INC., 50 Pearl St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

DESIGNERS AND MAKERS OF BETTER PIPES FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS

Always a Pleasure!
COOK'S Imperial American Champagne
EXTRA DRY * BRUT * SPARKLING BURGUNDY
also: BURGUNDY RHINE SAUTERNES CLARET PORT SHERRY MUSCATEL TOKAY
AMERICAN WINE CO * ESTAB. 1859 * ST. LOUIS

The PEN of Greatest Utility
$1.00 INK-O-GRAPH $2.00
14 KT. SOLID GOLD POINT & INK FEED
Writes at any angle on any quality of paper with the ease and smoothness of a soft lead pencil.
Suits any hand or style of writing.
With an Inkograph you can do everything possible and many things impossible with any fountain pen.
At all leading dealers
Look for the name "INKOGRAPH" on the barrel—it identifies the genuine.
INKOGRAPH CO., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N. Y. C.



At home and abroad, for men of action. The first to be chosen—the last to wear out.
BUY MORE BONDS
UTICA BODYGARD KNIT UNDERWEAR
In the service of the nation for the third generation.
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. by UTICA KNITTING CO., Utica, N.Y.

in a few days, where my mail is not delayed. I wanted you to know, in your own interest, that it would be . . . dumbheaded for your agents to interfere with Japanese-approved communications."

Sperling nodded. "Thanks very much."

Both men turned to bow to Bunshiro Yagi, entering the room with Harold Makita behind him. Yagi was beginning to show his age abruptly, the way Cogswell had seen it happen with Japanese and Chinese. They looked ten, twenty years younger than their age and then overnight their bones seemed transparent beneath thin wrinkled skin. Yagi's neck had become a withered column above the opening of his handsome gray silk kimono. His cold, sharp eyes were hooded by old-man lids.

Makita was a head taller than Yagi; beside him, he looked less Japanese. His Western clothes, his smile, the handling of his body and his slangy English were more American than Cogswell's. As a Nisei, born in Los Angeles of Japanese settlers, Makita carefully retained his American passport. He also carried a Japanese passport and he worked for the Japanese Foreign Office in a variety of capacities that appeared innocent. Currently, he was listed as an interpreter.

He pumped Cogswell's hand and grinned and said, "How's it, pal?"

"Capital," Cogswell said without enthusiasm. He admired Makita but disliked his devotion to American idioms.

A MAID entered with a tray of cups and a pot of green leafy tea, kneeling before each man as she served him. While she was in the room, Yagi was careful to utter only inconsequential remarks. He spoke in English, for Sperling knew no Japanese, and Makita little German. Yagi's syntax, Cogswell noted, was still irreproachable, but his pronunciation had deteriorated since he had included even the use of the English language in his antipathy toward all matters British or American. He pronounced "r" as though it were "l"; he addressed the German as Mistel Spelling. Coswell half suspected that his broken accent was an affection; a defy.

In his youth, Yagi had been infatuated with the West. He had been almost passionate and almost absurd in his admiration for America. His subsequent revulsion was just as intense. All that remained of his early fevers was the foreign-style house which he could not raze. Building materials were not available now for civilian use. And even though Yagi could probably arrange special concessions for himself, he was shrewd enough to know that it would not look well for a man of his station to tear down a house and rebuild—while the Throne was demanding greater and greater sacrifices of the people. Anyway, there were a few Japanese-style rooms on the other side of the house; Yagi and his family dwelt in them.

Cogswell thought that, in Yagi's opinion, the frumpy Western rooms were suitable only for the entertainment of foreigners. He had a fancy that all Westerners, even men like Sperling and himself, even Makita to a degree—were on sufferance with Yagi. As the second son of a baron who had been an adviser to the emperor during the Russo-Japanese war in 1904 and 1905, Yagi had maintained his influence with the changing ruling groups: always the expansionists, the extremists, the Greater East Asiatics. He was now solidly allied with the military governors.

The servant vanished. Yagi looked at Cogswell.

"I saw the engineers just now," Cogswell said. "In my opinion, they learned nothing of consequence. In fact, nothing at all. I trust they showed less ignorance in installing machinery."

Yagi said, "They were competent." He turned to Makita. "Your information corresponded with Mr. Cogswell's."

Makita nodded.

Cogswell said, "In fact, I don't see why they shouldn't be released to go home."

Yagi looked at the smoke spiraling up from his cigarette. "What is their mood?"

"Fretful. They want to go home."

"Dissatisfied with Nippon?"

"Homesick," said Cogswell. "They couldn't understand why they were not allowed to enter the plant the first months they were here; why their work was so long delayed. Or why a shed was constructed, half a mile from the main plant, to which they were escorted —daily—to set up their machines."

Makita said, "Yeah. That burned them up. The AP man tried to get that story through. We caught it, though."

"I trust I clarified matters a little for them," said Cogswell. "I told them that Japan was covering up her lag in production.

"*Ah, sa,*" said Yagi.

"While this fancy is fresh in their minds, I fail to see any harm in permitting them to book passage on the next boat."

"Neither do I," said Yagi.

"The next boat," said Sperling. "There is always a next boat leaving, with Japanese on it, with potato-faced engineers on it, yet I remain behind when there is much work for me in the United States." He stared at Cogswell. "You have genuine influence with the American Embassy here, not so? What does it mean that you cannot arrange my visa to the United States?"

"I haven't tried," said Cogswell.

Sperling smiled, covering his lips with his long fingers. He had bad teeth. "Ah, yes, but you will, not so?"

"Really!" Cogswell stared at the German. "In China we would call that breaking a man's rice bowl."

"In the Third Reich—" Sperling began.

Cogswell interrupted him. "It would be fatal for me to try to use my influence to manipulate a visa for you. Not for you as an individual, Ernst. For you as a Nazi. I trust no one else is of the opinion that I should jeopardize my position in order to secure your visa."

"I believe Lothar Wohlfart is," said Sperling.

"Really? I saw Lothar in Shanghai scarcely a week ago. He had opportunities, every day, to mention it."

Makita said, "Cog would be a darned fool to try it."

"And if Lothar had suggested anything of this nature," Cogswell added, "I should have explained to him that it would be disastrous."

YAGI began to wave a black fluted fan. "There is a serious gap in our information from the Philippines," he said. "We are not even confident of the reliability of some of our own people there. Our own Nipponese."

Sperling said, "What does it mean that you do not recall such suspects and dispose of them here?"

Yagi sipped his tea. "We have," he answered.

It occurred to Cogswell that neither Yagi nor Sperling realized that their characters were very much alike.

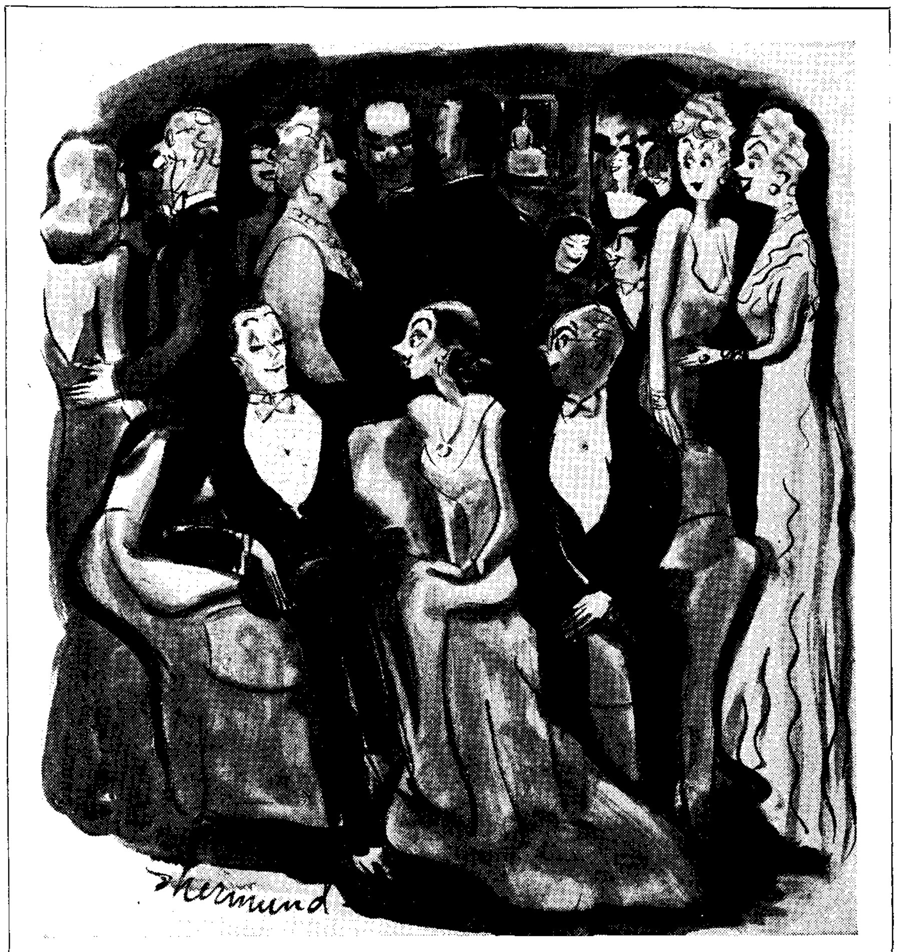
Makita said, "There's no percentage in just recalling men. They have to be replaced. That's the big job."

Yagi nodded approvingly. "Nipponese, even houseboys, are prohibited from Corregidor now. We are badly in want of detailed information about the habits of certain American officers, in Manila as well as at Cavite."

Cogswell smiled. "What would you think of my running over to Manila for a time?"

He was pleased at the reaction to his words. Even Sperling said, with some emotion, "If you do, there are a number of men . . . we must surely have a long conversation before you go."

"There is an attaché at our embassy who is soon to leave for Washington," Cogswell said. "He told me only this evening how glad he would be to have



"He's just back from cementing friendships somewhere or something"

COLLIER'S BARBARA SHERMUND

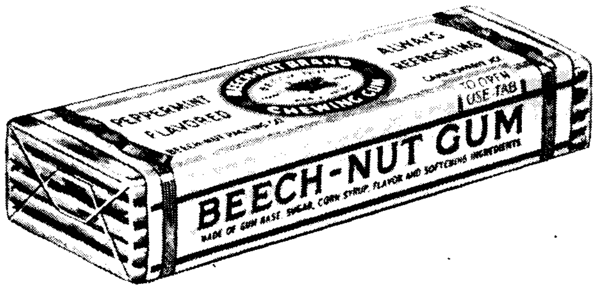
I am with that weary farmer
As he pauses for a moment
And gazes across the ripened fields
That he alone must harvest
I help refresh him.

I am in the noisy office,
With that pretty girl
Who, 'though tense and tired
Has "just ten more letters to type"
I help rest and refresh her.

I am on the Village Green
With that laughing youth
Who has just made
His third home-run
I add a little more pleasure
To his happiness.

In your cities, your villages, your farms
You'll find me
In your homes, offices, factories, schools . . .
I'm just around the corner from you
Waiting to rest, refresh
And offer you pleasure
Of a fine, distinctive flavor.
I'm the famous yellow package
With the red oval.

He raises the food for victory.

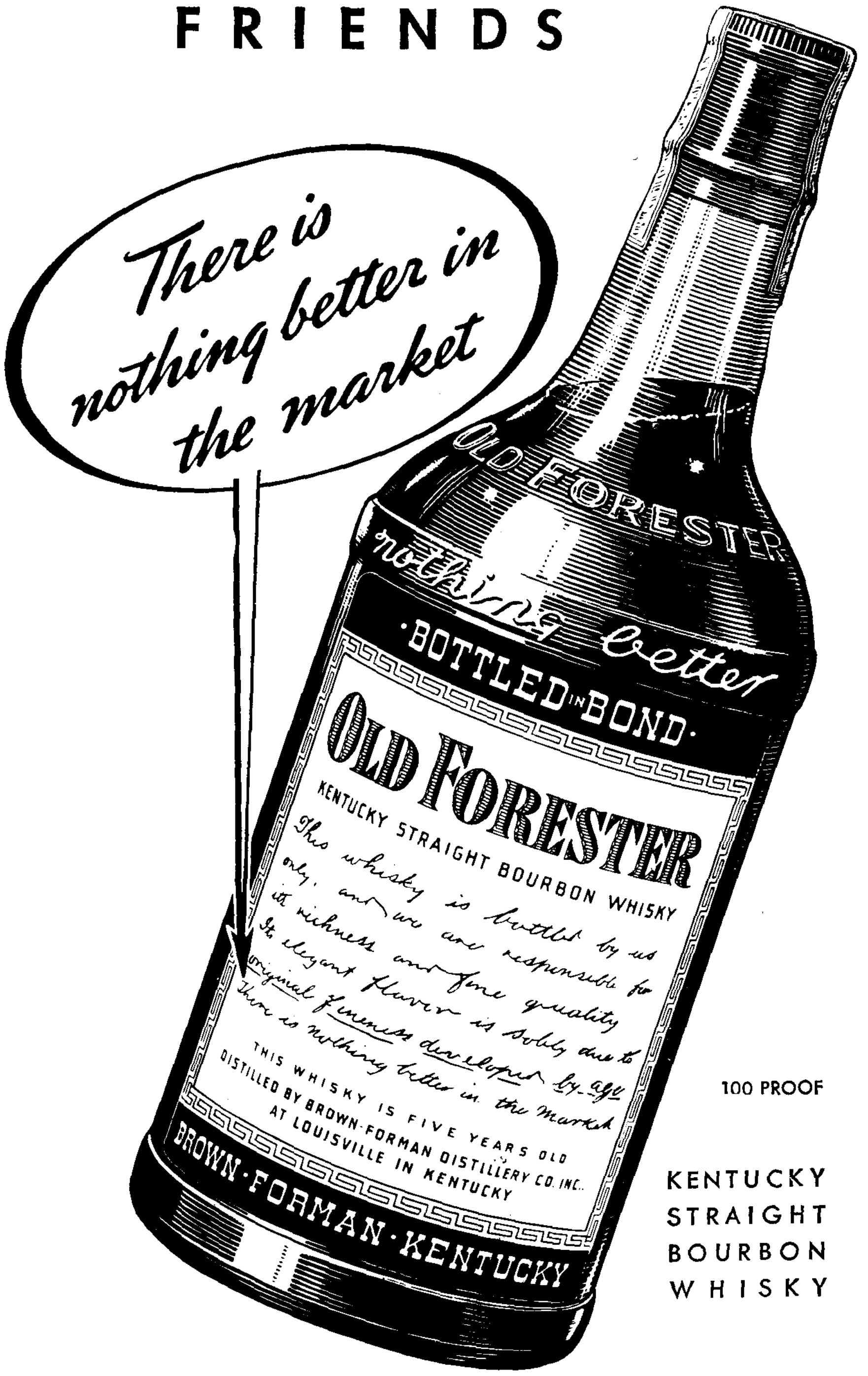


She's working harder these days.

A strong America must keep fit.

HALF THE METAL IN EVERY SHIP, TANK AND GUN IS SCRAP. THROW *YOUR* SCRAP INTO THE FIGHT

FINEST
TRIBUTE
TO GOOD
FRIENDS


There is nothing better in the market
OLD FORESTER
nothing better
·BOTTLED IN BOND·
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age. There is nothing better in the market
THIS WHISKY IS FIVE YEARS OLD
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN·KENTUCKY

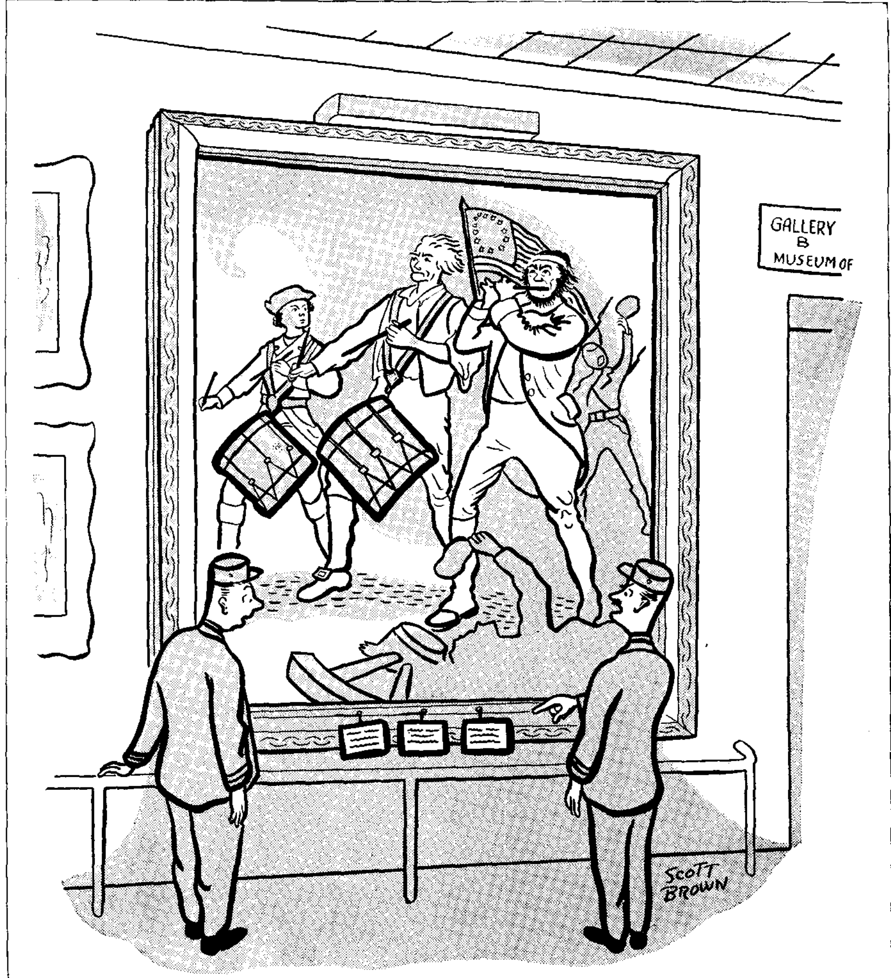
100 PROOF

KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKY

Famous
OLD FORESTER

America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC. • At LOUISVILLE In KENTUCKY


GALLERY
B
MUSEUM OF
SCOTT BROWN

COLLIER'S

"Membership cards. We want to avoid any trouble with the Musicians' Union!"

SCOTT BROWN

my company to Manila on the Asama."

"Atta boy," said Makita, and began to make notes on a small card.

Cogswell enjoyed flashing surprises. Now he remained silent, letting the others discuss his mission while he withdrew a reserve linen handkerchief from the back pocket of his superbly tailored white trousers. The hot tea was making him sweat.

By the time Cogswell was free to leave Yagi's, most of the lights in the Imperial's lobby were thriftily extinguished. In the watery illumination that remained, it was difficult to see a woman's face and usually disappointing when you did. The German women, who predominated, scorned make-up for their thick features and rubbery skins; and no artifice could have disguised their heavy legs and clumping feet. Among them, Betty Gaspard, entering with Nick, looked like the little girl in a Grimm's Fairy Tales illustration: the slight unblemished child in the presence of trolls.

THE gossamer girl was deceiving, Nick had learned. Walking down the darkened Ginza, no longer Tokyo's glittering Broadway, Betty had revealed a knowledge of Japanese diplomacy that matched his own. In the paper-screened private dining room at the Tsuruya, she ate a robust meal and handled her chopsticks more expertly than Nick. At the Takarazuka Operetta, where they caught one act, When Spring Orchid Blooms, Betty had nearly exploded, hearing bald Japanese imperialist lyrics set to Yes, My Darling Daughter.

They had talked. They were still talking, sitting now at a table in the lobby, heated and weary and still not ready to part from each other.

Nick said, "The trouble with you is you don't appreciate your own good luck. When I think of you at your age, having been all the places you've been and seen all you've seen, it makes me madder than ever. At myself, I mean. Here you are, twenty-two."

"Twenty-three, too soon."

"Sure. At your age, they usually want to be older. When you're mine, you won't. So I'm thirty already and if I know one I know four dozen men, twenty-seven, twenty-four—I even know one who's only twenty-one who's been all over the lot. They've seen everything."

"The trouble with you is," said Betty, "you don't appreciate your own luck. Why, man, all my life I've wished for some kind of substance, something like home in my life. I know what it's like. The two years I told you about, when I was with my aunt in Baltimore and then at school, before I came back to Shanghai and my mother died. Listen. I experienced it then."

"You're really minus some buttons," said Nick. "You have all the comforts of home out here and none of the stuffiness."

"And none of the I don't know what," said Betty. "We have mechanical refrigerators in Shanghai, and automobiles and country clubs and gossip and you don't have to lift a finger. Some woman's always shrieking 'Amah, amah, bring me my handkerchief. Bring me glassee water.' Look. That's part of what's wrong. I was six when we moved to Saïgon from Paris, I was nine when we moved to Shanghai and in all those years of amahs serving you and coolies pulling you and the British and the French and the Americans saving your white prestige—" she pulled out a damp embroidered handkerchief and fanned herself—"it's been wrong. We don't belong out here and if they accept us, because they're too weak to do anything else, the East itself rejects us."

Nick said, "Well, I don't know, maybe you've had your fill of it. I haven't, that's all I know." He suddenly laughed. "I still can't see you with your hair done up in curlers sitting on the front steps while the brats run their scooters over the petunia bed."

"Why, that isn't what I mean. I mean . . . you know what I mean. I've told you enough—" she halted and looked almost startled. "Isn't it curious how freely strangers talk to each other, if they're both Westerners, or whatever it is?"

"I guess it is," said Nick. "At any rate it always seems to happen that way. Of course, I've seen some of the worst matches you can imagine just come out of, say, an American girl meeting an American fellow in Hawaii or here in Japan."

Betty said, "You see? It proves what I was just saying. We feel insecure, we know we should only be visitors in the East, so we strike up abnormally close friendships—"

"Abnormally close," said Nick. "For my money, the ones I'm thinking of were just abnormal. One of my best friends married—*married*—the last girl in the world for him. Why? Because the two of them were in Kyoto the same week. Minute they got back to California, they stopped speaking to each other."

"Best friends never like their best friends' wives," Betty said preachily. "I don't see anything to that story. They could have married in California and stopped speaking in Kyoto and it would have pleased you just as much."

"I wasn't pleased," Nick said in a wounded voice. Suddenly he leaned forward, seeing Cogswell ascend the steps toward their level of the lobby. "Notice that distinguished-looking man with white hair?" Nick said.

Betty said, "Oh, that's Gregory Ward Cogswell. What's he up to in Tokyo?"

"He's just bearing me in mind," said Nick.

Cogswell came toward them, walking too much like a zoo panther for Nick's taste.

"I didn't know you were over," Cogswell said to Betty. "We haven't seen each other for far too long a time."

Betty was civil, but, Nick thought, a little distant.

"You know Shanghai?" Cogswell said, to include Nick in the talk.

"I plan to."

"You must. It's very different from this place." Cogswell looked around him sadly. "And this is very different from what it once was. Misfortune to have shot their bolt in China. As for me, *maskee*, as we say in Shanghai. It doesn't matter."

"That reminds me," Nick said. "I forgot to tell you when I saw you at the club—I did a little broadcasting in Honolulu. For the Star-Bulletin." He felt like an ass the minute he said it.

Cogswell replied with interest, "I'm glad you told me. I haven't forgotten."

BUT Cogswell had forgotten. He was pleased, making his way to his room, to have his memory refreshed. This might provide the solution for the only problem that remained, a relatively minor one, of hiring some one to protect UBC in Shanghai while he was in Manila. Griggs is a possibility, he told himself, and put through a call to Makita. They arranged to meet in the morning to exchange views on Griggs; they did not name the rendezvous over the telephone.

But at ten-thirty, the following day, they greeted each other in a room on the fourth floor of Metropolitan police headquarters. The head of the foreigners' section, a middle-aged Japanese in a shiny black suit, sat at the ink-splashed table with them. He picked his teeth, while Cogswell read the first page on Griggs, Nicholas, American journalist.

"I doubt if I need to wade through all this," Cogswell said in Japanese. He removed his reading glasses. It strained your eyes to decipher Japanese ideographs. Cogswell did not propose to weaken his vision so that he would be forced to wear spectacles on the street.

The police official was pleased to take charge. He rustled the papers. "His father, Arthur Griggs, still runs a hardware store in Terre Haute, Ind.," he said in a monotonous voice. "Votes Democrat. His brother, Arthur, Junior, works in the Terre Haute First National Bank. Griggs writes to him, to his parents and infrequent notes to men he seems to have worked with on newspapers elsewhere."

"Any politics in his letters?" Cogswell asked.

"No, he never mentions the China Incident or even the Russian situation."

"Quite sure?"

"Positive, or we should have the records," said the official. He held up a page; the lights were dim in the meager room. "He was born a Methodist-Episcopalian. Only the mother attends church. For nearly six months, from the time he graduated from Purdue in 1932 to the time he was hired as police reporter for the Indianapolis News, nothing. There is a gap in our files."

"That doesn't matter," said Cogswell. "We know about the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the Star-Bulletin in Honolulu, and then here. We know all that."

THE official flipped a page. "He does not save money. He pays his chits, but is too openhanded."

Makita said: "You've checked all his mail and his files."

"We sincerely have never found anything incriminating; not in his letters, in his office or in his hotel room," said the official, sadly.

Cogswell rose. "Thanks very much, sir. I'm much obliged."

The official said: "Last evening he spent with Alfred Carpenter and a Miss Betty Gaspard, from Shanghai."

Cogswell frowned. "Oh, I thought you said he knew no one in Shanghai. Of course, I remember, I saw him with Miss Gaspard. They didn't seem to be discussing war and peace."

"Miss Gaspard and Mr. Griggs just met last evening," the official said. "Mr. Carpenter introduced them. They quarreled fiercely."

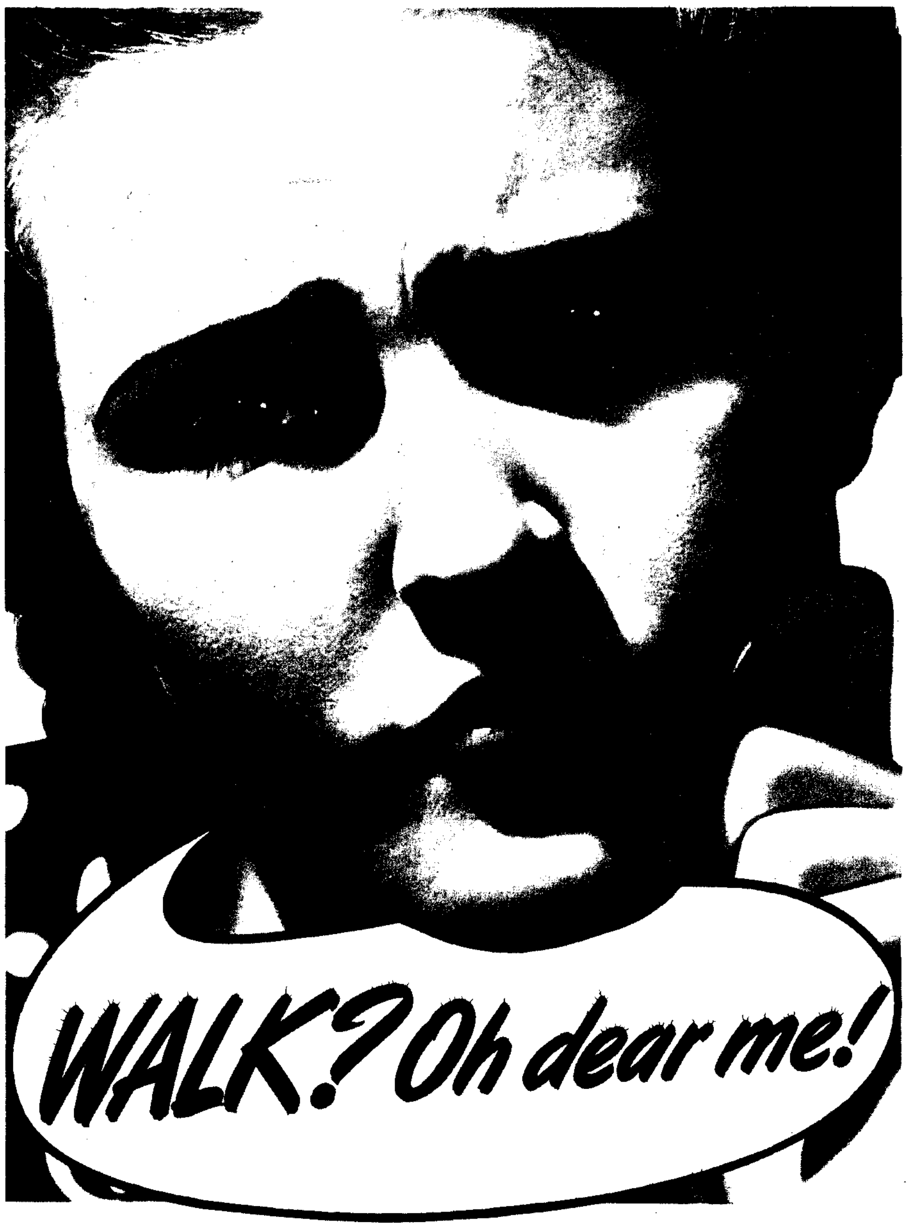
"*Ah, sa,*" said Cogswell, smiling. He bowed to the official, stood back to let Makita precede him, changed his mind and walked out first. He was still smiling. He looked at the watch strapped on his lean, yellowish wrist. There was ample time to hire Griggs before he himself caught the plane for Shanghai.

(To be continued next week)

The Carriage Trade

TO TAKE a baby to the Park
Requires a full-blown Noah's ark . . .
I have to cart along a bottle
Of orange juice with which to throttle
His angry cries at half past ten.
And when I put him down again
To drool in his perambulator,
He judges me a second-rater
On whom to shower shrill abuse
If I do not at once produce
His rubber spoon and teething ring.
What's more, I always have to bring
A blanket, lest an autumn breeze
Encourage a potential sneeze.
Spare pants I do not dare forget
To dry Young Faithful, when he's wet.
And cleansing tissues I must lug
To dust his sooty, city mug.
My camera, too, must make the trip,
Nor would it be discreet to skip
The sunburn oil with which to tan
My little tadpole of a man.
Indeed I take so many chattels
From food to freshly laundered rattles,
Plus purse, and magazines, and books,
There's barely room enough for Snooks.

MARGARET FISHBACK


WALK? Oh dear me!

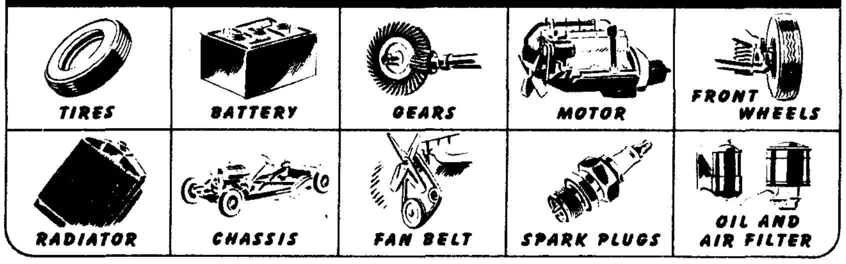
CHEER UP, Lady. While it's true you'll probably have to walk when your present car gives out, there's a way to help put off that day.

Simply put your car in the hands of a Sinclair Dealer for regular servicing. Sinclair Dealers have developed a special Sinclair-ize service that makes cars last longer.

Every day Sinclair lubricants are saving wear on vital transportation equipment used by American railroads, airlines, and in many cases on equipment used by the U. S. Army.

Profit by their experience — rely on Sinclair lubricants — and have a Sinclair Dealer Sinclair-ize your car now.

WHERE SINCLAIR-IZE SERVICE SAVES WEAR



SAVE WEAR WITH SINCLAIR

CARE FOR YOUR CAR — FOR YOUR COUNTRY

BRITISH COMBINE

General Montgomery explains British tactics on a map to Wendell Willkie, at headquarters on the Libyan battlefront

WILLKIE AT THE FRONT

By Frank Gervasi

CABLED FROM CAIRO

The turning point of the war, as announced by our roving observer, runs into censor trouble one hot afternoon

WENDELL WILLKIE'S recent visit to the Middle East was the second of two memorable events during the last days of August and early September. The first, of course, was the defeat of Rommel's Afrika Korps.

This, among other things, caused stocks to rise on the Cairo Bourse. Some of the lovelies who had evacuated Alexandria returned to that city's beaches, pubs and parties.

The victory over Rommel removed an immediate threat to Egypt and at least put our side in a position to resume the initiative—as they say in treatises on war. The enemy lost a considerable quantity of men and weapons. The myth of Rommel's invincibility was destroyed in a brief hot battle which was over almost before anybody knew it had begun. It was as brief as it was hot and almost as destructive to the German war machine as a short circuit in a generator.

There's no tendency here, however, for the British to overestimate the damage done to the Afrika Korps or to underestimate Rommel's ability to recuperate.

The two events—the victorious battle and Willkie's arrival—coincided so closely that they became confused. The newspaper boys hardly had time to cover the first event before it telescoped into the second, and they were very busy with the second. The blitzvisit was crammed with statements, interviews, receptions, cocktail parties, appearances before still and movie cameras, radio talks, calls on diplomats and kings, conferences with politicians, soldiers and more diplomats.

Short as it was, the correspondents worked harder and longer during Willkie's visit than at any time while away from the fighting front. But he provided them with more fun than they'd had since coming to cover this singularly humorless war. The correspondents had become a bit jaded from pulling Old School Ties, deploring the hectic night life of Cairo and covering retreats. Willkie shook up their livers.

He sassed the censors, made formal diplomatic calls in a lounge suit instead of the sacred striped pants and tail coat of tradition. He managed to impart to nearly everything he did an atmosphere of clambake. Censorship, motivated by the sheer necessity for keeping Berlin in the dark as to Willkie's views about political and military affairs in the Middle East, prevented details of his visit from becoming known. This article is an attempt to supply some of those missing details.

In any other setting, the breezy politician might have seemed a heroic figure, remarkable for his frankness and sincerity. He might have wowed them at some multicourse dinner of superpatriots back home. In the Middle East however, with its traditions of reticence, its compunctions of secrecy in political and military matters, Willkie's act didn't quite come off. He was usually out of character and seemed, most of the time, a huge and handsome bull in a storeful of porcelain images. Every time he moved, you wanted to warn him that he might break something.

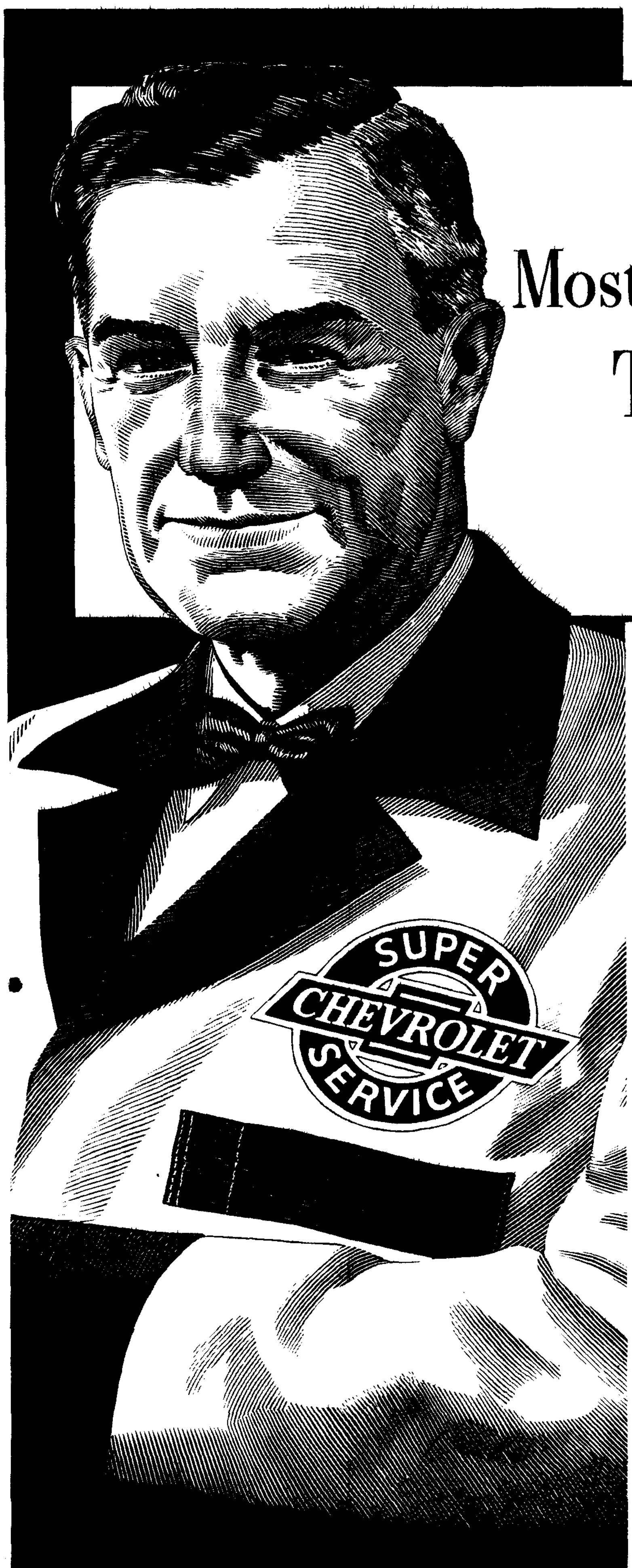
He did some good but he also broke a few images. The damage occurred despite the presence in his cruise crew of Joseph Barnes, soft-spoken former newspaperman who now is an official of the Office of War Information. Joe was the conscience of the party, a small voice which kept saying: "Be careful, Wendell! Somebody might be trying to sell you a bill of goods. Watch what you say and remember this is a British battlefield and they are the bosses here."

He didn't prevent Willkie, however, from calling on His Majesty King Farouk of Egypt in an ordinary suit, or from having himself photographed in a sloppy bush shirt, baggy pants and an outsize sun helmet, with German prisoners who stood rigidly at attention and regarded him with considerable coolness. Goebbels couldn't have faked a better picture for his kind of propaganda.

Also in Willkie's party was Gardner Cowles, publisher of a picture magazine which privately sponsored Willkie's last good-will-mission dash to England.

Meet One of America's Most Important Victory Workers

THE AUTOMOTIVE MECHANIC



America's automotive service men are playing an important part in the nation's war effort. It is their job to "save the wheels that serve America."

It is his job to "save the wheels that serve America," and you'll understand how vitally important his skill is to all of us when you consider the following facts*:

- Automobiles and trucks form *the sole practicable means of transportation* for war workers and war materials in many communities throughout America.
- In some sections, 78% to 100% of the workers drive by automobile to vital war plants.
- 2,314 U. S. cities, with a combined population of 12,524,000, depend on private cars for transportation; and 54,000 U. S. communities depend entirely on motor vehicles.
- Six out of every ten farms use one car or more; and 67% of all farm car mileage is necessity driving.
- 65.2% of all war plants reporting in Michigan (a typical war production state) depend on trucks to haul their incoming freight, while 69% use trucks to haul outgoing freight.
- Trucks haul nearly 100% of the milk supply of most large cities—and 58% of all livestock marketed in the U. S.
- 95% of all fruits and vegetables hauled less than 300 miles are carried by trucks.
- Trucks are the sole transportation system serving the 54,000 communities in the U. S. not reached by railroads.

The automotive mechanic—*the trained Chevrolet Victory Service Man*—is the lifeguard of America's millions of cars and trucks. Help him to help you and America by getting a skilled service check-up at regular intervals.

**All statements based on reports compiled by the Michigan State Highway Dept. and the Statistical Dept. of A. M. A.*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

SEE YOUR LOCAL CHEVROLET DEALER TODAY

HEADQUARTERS FOR VICTORY SERVICE ON ALL MAKES OF CARS AND TRUCKS

MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER

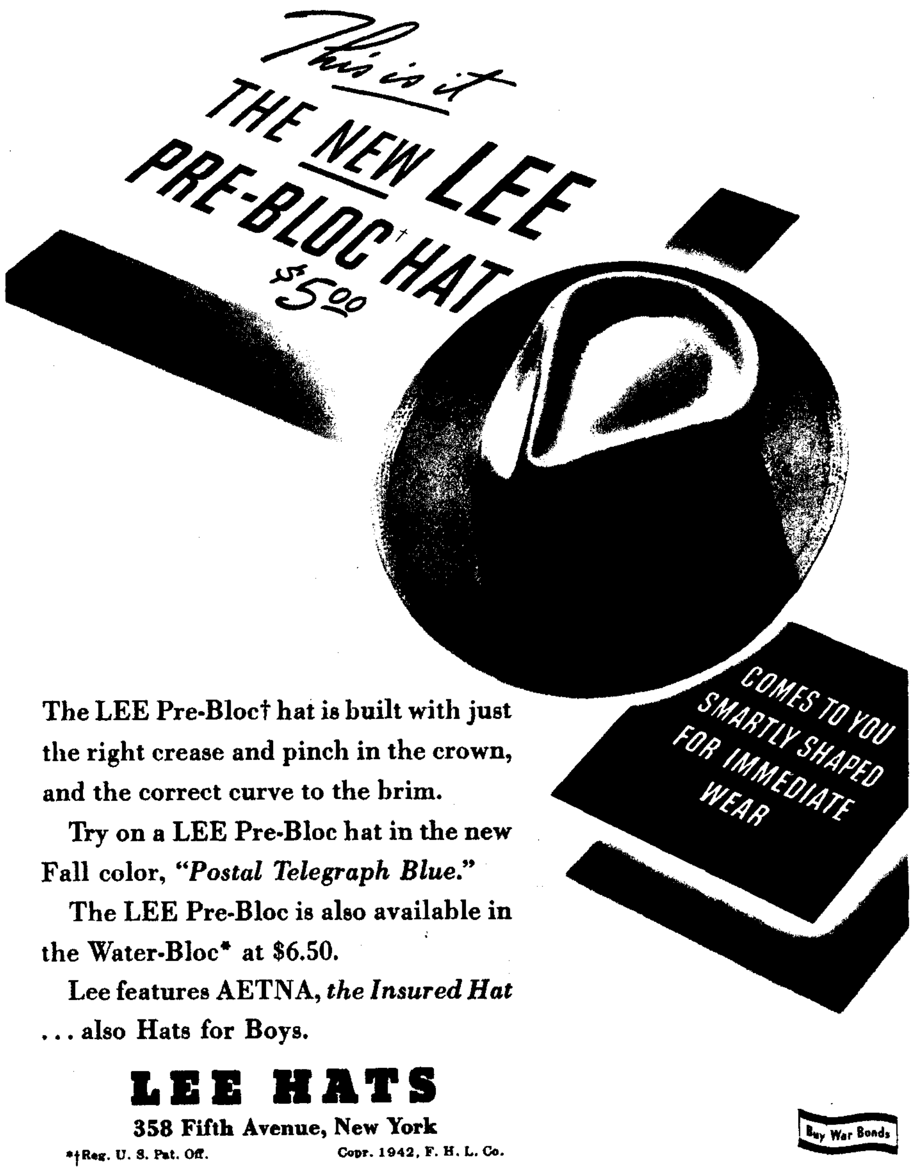
Take the time to discover the merits of this excellent beer

FOR GOOD TASTE Blatz

Blatz Pilsener BEER

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • IN OUR NINETY-FIRST YEAR

SPECIAL PILSENER BREW
Blatz Pilsener BEER


This is it THE NEW LEE PRE-BLOC† HAT $5.00

COMES TO YOU SMARTLY SHAPED FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR

The LEE Pre-Bloc† hat is built with just the right crease and pinch in the crown, and the correct curve to the brim.

Try on a LEE Pre-Bloc hat in the new Fall color, *"Postal Telegraph Blue."*

The LEE Pre-Bloc is also available in the Water-Bloc* at $6.50.

Lee features AETNA, *the Insured Hat* ... also Hats for Boys.

LEE HATS

358 Fifth Avenue, New York

*†Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copr. 1942, F. H. L. Co.

Buy War Bonds

Cowles' presence in Willkie's entourage gave rise to rumors that Wendell's trip to the Middle East was much less that of an emissary from President Roosevelt than of a politician making hay for a future election campaign.

Willkie's first plunge into Middle East affairs happened in the marbled hall of the impressive headquarters of the United States forces in North Africa, formerly the home of a wealthy Egyptian family. The active and passive press, uniformed and ununiformed, male and female, American and foreign, were there about seventy strong. Even the Times of London came; so did British and American censors.

Willkie, in a summer-weight single-breasted suit, his pants belt tight around his middle, his hair rumpled, and looking very much a man of the people in his white shirt and unremarkable necktie, sat on a chair before a table set on the first landing of a staircase that swept upward behind him. There was a shaft of light on his face from an open door. He reassured us that the Yankees were doing well, but he expressed concern about the Brooklyn Dodgers' chances.

Winning with Willkie

Then he turned prophet. He announced that, in his opinion, Hitler was 'way out on a limb and that the tide had turned against the enemy. Pressed for an explanation, Willkie hedged. He admitted that, while the tide had turned, that tide still would take a long time to engulf the enemy. At the moment, the Germans were pounding at Stalingrad, the Japs were making things hot for us in New Guinea and the Solomons, and while we all knew we'd lick Hitler and Hirohito, the victory of which he talked so brightly seemed to us still far away.

It wasn't so much what Willkie said as the manner in which he said it. We got the impression that the war was practically over; that Hitler was licked. Willkie generated an atmosphere of optimism that continued to brighten life in Cairo long after he left. But while there was reason for encouragement due to Rommel's defeat, there still was danger to Egypt and the Middle East.

Later, at another press conference, Willkie, piling words on words, reached even greater heights of optimism. Someone asked him whether the folks at home realized the importance to the United Nations of holding the Middle East and, in a later phase of the war, of using it as a springboard for an attack against Europe and the Balkans. Here, Willkie struck a blow for democracy. He said he didn't believe Americans *did* realize it.

He explained that his mission was partly to bring the Middle East to the attention of the American people, and everybody cheered. A press veteran of many battles with censorship in Eastern and Central Europe then inquired whether Willkie believed Americans were sufficiently well informed about the situation.

"No," said Willkie. "Frankly, I don't think so. I believe the censors ought to permit more news to get out."

After that, Willkie went to the desert in a United States Army catch-as-catch-can uniform. He didn't make a very good-looking soldier, but nobody would have minded that, had he stuck to his strictly amateur role. He became an authority on the higher strategy after a few hours' visit to the battlefront where a few bombs fell near enough for him to see the columns of dust they raised and to hear them burst.

Reporters at the front met him in a large assembly tent which General Montgomery uses for staff conferences. It was hot, close and quiet.

The first question was: "Well, Mr. Willkie, how do you like our desert?"

As though the question had released a secret spring, Willkie dived into this speech: "The battle which has just been won is perhaps one of the most decisive in history. It is comparable to the Battle of the Nile when Nelson destroyed the French fleet. Egypt is saved. The threat to the Nile Valley has been removed!"

Correspondents, conditioned to understatements by vigilant censorship, gaped at Willkie. They hadn't known there'd been a battle going on at all. They knew the enemy had attacked on August 30th, but this was September 5th. Here then was news—hot, perishable stuff. They rushed it through typewriters; dispatch riders took it to press headquarters—but all in vain. Willkie had overstated the importance of the battle. Egypt had been saved, but the salvation process had begun long before this new battle started, and still the threat to Egypt remained and wouldn't be removed until Rommel's armies either were destroyed or chased out of Egypt and Libya.

A Slight Overstatement

Willkie had the censors on a spot. They were obliged to choose between pruning his utterance down to reasonable terms (thereby risking offending him) or allowing Berlin to get valuable propaganda material, because Berlin knew as well as the British that what had happened in the desert wasn't exactly comparable to Nelson's victory.

If the British censors had allowed Willkie's statement to go out, Berlin could have assumed that the statement came directly from British officers who had conducted him to the front. And Goebbels would have had a great chuckle.

The rest of the press conference went like this: A correspondent asked, "Were you bombed, Mr. Willkie?"

"Well, yes, yes, I was bombed."

"Was it high-level bombing, Mr. Willkie?"

"Yes, but you've got to expect that sort of thing."

Men who'd been strafed, bombed, dive-bombed, shelled and machine-gunned smiled to themselves.

Willkie returned to his original theme—the importance of the British victory over the Afrika Korps.

So many civilian defense organizations have requested additional copies of The Truth About Poison Gas, published in Collier's September 26th issue, that we are now offering reprints at the following cost prices, which include shipping and handling: $2.50 a hundred; single copies 5¢. Address Collier's Reprint Dept., Springfield, Ohio, stating the quantity wanted

"The past two days constitute the turning point of the war," he said. "I can't stress too strongly that it's due to the brilliant tactical generalship of General Montgomery. I want you fellows who write for the papers back home to stress particularly that General Montgomery is a fighting Irishman from South Ireland."

Montgomery is actually an Ulsterman.

With that, Willkie grabbed his sola topee, slammed it on his head with the chinstrap under the crown, so that it fitted none too well. The reporters wrote what Willkie had said, with prayers that General Montgomery, a tall, lathy, modest man of few words, wouldn't mind. One of the nuances of that conference, too, was Willkie's description of how victory was won in the desert. He was talking at one point of the fact that it was "a United Nations victory." He said it had been won by Australians, Indians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Americans—"and, of course, Englishmen." He added Englishmen as an afterthought, it seemed.

This seemed tactless in view of the fact that seventy-five per cent of the men who did the job on the Afrika Korps were Englishmen.

Willkie's next major public appearance was back in Cairo at a cocktail party in the South African Club, arranged by a Free Frenchman named André Glarner and a Chicago newspaperman, Alec Small. Willkie's henchman, Cowles, went about asking correspondents whether the reporters out on the desert had sent in stories about Willkie's pronouncements there. He demonstrated considerable anxiety about the kind and amount of publicity that Willkie was getting.

British press relations officers were at the party. One correspondent told Willkie that his overzealous words on the desert had been severely censored by the British. Angry, Willkie set his chin, leaned forward into a group of newspapermen and said, in the hearing of the British officers, "God damn it, boys, nobody's got the right to censor anything I say! I'm a responsible person. Nobody's got any right to censor me—and I mean nobody!"

Then, raising his voice slightly and addressing himself to a monocled lieutenant colonel, Willkie went on, "You can tell that to anybody, and I mean anybody you like—I mean it."

A correspondent saved the situation slightly by saying that was the way he felt about anything *he* said, too, whereupon everyone laughed nervously. Willkie posed for several photographs, shook hands with people and left.

Cool Reception in Turkey

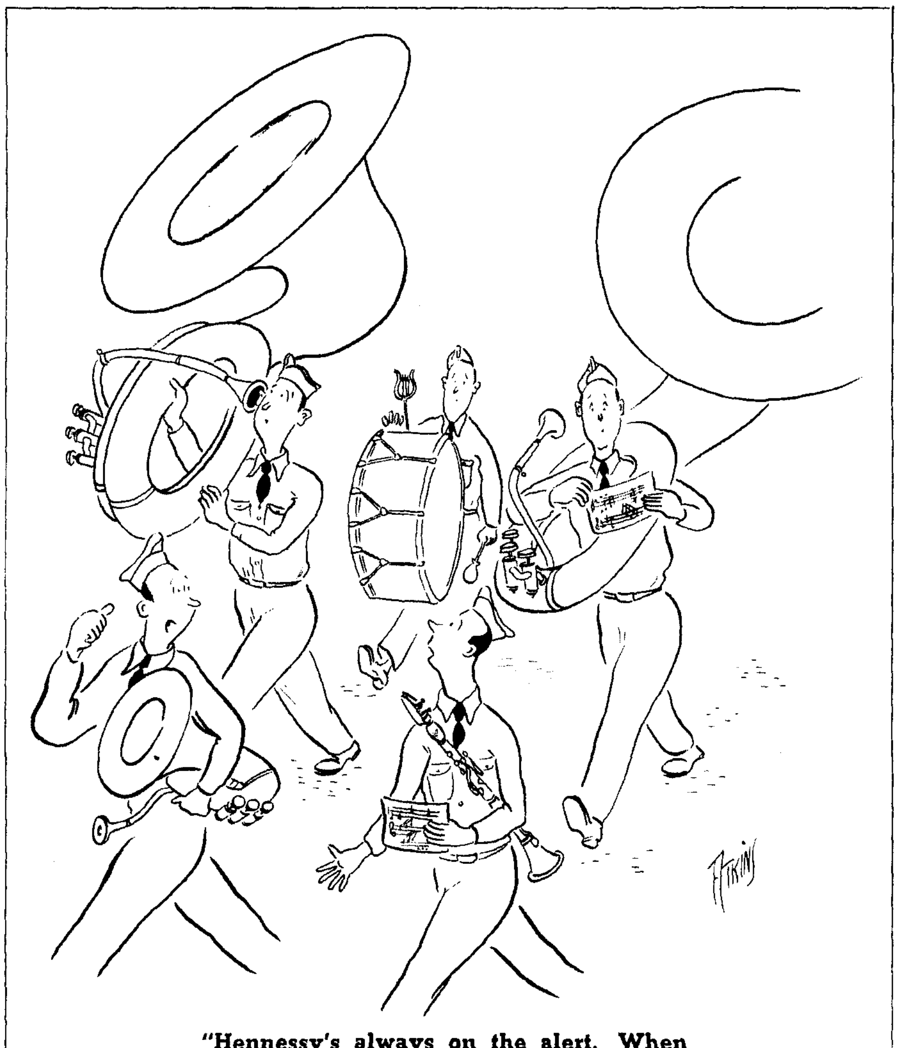
In Ankara, where they are sticklers for diplomatic protocol, President Inonu of Turkey was conveniently away when Willkie arrived there. There's an unbreakable rule in Turkey that all official receptions must be held in Ankara. Inonu's absence obviated meeting Willkie, although we were given to understand in Cairo that Wendell carried a personal message to Inonu from Roosevelt, as he did for King Farouk, Chiang Kai-shek and other heads of states.

The Iranians don't like their loyalty to Great Britain questioned. Whoever briefed Willkie for this flight into international affairs, however, neglected to tell him about that. When he reached Bagdad he committed one of the major blunders of his journey. He saw General Nuri.

Said Willkie after his interview: "I had a long and deep discussion with Premier-General Nuri. There's no doubt we've got a friend there—his heart's right in it."

The implication read into this was that, abroad, there had been some doubt concerning Nuri's loyalty.

THE END



"Hennessy's always on the alert. When he isn't playing, he's listening for planes"

COLLIER'S ELMER ATKINS

"Here's what you're looking for..."

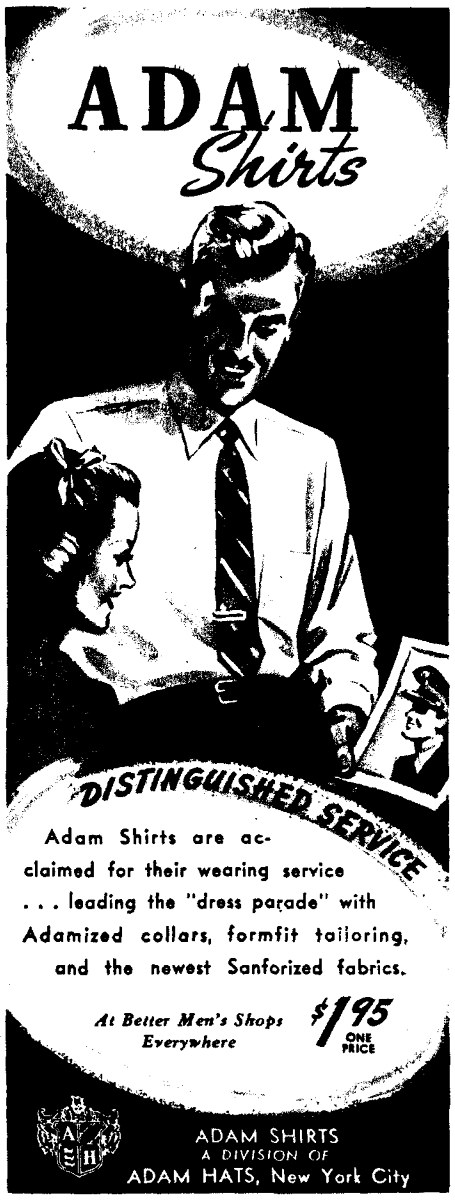
...LETTERS! And don't forget—others are looking for letters from you, just as you are looking for letters from them. So write—often.

In America's war efforts the fountain pen has become almost indispensable. With it letters are written that maintain the morale of our fighting men ... of the workers in the great new war industries ... and of the folks at home. With it plans are shaped to speed up war production. And with it, students are being trained for the responsibilities of tomorrow. To meet these vital needs, Waterman's has gone "all out" in providing *good* pens, while conserving the nation's vital materials. L. E. WATERMAN CO., 55 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Waterman's Commando is the new super-pen specially designed for today's speeded-up tasks. Rugged, dependable, practical, it's ideal for service man or civilian. Priced at **$5**—others $2.95, $3.50, $8.75, and up.

Waterman's Ideal INK BLUE BLACK
Waterman's Ideal

Waterman's Ink, the world favorite for 50 years. High quality, popular colors—and great volume, making possible the low price of only **10¢.**



ADAM Shirts

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

Adam Shirts are acclaimed for their wearing service . . . leading the "dress parade" with Adamized collars, formfit tailoring, and the newest Sanforized fabrics.

At Better Men's Shops Everywhere $1.95 ONE PRICE

ADAM SHIRTS
A DIVISION OF
ADAM HATS, New York City

HAIRCUT MAKE YOU ITCHY?

Tell Your Barber to Use SANEK* NECK STRIPS

Sign of the Clean Shop

SANEK* stops hair clippings from dropping down neck—protects skin from possible germ infection.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
(ESTABLISHED 1872) NEENAH, WISCONSIN

INVEST IN BONDS AND STAMPS

SAVE SHOES REPAIR 'EM + WEAR 'EM

Men in the Service need new shoes So keep your shoes in Service

O'Sullivan's HEELS and SOLES
Now made from non-vital materials "Tough and Springy"

New Bodies for Old

Continued from page 20

of his mouth so that he wore a perpetual hideous leer. Kilner's knife worked busily for fifteen minutes, his needles for another ten, and the man would be normal.

I walked through the wards of Queen Mary's (Roehampton) Hospital with Kilner, looking at postoperative cases. All were the result of either bombing or shrapnel or burns. Every type of skin graft was here; every type of war wound. In one women's ward, there were eight women in bed.

"They all look cheerful enough," I suggested to the nurse.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "considering the fact that there are only five legs among those eight women—all blitz victims.

"It's Helen's eighteenth birthday," the nurse said to Kilner. "Would you care to see her?"

"Yes," Kilner said. "How is she?"

"Had a couple of bad days. Now and then she gets discouraged. Then too, sometimes she remembers that night."

"Helen is our pet here," Kilner said. "She's eighteen today."

We found Helen enjoying the sun. She sat in a wheel chair and she wore a blue negligee of which she was shyly proud—a birthday present. I wondered if there was anything seriously wrong with her.

"Let's see how we're coming along," Kilner said gaily, and gently removed the loose new blue negligee from her left shoulder.

A Miracle of Skin Grafting

It was difficult not to cry out. Her left arm ended at the wrist, and, grafted to the lower arm, stretching to her abdomen, was a heavy tube of skin.

"Helen didn't need that skin on her tummy," Kilner said, laughing into the child's eyes. "So we attached it to her wrist and now it's healed nicely, and soon we're going to attach it to her leg because she needs some nice new skin there." He replaced the negligee around her shoulder and asked, "How is your other arm?"

"All right," Helen said, looking down at her right hand with interest, and then I saw that it was artificial. "I can work the thumb nicely. I can hold a fork or a cup easily."

"Soon we'll have another hand for you, and you'll be able to do anything you want," Kilner said.

"A bomb," he explained shortly, after we left Helen. "She lived in a town on the west coast. Lost both arms, and her leg was burned badly. I have to do that graft to save the leg."

What Kilner was doing to rebuild the pathetically broken body of the girl was to use what the surgeons call a Tubed Pedicle Flap. Once the wrist stump had healed, he cut a long strip of skin from her abdomen, sewed it in the form of a tube and attached it to her forearm. That had grafted perfectly. It formed a living ten-inch bridge between her abdomen and her arm. This took only a couple of weeks.

Soon he would cut the skin flap off at the abdomen and then graft that end of it to the damaged knee, because the burns she had suffered on the leg had killed the skin, and the blood vessels below the surface of the foot itself were receiving no life-giving blood. In time, infection would certainly set in. In short, the foot and lower leg would die and amputation would be the only remedy.

Once the skin flap had been grafted successfully to the knee (a matter of a few weeks), then the flap could be cut from the lower arm and spread over the lower leg. Once successfully grafted, life would return to the dying leg. To the layman, this seems a long-drawn-out process. It is, but barring unexpected complications, such a series of operations is usually successful.

Thousands of pilots whose faces and hands were burned to ugly, dead scar tissue have been returned to almost normal by the skill at skin grafting shown by the plastic surgeons of Britain. There was a time when plastic surgery was the bedraggled Cinderella of medical science. The public thought of a plastic surgeon as a sort of quack who spent his time lifting wrinkles from the parchment skin of aging dowagers or removing incriminating scars from the faces of public enemies.

Actually a plastic surgeon of the type of Kilner, Gillies or McIndoe is nothing but a highly qualified general surgeon who has applied his talents and experience to reconstructive and reparative work on every part of the body.

The science of reconstruction has advanced incredibly since the last war. It has advanced to such an extent that today Queen Mary's Hospital, in addition to victims of this war, has more than fifty casualties from the last. A jaw adequately rebuilt in 1920 will, because of the outmoded technique used at that time, now have lost many of its teeth. Routine bone grafting can be done to a jaw which has failed to unite properly. Hairless skin, probably from the upper arm, can be grafted on the lining of the cheek, and the contour built out where necessary with a wax mold.

I went to a hospital in Kent that was filled with blitz victims, most of whom were on the point of returning to the civilian life from which bombs had blasted them. I visited that hospital a year ago, just after the horrible May 10, 1941, raid on London. Every bed in it was filled, and patients lay in rows, in corridors, waiting their turn for the operating room.

Reluctantly I visited the hospital again, after a year, and found that a great many of the same women and children were there, but their eyes had lost the vacant look they had had then, and now no sudden flashes of instinctive terror crossed their faces when remembrance came. A year had, to a great extent, banished the memory of terror, and if memory came, it came deep in the night when one was alone.

Rebuilding Arms and Legs

Legs and arms that were amputated in the last war as a matter of course, are now saved more often than not, but there are still thousands of amputations performed—for the alternative is death. Here at Queen Mary's Roehampton, those who lost arms or legs had been refitted with artificial appendages, and there was not the slightest sign of despair on the face of a single patient. Plastic surgery or reparative surgery is closely aligned to orthopedic surgery. Once the stumps are healthy and alive with growing skin taken from some other part of the body, the task of fitting artificial limbs comes. The surgeons and the engineers have accomplished amazing things in the construction of arms and legs.

"Look at that," the doctor in charge chuckled, pointing to a ten-year-old girl. The youngster was skipping rope and enjoying it. "She lost her leg in a blitz only four months ago," he went on. "And we've fixed her up pretty well. You'd have to look twice to know which limb is artificial. She can bicycle and she can walk, and now we're teaching her to skip rope. Youngsters are pliable and they adjust themselves easily.

"We have a gardener here I want you to see," he went on. "He was a patient of ours for a few months and wanted to stay on. We'll find him."

We found him grumbling because the weeds had strangled a few of his roses. The doctor asked him if he'd run down the garden path and then run back. The doctor added that he'd bet a shilling I couldn't tell which of his legs had been amputated. The gardener grinned knowingly (evidently this was a garden trick played on all visitors), and cheerfully ran down the path, turned and ran back. He ran easily, evenly, and I couldn't tell which leg was artificial.

"The right one," I said. I was just betting on the law of averages.

"You're wrong, mate!" the gardener laughed, and he lifted his trouser legs a foot. Both legs were artificial.

New Life with New Limbs

"Of course, it takes time," the surgeon explained. "First, we have them exercise the right muscles to develop them. We fit them with artificial limbs to measure. Then they practice before a mirror. Adjustments can be made to the legs. Incidentally, they weigh only five and a half pounds each. As soon as they get the idea that they can actually walk, they want perfection. Our ultimate aim is to make them entirely unconscious of their artificial limbs. We discourage the use of canes, which reminds them of the loss they have suffered.

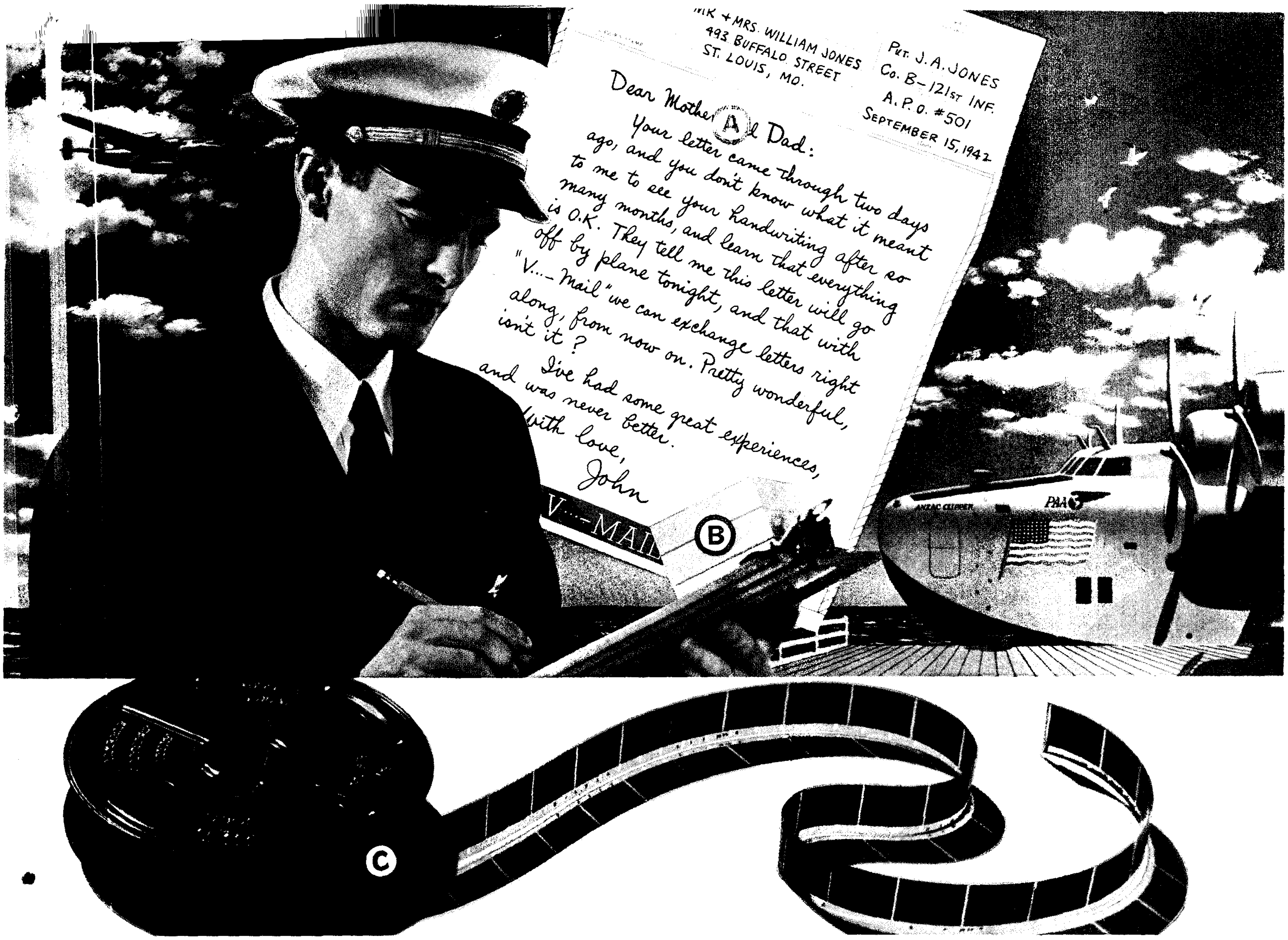
Artificial arms give even more scope to the surgeon and the engineer. This development has been rapid and most of it has come during the past two years. If you have one sound arm and hand, the artificial one is made to its measurement. The hand is made exactly the size of your good hand and, of course, is painted flesh color. The thumb is worked by a strong cord passed around the upper back of the patient. The thumb opens and shuts as he pushes his shoulder backward or forward. Such a hand can be used for carrying a suitcase, holding a newspaper or for any ordinary daily pursuits. For factory workers, there are all sorts of special gadgets attached by merely unscrewing the hand and screwing in the tool required.

None of this may be pretty to read about, but then, the war that has been waged against the civilians of Britain and Russia is not a very pretty war at all. Once you get accustomed to it, you don't mind the sight of wounded soldiers and pilots, but even the men on Kilner's staff confess that they never get accustomed or hardened to the sight of girls like Helen or of the eight women lying in the semiprivate ward.

The war comes closer and closer to us in America each day, and if one is apt to complain about the rationing of tires, of gasoline and of sugar, the thought of the thousands of civilians still in hospitals in Britain trying, with the help of these magnificent surgeons, to rebuild shattered bodies which were never made to withstand the steel and iron of bombs, might come as a sobering thought.

The thought might banish the irritation we feel because we can't drive to the beach on Sunday. To date, the war has brought no suffering in America to any sixteen-year-old youngster like Helen or thousands like her.

THE END



MR +MRS. WILLIAM JONES
493 BUFFALO STREET
ST. LOUIS, MO.

PVT. J. A. JONES
Co. B-121ST INF.
A.P.O. #501
SEPTEMBER 15, 1942

Dear Mother [illegible] Dad:

Your letter came through two days ago, and you don't know what it meant to me to see your handwriting after so many months, and learn that everything is O.K. They tell me this letter will go off by plane tonight, and that with "V...-Mail" we can exchange letters right along, from now on. Pretty wonderful, isn't it?

I've had some great experiences, and was never better.

With love,
John

—You read a letter in your boy's own writing, like that above (actual size). —The three small boxes in the photograph contain over 5000 of these letters—in the form of photographic film. C—On this one roll of 16-mm. film—shown in slightly reduced size—1700 letters have been photographed.

Kodak created, U.S. Government adopts "V···-MAIL"... for communication with our men on distant fronts

YOUR BOY writes you a letter on a sheet of paper—regular letter size. This is photographed on Kodak microfilm—is reduced in size to about a quarter of a square inch ... Now it has only 1/100 of the weight of normal mail.

With thousands of other letters—85,000 letters weighing 2000 pounds weigh only 20 when reduced to microfilm—it is swiftly flown from his distant outpost to America.

Here, again through photography, the letter addressed to you is "blown up" to readable size—folded, sealed in an envelope, and forwarded to you. It is as clear as the original writing. It really *is* the writing of your boy because it's a photographic print.

And your letters to him, which you write on special forms, go by the same space-saving, time-saving V···— Mail.

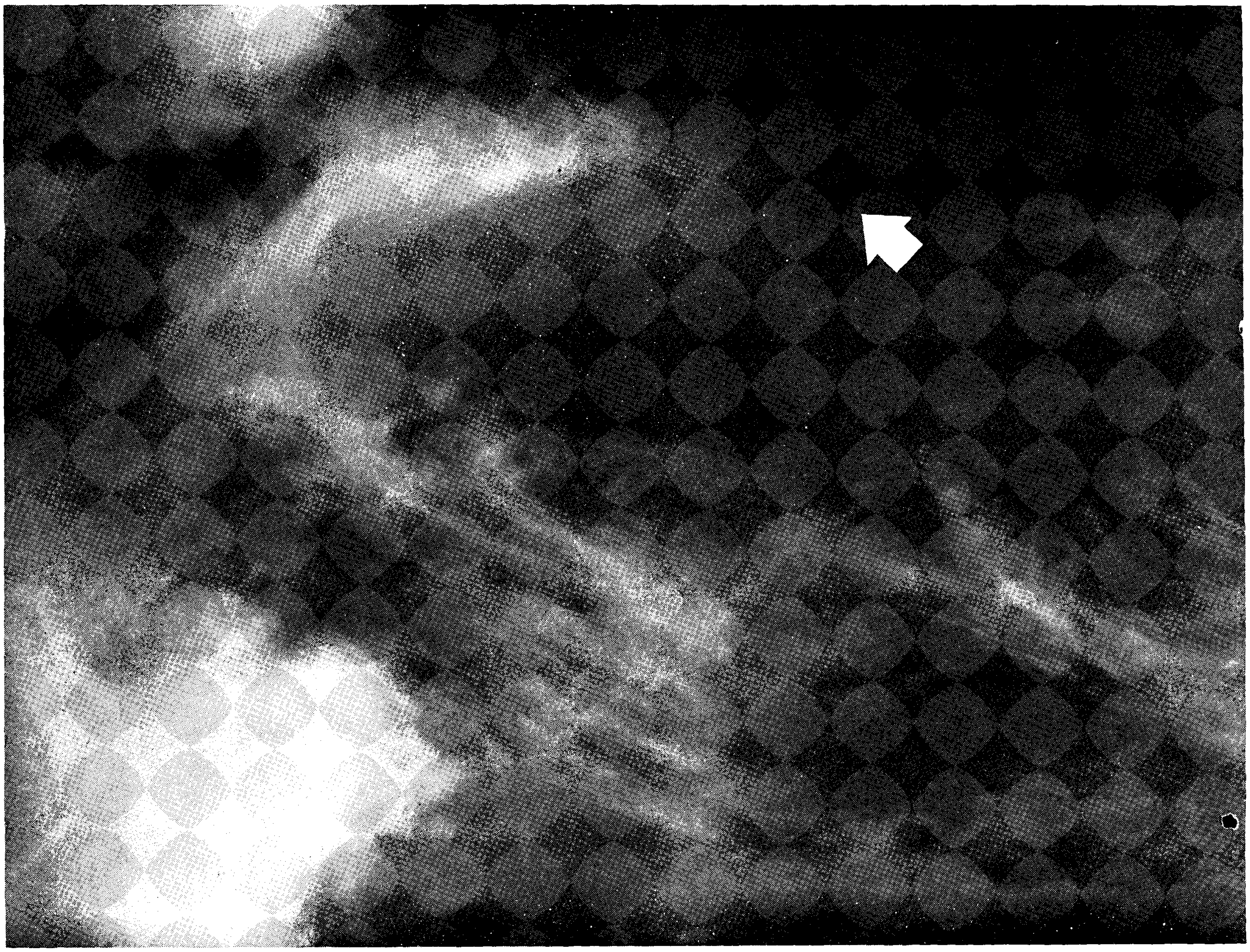
Kodak developed and perfected the process ... Pan American Airways and British Overseas Airways, the two great pioneers in transoceanic air transport, blazed the air trails ... and the three companies, as Airgraphs, Ltd., offered the service to the American and British governments.

IN APRIL, 1941, under the trademark "Airgraph," England first employed the system to solve the problem of getting mail to and from the forces in the Near East. The Airgraph System was gradually expanded until it knits the British Empire together with about a million letters a week—personal and official.

And now the men serving overseas in the American armed forces also have the benefits of this form of speedy correspondence.

Airgraph, or V···— Mail as it is called here, is an adaptation of Kodak's *Recordak System* which has revolutionized the record-keeping methods of thousands of banks and business houses. Many records of the U.S. Census, Social Security, and Army Selective Service are on microfilm—error-proof, tamper-proof, lasting photographic copies of the original bulky records... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

SERVING HUMAN PROGRESS THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY



Photograph of a Flying Fortress—seven miles up

This is the way a Flying Fortress* looks to the enemy, on its way to the bombing objective. At six and seven miles up, an airplane is invisible to the naked eye, and one of the reasons for the success of the Flying Fortress in combat is that it strikes with deadly precision from regions above the effective range of anti-aircraft fire, and beyond the reach of most enemy planes

Seven miles is 36,960 feet. Problems of flight that high in the air increase in severity with every hundred feet. The air up there is colder than Siberia in winter, and atmospheric pressure falls off sharply. The stratosphere is still a newly discovered country. Until recently, one of the major problems has been the maintaining of communications.

A year ago 19,000 feet seemed to be the ceiling for plane-to-ground voice communication. Above that, somewhere in the thin, biting air of the substratosphere, the radio-telephone died. Radio-telegraph was good up to 26,000. From there, it was a one-way street. You could receive, but you couldn't send.

Here was a problem for Boeing acoustical and electrical engineers. Years ago, Boeing led the development of the first plane-to-ground short-wave radio-telephone system. Now, with Boeing Flying Fortresses operating six, seven and more miles above the earth, it was necessary to provide two-way radio voice communication at these levels. . . . This the Boeing engineers did.

Working nights and days, working in the laboratory and "upstairs" in the stratosphere, working against time and cold and rarefied air, Boeing engineers have gradually pushed the communications ceiling higher and higher.

Today the men in the Fortresses cruising over the roof of the world know that their communication system is the best available. Today the work of Boeing engineers is helping our Air Forces to speak terse, well-chosen words for democracy.

The advance of radio communication . . . both for peace and for war . . . is only one of the many different projects which form a constant part of the Boeing engineering schedules at Seattle and in other plants in the Middle West and Canada.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

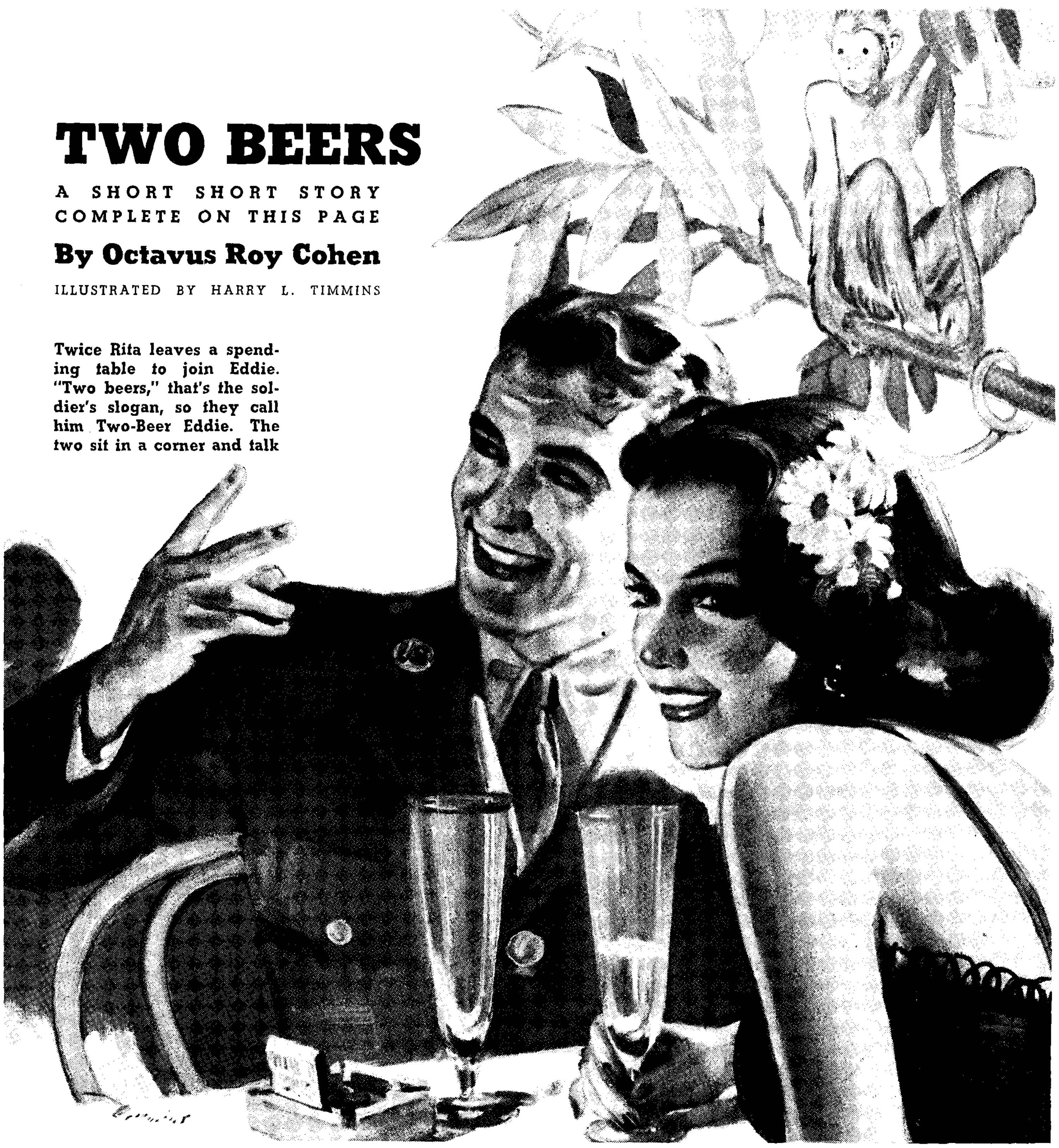
TWO BEERS

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Twice Rita leaves a spending table to join Eddie. "Two beers," that's the soldier's slogan, so they call him Two-Beer Eddie. The two sit in a corner and talk



HOW this soldier happens to walk into the Torrid Zone in the first place, nobody can figure. He fits in nice with USO parties and things like that, but not in a clip joint. And, brother, clip joint is what the Torrid Zone is.

What makes it funnier is the way the kid goes for Rita. They call Rita an entertainer because you ain't allowed to call 'em hostesses, but she's strictly from percentage and you'd have thought she'd brush this soldier off after he showed up a second time.

Rita looks like a cutie, but she's harder than eighteen dollars' worth of flint. The boss likes her because they talk the same language and also because she can build up a sucker's check to where he needs an adding machine.

The first night the soldier is there, it's okay by the boss. He wanders in, and you can see right away he doesn't know he's playing in the wrong league. It's early, the joint ain't busy, and Rita drifts by his table and says, "Hello, Soldier." His face lights up, so she sits down to chew the fat a little and kill a few minutes.

You can see that hard little brain of hers working. In this war, you can't ever tell. Some of these guys that ain't got a single chevron on their sleeves or a bar on their shoulders—they got plenty moola, and they'll part with it for a good time. But not this guy. He tells the waiter to bring the lady a beer. And beer is all she ever gets from him for six nights.

After a couple nights the boss has a talk with her. He says, "Look, I'm for the Army, see. I think it's swell. I wave the flag high as anybody. But, Rita—you ain't playing smart. You oughta dust this character off?"

Rita looks straight at him. "Eddie don't dust off so easy," she explains. "He's lonely, and talking is the most fun he's had since he joined the Army."

"Look . . ." The boss was almost pleading. "I want he should have a good time. But there ain't any sense of you and me both losing money on account you're concentrating on a dope which he ain't got nothing to recommend him except a uniform."

Rita says, "You're just throwing good breath after bad. When the Army figures it wants me, it can have me. And if beer is the program, I drink beer. So go peddle your apples somewhere else."

Sure, she told him off. She doesn't take nothing from nobody.

Well, Eddie comes in again and again and again. Six nights in a row. Sometimes early and sometimes late. Twice Rita leaves a spending table to join him. "Two beers," that's the soldier's slogan, so they get to call him Two-Beer Eddie. The two sit in a corner and talk, and the boss says, "She's gone crazy—that's what. Up until this Eddie come along, I figured she was the perfect dame for a jungle like this. And now look at her. You'd think she liked the guy"

"Yeah," agreed the bartender thoughtfully, "you'd almost think that."

THIS sixth night when Eddie comes in, Rita knows right away that something has happened. They talk about this and that, none of it being important, and finally Rita leans over and says, "All right, Eddie: give out."

He smiles, slow and easy, and says, "I love the way you talk."

"Yeah. Me too. Only this time I'm asking questions. What's cooking?"

He shakes his head. "I'm afraid you won't be seeing me again. Not for a long time, anyway."

Rita knew what she ought to be thinking. She ought to be thinking, "Wotta break! Now I'll cut in on wine checks again instead of two-bit beer." But instead she gets a kind of scared feeling.

"They transfer you?"

"Sort of."

"Where'll they transfer you to?"

"I'm not sure. And I ain't allowed to talk . . ."

She got it. Overseas stuff. Second front. "It doesn't fit," she says. "Not you."

"Oh, *that!*" He shrugs. "We all want it, and of course we're all scared. But that isn't the important thing, really."

"You goin' overseas ain't important? Are you kiddin'?"

"I never said overseas." He was remembering what his officers had warned. "It's just that I won't be back for a long time, and I didn't want you to think things."

She said, "I'll miss you, Eddie."

"Honest?"

"But good."

"That makes it easier . . ." The guy was getting embarrassed. He reached into the pocket of his OD blouse. "I hope you don't mind, Rita . . but I got something for you to remember me by."

"Now listen . . ."

"You don't have to wear it. It isn't easy to explain. It won't mean a thing to you, though I wish it would. But I want to remember that I gave it to you."

She held out her hand. "What is it?"

"You won't laugh?"

"At you?" She was afraid to look straight at him. "This ain't my laughing night, Eddie."

He put a little box in her hand, and she opened it. The ring was pretty. Even in the dim light the stone gleamed. But it wasn't that so much as the setting. . . . She said, "This kind of a ring . . . ?"

"I knew what kind it was." He was stumbling over his own words. "And I wasn't aiming to be fresh. But the way I feel. . . . You know, if I figured I could come back to see you when it's finished. . . ."

She tried to say the right thing, but it was no soap. She slipped the ring on the third finger of her left hand and looked at it. She tossed off what was left of her beer and the waiter brought two more.

THEY didn't do any talking after that, not until he looked at his wrist watch and said, "I'm leaving. We have orders to be in early. . . ."

She was calling herself all kinds of a fool for feeling like she did. She was saying it was the uniform: that a guy like him she wouldn't give a tumble except there was a war. But it didn't come out even. She said, "You don't know what kind of a dame I am, Eddie."

"Yes, I do."

"I'm a tramp. I'm a percentage gal. I ain't worth wasting time on."

"I think different," he said quietly. "It's the way I want to think . . . and the way I'm going to keep on thinking."

He got up then, and so did she. "You won't," she said, "so I will."

She put her arms around him. When she stepped back he was all over lipstick, and she laughed nervously and wiped it off with her handkerchief.

He said, "I'll be back, Rita, I'll be back."

Then he turned and walked out. Nobody in the joint laughed. She watched him go, and didn't know the boss had walked over until he started talking.

"I figure he ain't coming back," said the boss.

"No."

"Overseas?"

"I suppose so."

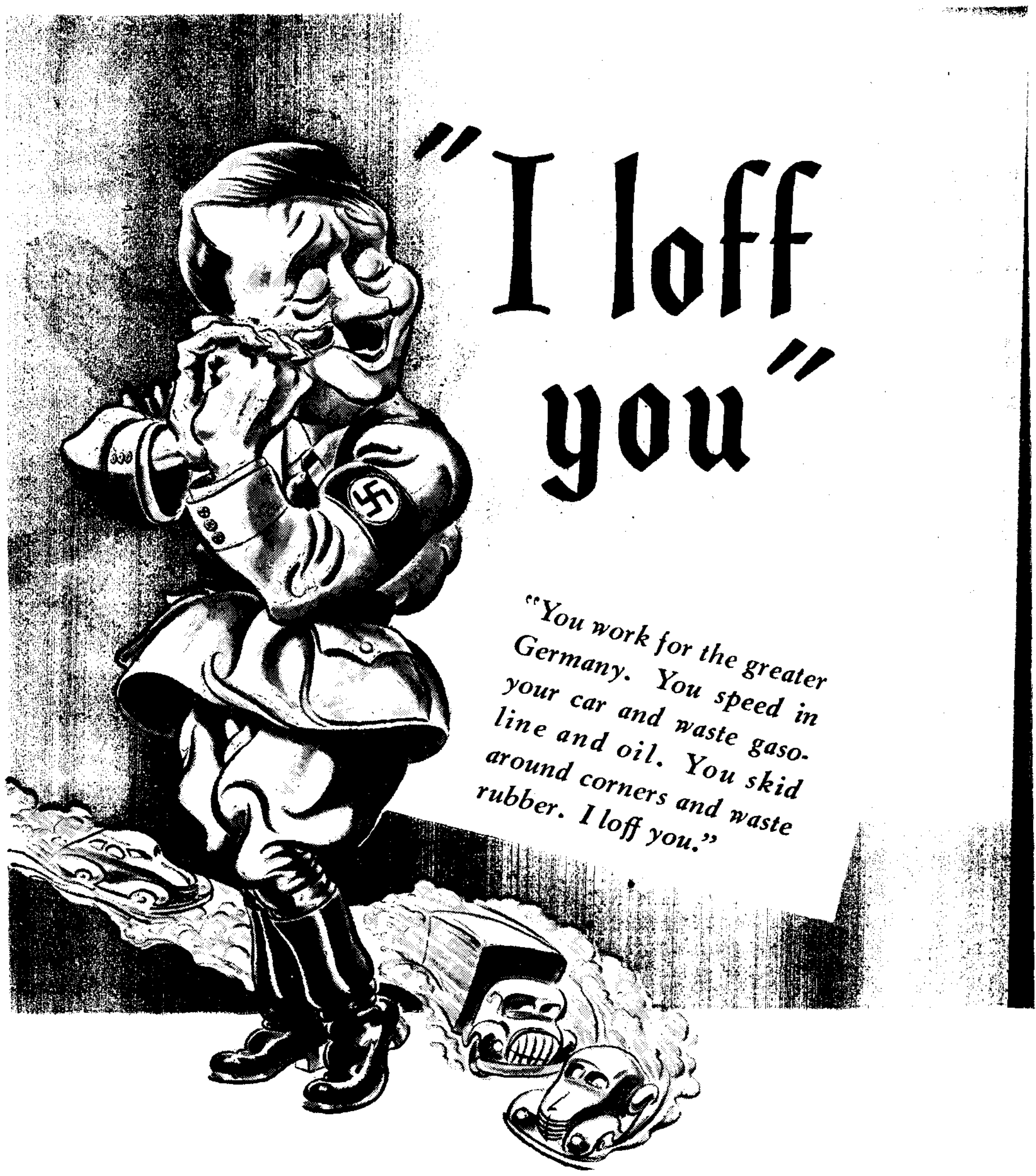
"I wish him luck." The boss patted her shoulder. "It's been fun, Rita—but now you're back in circulation. Business is good. You can make yourself a piece of change."

"Okay . . ." She was looking down at the ring he'd given her, the ring with the engagement setting.

The boss said, "Lemme see it. I know diamonds."

She held out her hand. He studied the stone carefully. Then he shook his head. "It's still beer," he said. "That ain't real."

She looked up at him. "It's real," she corrected gently. "It's the only real thing I ever had in my life."


"I loff you"
"You work for the greater Germany. You speed in your car and waste gasoline and oil. You skid around corners and waste rubber. I loff you."

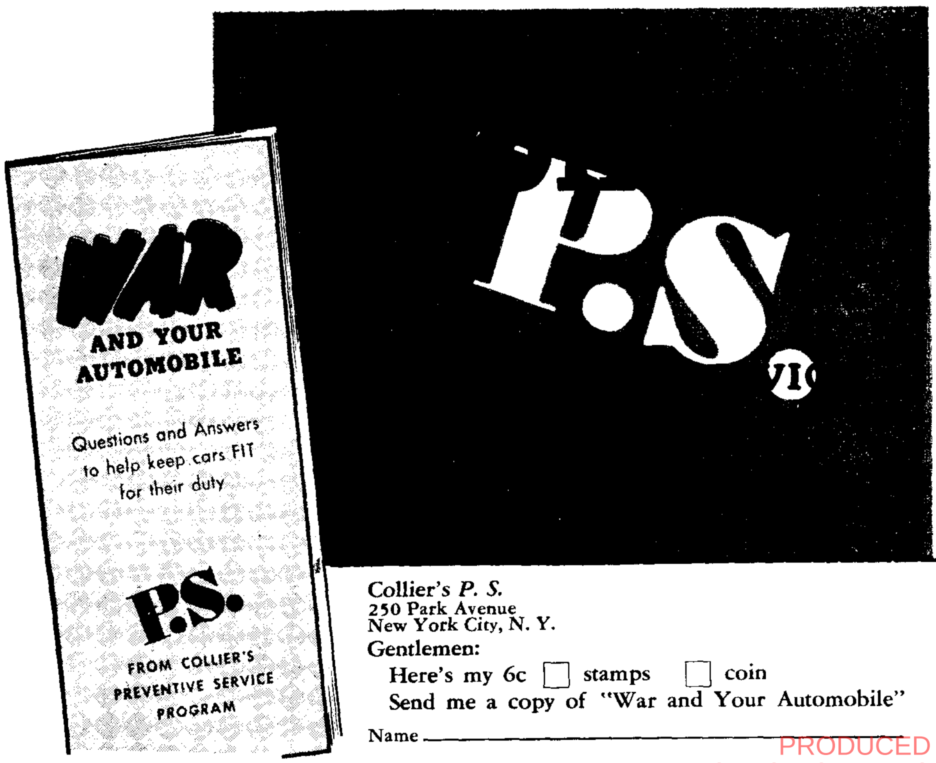
DON'T be one of Hitler's unpaid saboteurs of American transportation.

Drive carefully. Stay under thirty-five. Watch your starts and stops. Take it easy around curves.

Follow Collier's Preventive Service instructions. Write for the Collier's P. S. booklet today. Find out how you can help make your car last for the duration.

Written by men with years of practical experience in motor car service and maintenance, this booklet tells you how to save gasoline, tires and repair bills. There's not a technical term in the entire 12 pages—only simple questions and answers anyone can understand.

Fill in the coupon, send with 6c (either stamps or coin) to cover the cost of handling and mailing to Collier's P. S., 250 Park Avenue, N.Y.C. We'll send your copy of "War and Your Automobile" by return mail.


P.S.
WAR AND YOUR AUTOMOBILE
Questions and Answers to help keep cars FIT for their duty
P.S.
FROM COLLIER'S PREVENTIVE SERVICE PROGRAM

Collier's *P. S.*
250 Park Avenue
New York City, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Here's my 6c ☐ stamps ☐ coin
Send me a copy of "War and Your Automobile"
Name ____________________

Ring Twice for Laura

Continued from page 18

like Scotch whisky. He came of a race of drinkers who look contemptuously upon an alcoholic content of twelve per cent, unaware that the fermented grape works its enchantments more subtly than the distilled spirits of grain. I do not infer that he was drunk; let us say, rather, that the wine opened his heart. He became less Scottish and more boyish; less the professional detective and more the youth in need of a confidant.

I had dined here with Laura. We had eaten the same food at this very table. The same weary cotton leaves had hung above her head. A mechanical contrivance filled the restaurant with music and sent faint melody into the garden. Someone wrote an unforgettable line (whose precise wording I have forgotten) upon the ineluctable charm of old popular songs. Old tunes had been as much a part of Laura as her laughter.

When I mentioned this to Mark, he nodded gravely and said, "Yep, I know."

"What do you know and how do you know so much?" I demanded, suddenly outraged by his superior airs.

"I looked at her records," he said. "I even played some of them. Make what you want of that, Mr. Lydecker."

I POURED him another glass of wine. His belligerency dwindled and it was not long afterward that he poured forth the revelations recorded in foregoing chapters. I confess that I was not without guilt in plying him with liquor and provocative questions. We discussed the insurance policy, the false alibi, and, at my subtle instigation, Shelby's familiarity with firearms.

"He's quite the sporting type, you know. Hunting, shooting and all that. Once had a collection of guns, I believe."

Mark nodded knowingly.

"Have you checked on them? Or did Shelby confess that, too?"

"I'm a detective. What do you think I do with my time? It was a simple matter of two and two on the guns. Photographs in her album and storage receipts in his room at the Framingham. He went up to the warehouse with me himself on Monday and we looked over the arsenal."

"Well?" I awaited revelation.

"According to the records in the warehouse, nothing has been touched for over a year. Most of the stuff showed rust, and the dust was an inch thick."

"Of course a man might have guns that he didn't put into a warehouse for safekeeping."

"He's not the type to use a sawed-off shotgun."

"A sawed-off shotgun!" I exclaimed. "Do you know positively?"

"We know nothing positively." He underscored the adverb brusquely. "But where do you use BB shot?"

"I'm no sportsman," I confessed.

"Imagine anyone trying to carry a shotgun around the streets of this town. How could he get away with it?"

"Sawed-off shotguns are carried by gangsters," I observed. "At least according to the education I've received at that fount of popular learning, the movies."

The music changed. My hand, holding a wineglass, was stayed on its journey to my lips. My face was drained of color. In the bewildered countenance of my companion I caught a reflection of my pallor.

Yellow hands slid coffee cups across the table. The moon had lost its battle with the clouds and retreated, leaving no trace of copper brilliance in the ominous sky. The air had grown heavier. In the window of a tenement a slim girl stood, her angular dark silhouette sharpened by a naked electric bulb.

At the table on our left a woman was singing:

"So I smile and say,
When a lovely flame dies,
Smoke gets in your eyes."

Fixing offended eyes upon her face, I spoke in my courtliest tones: "Madame, if you would spare the eardrums of one who heard Tamara introduce that enchanting song, you will restrain your rather clumsy efforts at imitation."

She made a remark and gesture which, lest my readers be squeamish, I shall not describe. Mark's eyes were fixed on my face with the squinting attentiveness of a scientist at a microscope. I laughed and said hastily, "That melody is significant. Common as it has become, it has never lost a peculiarly individual flavor."

"The first time you heard it you were with Laura," Mark said.

"How astute of you."

"I'm getting used to your ways, Mr. Lydecker."

"You shall be rewarded," I promised, "by the story of that night."

"Go on."

"In the fall of '33, shortly after Laura and I became friends, I took her to her first opening night. She was no end excited, her eyes burning like a child's, her voice rising in adolescent squeaks as I pointed out this and that human creature, who had been, until that night, magic names to the little girl from Colorado Springs. She wore a gown of champagne-colored chiffon and jade-colored slippers.

" 'Laura, my precious babe,' I said to her, 'we shall drink to your frock in champagne.' It was her first taste of it, McPherson. Her pleasure gave me the sensation that God must know when he transforms the blasts of March into the melting winds of April.

"Add to this mood a show which is all glitter and chic, and top it with the bittersweet froth of song, throatily sung by a Russian girl with a guitar. I felt a small warmth upon my hand, and then as the song continued, a pressure that filled me with swelling ecstasy. Do you think this a shameful confession? A man of my sort has many easy emotions, but few great moments. But I swear to you, McPherson, in this simple sharing of melody we had attained something which few achieve in the more conventional attitudes of affection.

"Her eyes were swimming. Later she told me that she had been recently rejected in love. I imagine anyone rejecting Laura! The fellow I take it, was rather insensitive. She had, alas, a low taste in love. Through the confession I clung to that tender, lively hand."

THE music flowed between the white dusty boards of the trellis, through vines of artificial lilac. I had never before spoken aloud nor written of the reverie which had filled me since that night with Laura at the theater, yet I felt certain security in entrusting it to a man whose nostalgia was concerned with a woman whose face he had never seen.

At long last the song ceased. Freed from pensive memories, I drained my glass and returned to the less oppressive topic of murder. I had by this time sufficient command of myself to speak of the scene we had witnessed in Laura's room and of Shelby's pallor at the sight of the Bourbon bottle. Mark said that the evidence gathered thus far was too circumstantial and frail to give substance to a case against the bridegroom.

"Do tell me this, McPherson. In your opinion, is he guilty?"

He answered with an insolent smile.

I set to work on his emotions. "Poor Laura," I sighed. "How ironic for her if it actually was Shelby. After having loved so generously, to discover treachery. Those last hideous moments before she died!"

"Death was almost instantaneous. Within a few seconds she was unconscious."

"You're pleased, Mark, aren't you? You're glad to know she had no time to regret the love she had given?"

Bony hands gripped the table. "Let's have another drink," he said hoarsely.

I suggested Courvoisier.

"You order. I can't pronounce it."

AFTER a short pause, he said, "Listen, Mr. Lydecker, there's one thing I want to know. Why did she keep putting off the wedding? She was crazy about him, sh ehad pictures of him all over the place, and still she kept postponing it. Why?"

"The familiar curse of gold."

He shook his head. "Carpenter and I have gone into that. The guy's fairly decent about it, if a man can be decent and take money from a woman. But this is what gets me: They've been going together for a long time and at last they decide to break down and get married. So she plans a vacation and a honeymoon, and then has to have a week by herself before she goes through with it What was holding her back?"

"She was tired. She wanted to rest.'

"When everyone says the same thing and it's the easiest answer, you know very well it's baloney."

"Are you suggesting that Laura might have been seeking excuses for postponing the wedding? That she wasn't awaiting the great day with the tremulous expectancy of a happy bride?"

"Could be."

"Strange," I sighed. "Incredibly strange and tragic for us to be sitting here, at this very table, under these same weary lilacs, listening to her favorite tunes and stewing over our jealousy. She's dead, man, dead!"

Nervous hands toyed with the stem of the brandy snifter. With a great sigh he unburdened himself of another weighty question. "Did she ever talk to you about Gulliver?"

My mind leaped nimbly in pursuit. "It's one of your favorites, too, I take it."

"How do you know that?" he challenged.

"Your boasted powers of observation are failing sadly, my dear fellow, if you failed to notice that I took care to see what volume it was that you examined so scrupulously in her apartment on Sunday afternoon. If it gives you pleasure, young man, I'll confirm the hope that she shared your literary enthusiasms."

His gratitude was charming. I counted the days that had passed since he had spoken of Laura as a two-timing dame. Had I reminded him tonight, I dare say he would have punched my face.

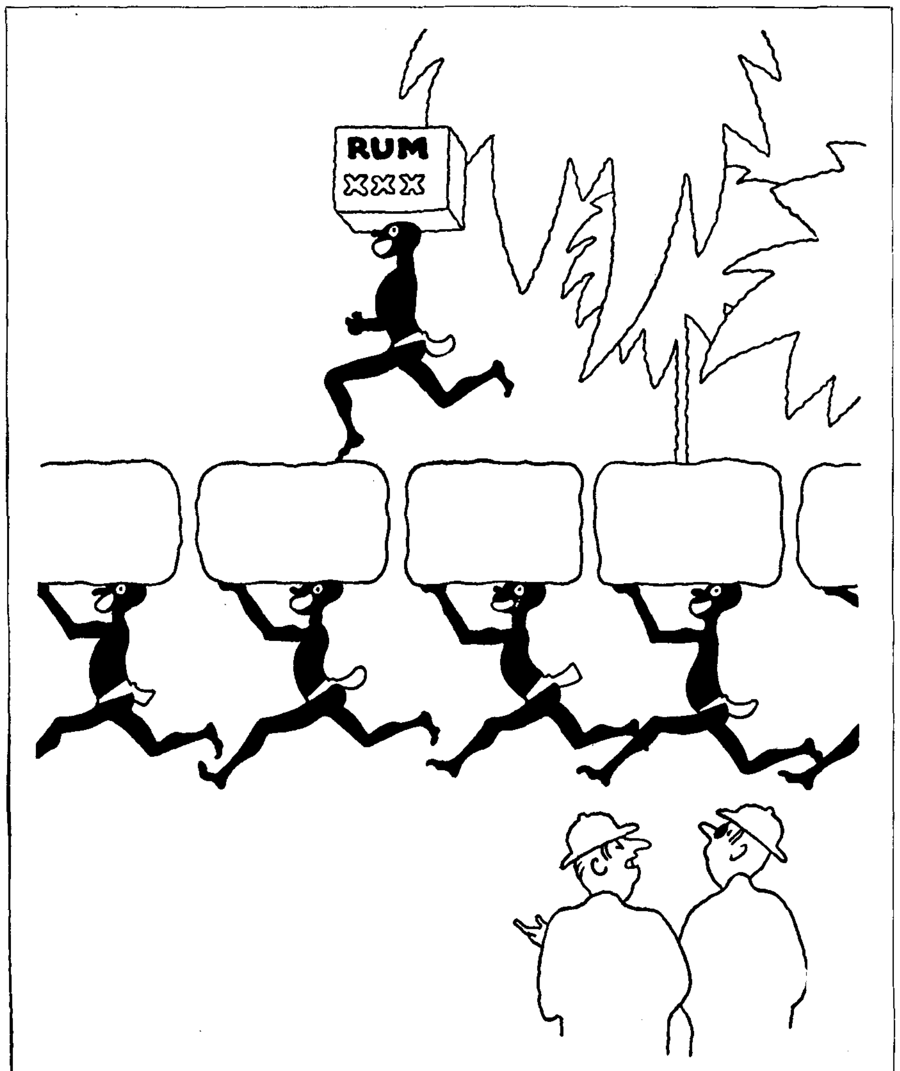
The genial combination of good food, wine, music, brandy and sympathy had corrupted his defenses. He spoke with touching frankness. "We lived within half a mile of each other for over three years. Must have taken the same bus, the same subway, passed each other on the street hundreds of times. She went to Schwartz's for her drugs, too."

"Remarkable coincidence," I said.

The irony was lost. He had surrendered.

"We must have passed each other on the street often."

It was a slender morsel of consolation he had found among all the grim facts. I resolved then and there to write about



"The liquor was ordered by express"

Longer Car Life
-RIGHT IN YOUR HAND

On your car's life-line depend extra miles and extra years of useful service. That life-line is your car's electrical system*. Faulty operation of any one of its complex units from generator, to battery, to spark plugs, can cause waste of gas, oil and other vital materials. To avoid this penalty, be sure to have a responsible service man, car dealer or registered Auto-Lite service station check this life-line regularly. Wherever you see an Auto-Lite sign you can count on service which for years has helped America's car owners get extra miles—has made Auto-Lite mean Auto Life.

Consult
Your Motor
Life-Line Today

SPARK PLUGS
BATTERIES
STARTING—LIGHTING
and
IGNITION SYSTEMS
WIRE and CABLE

In its 26 great manufacturing divisions, Auto-Lite is producing for America's Armed Forces on land, sea and in the air.

TOLEDO, OHIO THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY SARNIA, ONTARIO

AUTO-LITE
means AUTO-LIFE

**More Than Half of America's Car Makers Specify Auto-Lite Equipment*

YOUR DUTY

To Stay Healthy

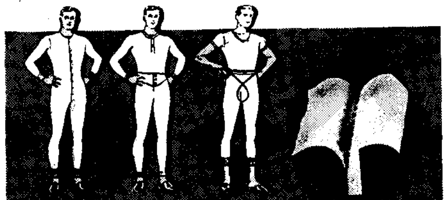
The better the health of America . . . the *sooner* we'll win this war.

It's up to you to arm yourself with the greatest stamina you can muster.

You know your regulations—correct nutrition (watch those vitamins and minerals) . . . outdoor exercise . . enough sound sleep . . relaxation. Forget your worries and remember Pearl Harbor.

Duofold Underwear is a capable aide-de-camp in this campaign. Its two thin layers provide protection on the 2-layer, with air space between, principle of insulation. It is warm but not heavy.

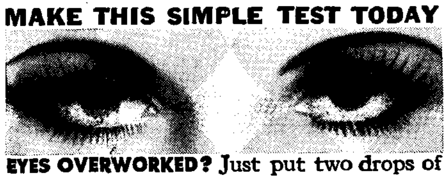
Duofold, Inc. • Mohawk, N. Y.



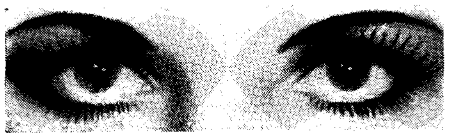
Duofold
The 2-layer UNDERWEAR

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to soothe and refresh your eyes. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES AND REFRESHES

this frustrated romance, so fragile and so typical of New York.

"Wonderful ankles," he muttered half aloud. "The first thing I look at is the ankles. Wonderful."

The somber voice and vacant eyes told me that he was engaged in a day dream. I knew then that, for a brief moment, he was engaged in the fancy of their meeting at the cigar counter of Schwartz's drugstore. He had been buying pipe tobacco and she had put a dime in the postage-stamp machine. She might have dropped her purse. Or perhaps there had been a cinder in her eye. She had uttered but a single word, "Thanks," but for him sweet bells jangled. A glance at her ankles, a meeting of their eyes and it was as simple as with Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan.

They had turned off the music, and most of the diners had left the garden. A couple passed our table. The girl, I noted, had remarkable ankles. Mark did not turn his head. I caught a glimpse into the future. Women were forevermore destroyed for Mark McPherson. Had he known and lost a living love, he would not have been so marked as by this short excursion into necrophilia. Prophetically I saw him growing older, thwarted because he would eternally demand that every woman be Laura. He would meet her momentarily in the embrace of every doll and in the tenderness of every living woman, but he would turn with equal bitterness from the frivolous and the virtuous because, when the moment was over, there would be flaws in the flesh and Laura would die again.

There was one consolation. "Tell me, McPherson, how much were you prepared to pay for the portrait?"

He turned on me a look of dark malevolence. "Tell me, Lydecker," he demanded, "did you walk past Laura's apartment every night before she was killed, or is it a habit you've cultivated since her death?"

Thunder crashed above us. A storm was coming up.

WHEN Waldo Lydecker learned what happened after our dinner at Montagnino's on Wednesday night, he could write no more about the Laura Hunt case. The prose style was knocked right out from under his black Homburg.

He had written the foregoing between ten o'clock on Wednesday night and four on Thursday afternoon with only five hours' sleep, a quart of black coffee and three hearty meals to keep up his strength. I suppose he had intended to fit the story to one of those typical Lydecker last paragraphs where a brave smile always shows through the tears.

I am going on with the story. My writing won't have the smooth professional touch which, as he would say, distinguishes Waldo Lydecker's prose. But for once in my life, since this is unofficial, anyway, I am going to forget detective bureau shorthand and express a few personal opinions. This is my first experience with citizens who get their pictures into that part of the funny papers called the Society Section. Even professionally, I've never been inside a night club with leopard-skin covers on the chairs. When these people want to insult one another, they say *darling*, and when they get affectionate they throw around words that a Jefferson Market bailiff wouldn't use to a bum. Poor people brought up to hear their neighbors screaming filth every Saturday night are more careful of their language than well-bred smart alecks. I know as many four-letter words as anybody in the business and use them when I feel like it. But not with ladies. Nor in writing. It takes a college education to teach a man that he can put on paper what he used to write on a fence.

I'm starting the story where Waldo ended . . . in Montagnino's back yard after the third brandy.

As we stepped out of the restaurant, the heat hit us like a blast from a furnace. The air was dead. Not a shirttail moved on the wash lines of MacDougal Street. The town smelled like rotten eggs. A thunderstorm was rolling in.

"Can I drive you home?" My car was parked beside a hydrant but the police badge protected me.

"No, thanks, I feel like walking."

"I'm not drunk. I can drive," I said.

"Have I implied that you're drunk? It's my whim to walk. I'm working tonight." He started off, pounding his stick against the pavement. "Thanks for the feast," he called as I drove off.

I TOOK it slowly because my head was still heavy. I drove past the corner where I should have turned for the Athletic Club, and then I knew that I didn't want to go home. I didn't feel like bowling or pool, my mind wasn't sharp enough for poker, and I've never sat in the lounge in the two years I've lived there. The steel furniture in my bedroom reminded me of a dentist's office. There wasn't a comfortable chair in the room and if you lay on the couch the cover wrinkled under you. These are all the excuses I can find for going to Laura's apartment that night. Maybe I was just drunk.

Before I went upstairs, I stopped to raise the top of my car and shut the windows. Later, when the thing that happened caused me to question my sanity, I remembered that I had performed the acts of a sober man. I had the key in my pocket and I let myself in as coolly as if I'd been entering my own place. As I opened the door I saw the first streaks of lightning through the blinds. Thunder crashed. It was followed by the stillness that precedes heavy rain. I was sweating and my head ached. I got myself a drink of water from the kitchen, took off my coat, opened my collar and stretched in the long chair. The light hurt my eyes and I turned it off. I fell asleep before the storm broke.

Thunder crashed like a squadron of bombers above the roof. Lightning did not flash away immediately. After a few seconds I saw that it was not lightning at all but the lamp with the green shade. I had not turned it on. I had not moved from the long chair.

Thunder crashed again. Then I saw her. She held a hat in one hand and a pair of light gloves in the other. She was five foot seven, weighed about one-thirty, dark eyes slightly slanted, dark hair and tanned skin. Nothing wrong about her ankles either.

"What are you doing here?" she said.

I couldn't answer.

"What are you doing here?"

I remembered the wine and looked around to see if she'd brought any pink elephants.

"If you don't get out this moment," she said and her voice trembled, "I'll call the police."

"I am the police," I said.

My voice told me that I was alive. I jerked myself out of the chair. The girl backed away. The picture of Laura Hunt was just behind her.

I had a voice. I spoke with authority: "You're dead."

My wild stare and the strange accusation convinced her that she was facing a dangerous lunatic. She edged toward the door.

"Are you . . ." but I couldn't say the name. She had spoken, she was wet with rain, she had been frightened and had tried to escape. Were these real evidences of life just another set of contradictions?

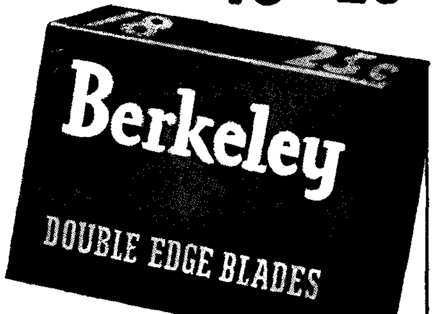
I don't know how long we stood, facing each other and awaiting revelation. For a crazy half-second I remembered

YOU WOULDN'T DO THIS!

NIAGARA FALLS
RUBE GOLDBERG

BUT . . . *a great many men drift along, paying too much for razor blades!* Why pay more . . . when 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used . . . Berkeley Blades! Switch to Berkeley today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

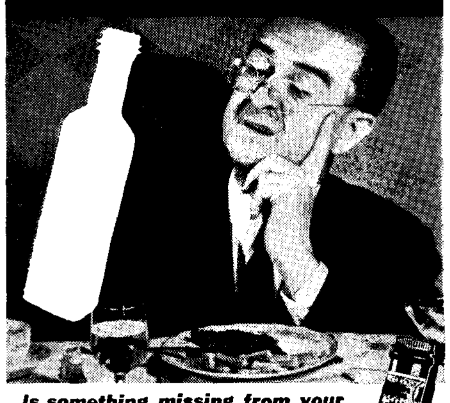
NO BETTER BLADES AT ANY PRICE 18 for 25¢



★ *Buy*
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
War Bonds and Stamps ★

MAGAZINES
AMERICA'S SHOW WINDOW

Where's that BOTTLE?



Is something missing from your meals? Whet the old appetite with savory A·1 Sauce. Dash it on and dish it up—with meat, fish, eggs, beans—it coaxes out flavors you never knew were there!

Write for free booklet, *"Cooking for a Man."* G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. 910, Hartford, Conn.

A·1 SAUCE

The DASH that makes the DISH

what my grandmother used to tell me about meeting in heaven those whom we had lost on earth. Peal after peal of thunder shook the house. Lightning flashed past the window. The ground seemed to be trembling below us and the skies splitting overhead. This was Laura Hunt's apartment; I felt in my pocket for my pipe.

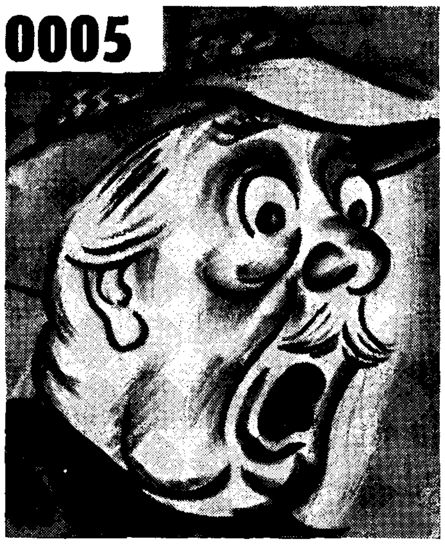
I had bought a paper. As I unfolded it, I said, "Have you seen any newspapers lately? Don't you know what's happened?" The questions made me feel sane again.

She shrank away, clinging with both hands to the table.

I said, "Please don't be frightened; there must be an explanation. If you haven't seen the papers . . ."

"I haven't. I've been in the country. My radio's broken." And then slowly, as if she were fitting the pieces together, she said, "Why? Do the papers say I'm . . ."

NOT WANTED for the Duration



ME-FIRST IDIOT

Yelps for Navy to stay home and protect Podunk Beach.

ALAN WOODS

I nodded. She took the paper. There was nothing on page one. A new battle on the Eastern Front and a speech by Churchill had pushed her off the front pages. I turned to page four. There was her picture.

Wind howled through the narrow court between the houses. Rain spattered the windowpanes. The only sound inside the house was the rhythm of her breathing. Then she looked over the paper into my face and her eyes were filled with tears.

"The poor thing," she said, "the poor, poor kid."

"Who?"

"Diane Redfern. A girl I knew. I'd loaned her the apartment."

WE SAT on the couch while I told her about the discovery of the body, the destruction of the face by BB shot and the identification at the morgue by her aunt and Bessie Clary.

She said, "Yes, of course. We were about the same size and she had my robe on. We wore the same size, I'd given her a few of my dresses. Her hair was a little lighter, but if there was a lot of blood . . ."

She groped for her purse. I gave her my handkerchief.

After she had dried her eyes, she read the rest of the story in the paper. "Are you Mark McPherson?"

I nodded.

"You haven't found the murderer?"

"Nope."

"Did he want to murder her or me?"

"I don't know."

"What are you going to do now that I'm alive?"

"Find out who murdered the other girl."

She sighed and sank back against the cushions. "You'd better have a drink," I said and went to the corner cabinet. "Scotch, gin or Bourbon?"

There was the bottle of Three Horses. I should have asked her about it then, before she had time to think. But I was thinking less about the job than the girl, and still so dazed that I wasn't even sure that I was alive, awake and in my right mind.

"How do you know my house so well, Mr. McPherson?"

"There isn't much about you I don't know."

"Gosh," she said, and after a little while, she laughed and asked, "Do you realize that you're the only person in New York who knows I'm alive? The only one of seven million people?"

Thunder and lightning had ceased but rain beat on the windows. It made us feel separate from everyone else in the city, and important because we shared a secret.

She held up her glass. "To life!"

"To resurrection!" I said.

We laughed.

"Go and change your dress," I said, "you'll catch cold."

"Oh," she said. "You're giving me orders."

"Change it. You'll catch cold."

"How masterful, Mr. McPherson."

SHE went. I was too nervous to sit down. I was like a kid in a dark house on Halloween, everything seemed mystic and supernatural, and I listened to the door so I should hear her moving about the bedroom, and know that she had not vanished again. My mind was filled with a miracle, life and resurrection, and I had to battle my way through clouds before I could think like a human being. Finally I managed to anchor myself to a chair and light my pipe.

There was, of course, no more Laura Hunt case. But what about the other girl? The body had been cremated. You've got to have a *corpus delicti* to prove murder.

This did not mean that my job was finished. Neither the department nor the D. A.'s office would let a case slip through their hands so smoothly. Our job was to establish circumstantial evidence of the girl's disappearance, to discover where she had last been seen and by whom. Unless we had cogent evidence that the crime had been committed, the murderer might confess and still escape conviction.

"What do you know about this other girl?" I called in to Laura. "What did you say her name was? Were you close friends?"

The bedroom door opened and there was Laura in a long, loose sort of gold-colored robe that made her look like a saint. She carried the magazine that had been on the bed table. On the back cover there was a photograph of a girl in evening clothes smiling at a fellow as he lit her cigarette. The advertisement announced: COMPANIONABLE! THERE'S NOTHING AS COMPANIONABLE AS A LANCASTER.

"Oh, she was a model?"

"Wasn't she lovely?" Laura asked.

"She looks like a model," I said.

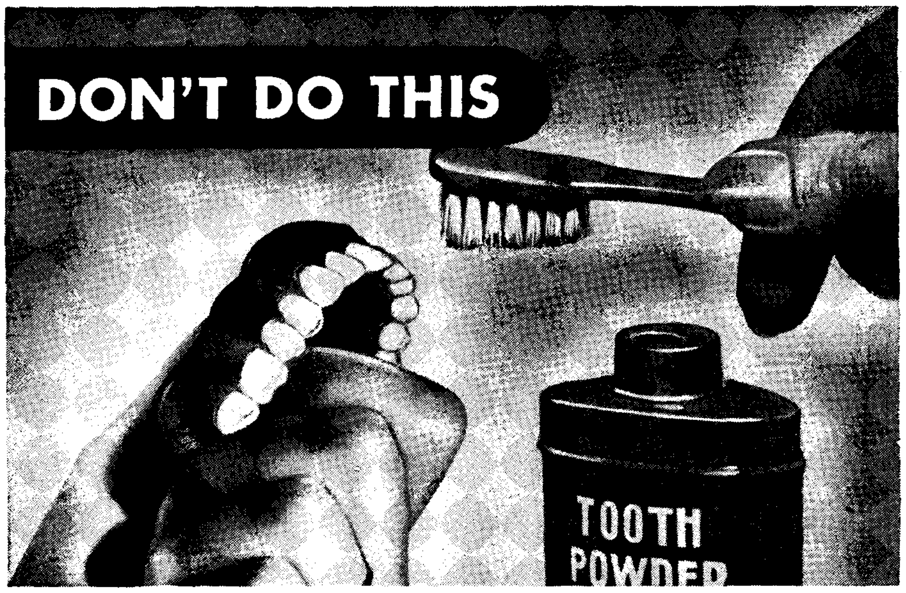
"She was beautiful," Laura insisted.

"What else?"

"What else what?"

"What was she like? How well did

DON'T BRUSH FALSE TEETH
WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



TOOTHPASTES, TOOTH POWDERS and household cleansers are not intended for dental plates. Dental plate materials are softer and more easily worn down than natural teeth. Many makeshift cleaners are *abrasive*, wear down the important "fitting ridges," may ruin costly dentures.

In addition, continued use of these makeshift cleaners scratches dental plates, actually causing film and stains to collect faster, cling tighter.

NO BRUSHING... NO SCOURING...

Do this daily: put one capful of POLIDENT in ½ glass of luke warm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in this solution for 15 minutes, or over night if convenient. Rinse well —and it's ready to use!

PLAY SAFE—USE POLIDENT

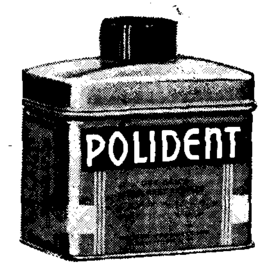
Soaking plates and bridges in Polident *dissolves* ugly stains and cloudy film, cleans those hard-to-reach corners and crevices without the dangers of brushing; *maintains* their original natural appearance. Recommended by many leading dentists and approved by leading makers of modern denture materials.

Plate Wearers Often Worst Breath Offenders

The dark film that collects on plates, bridges, soaks up odors and impurities like a sponge. Almost always it results in "Denture Breath"—probably the most offensive breath odor. You won't know if you have it—*but others will!* Yet POLIDENT quickly dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing

ONLY 30¢ AT ALL DRUG STORES

Long-lasting 3 oz. size—30¢; 7 oz.—60¢, at all drug stores. *Your money back if not delighted.* Today get Polident.



POLIDENT

The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

"PLEASE COME OVER AND FIX MY BIKE!"
BELL SYSTEM

THE CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY can help keep your things in good repair for the "duration" whether it's a tricycle or an automobile.

Look in the Classified and see how easy it is to find tradespeople who can serve you. Under easy-to-locate headings you will find the name, address and telephone number and in many cases information to aid you in choosing those who can help you most satisfactorily.

MAKE THE CLASSIFIED YOUR BUYING GUIDE

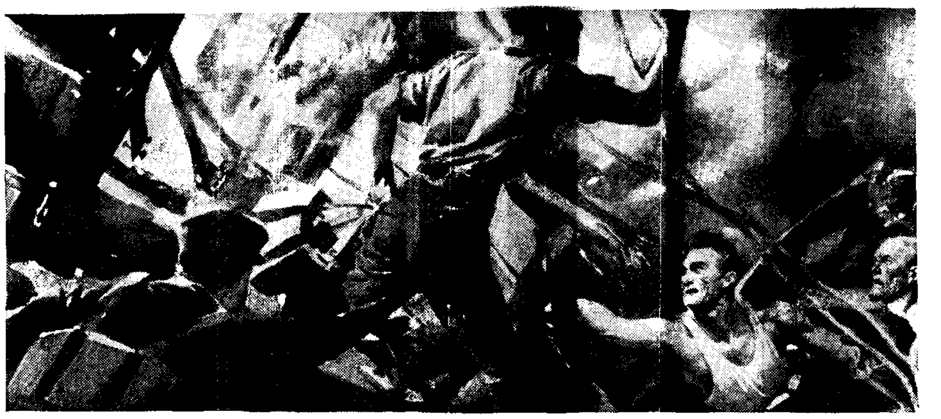
NOR'WAY
NOR'WAY
NOR'WAY
NOR'WAY
PEAK

YOUR COOLING SYSTEM

Its vital metals must outlast the war. NOR'WAY Cooling System Service is essential . . . To remove old rust and scale . . . To stop leaks . . . To keep new rust from forming. NOR'WAY Cooling System Chemicals give proved year 'round protection to all vital parts.

PEAK Permanent Anti-Freeze has unsurpassed resistance to all corrosive activity. War needs will limit the civilian supply of PEAK, so see your dealer early.

COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS Corporation
NEW YORK, N. Y.



IT'S easy," Mike Shea mused, "to forget the war on a night like this." Leo Ryder mumbled, "Yeah." He was staring out at the placid ocean, bathed in the half-light of a full moon. It was comfortable here in the pilothouse on a warm night and there were dreams of his home in Boston mixed with the thoughts of the course the mate had given him before retiring to his bunk at midnight.

The sturdy, Diesel-engined fishing trawler was plowing its dependable way back to port. There was a sense of satisfaction in knowing that you were going home to New England after five profitable days on the fishing banks. . . .

At 3:30 A. M., Alex Zilevicze climbed out of his bunk and went down to the galley to start breakfast. The coffee was just giving the galley an interesting smell when in walked Second Engineer Nils Anderson. "How's for a cup of coffee, Cookie?" Nils asked.

"Coming up," Al told him.

Anderson was sipping the boiling brew when the sharp report sounded. They both looked up. Cookie said: "Better get back to your engine. Sounds like it's backfiring."

Anderson was standing very still. One look at his face and Cookie knew that it wasn't backfiring he was hearing. He dashed for the deck.

Chief Engineer Otto Goranson woke up suddenly. He thought he had heard a backfire, too, and he wanted to know what was wrong with his engine. He was stark naked as he switched on the light. The light went out, almost as soon as he had put it on.

The chief groped for a flashlight ar hurried to the engine room, not sto ping to put on any clothes. "Hey, Nils he called. There was no answer. H turned on his flashlight and then the re port sounded again. There was no or in the engine room, but a hole appeare in the bulkhead and a battery burst i flames. The chief hurried back to h quarters, climbed quickly into dunga rees, jacket, shoes.

"I wonder," he thought, "what's up? But Mike Shea and Leo Ryder weren wondering; they were lying very still i the riddled pilothouse.

Captain Philip Colbert cursed as h came on deck. He could see the low lying hull of the submarine outlined i the moonlit water, about 150 feet awa from the trawler. He saw the brigh flashes from its deck gun as it sent ex plosive shells—two a minute—rippin into the fishing vessel. Then he spotte smaller, quicker flashes from a poin near the conning tower, and the stick on-a-picket fence clatter of a machin gun cut through the blast and scream c the explosive shells. "They're murder ing us," he said between his teeth.

The skipper saw one of his crew, hur rying along, spin suddenly and cras wordlessly to the deck. He heard a sec ond man scream and saw him drop writhing, not far from the first.

Captain Colbert called to others c the crew to launch the starboard life boat. He grabbed a line himself to help *and then a shell smashed into the*[illegible]oat The captain staggered back, hand clutching his head. "My head! M

---

you know her? Where did she live? How much did she earn? Married, single, divorced? How old? Did she have a family? Who were her friends?"

"Please, Mr. McPherson. One question at a time. What was Diane like?" She hesitated. "I don't think a woman can answer that question quite honestly. You ought to ask a man."

"Your opinion would probably be safer."

"I might be prejudiced. Women with *faces like mine can't be too objective* about girls like Diane."

"I see nothing wrong with your face, Miss Hunt."

"Skip it. I've never tried to get by on my beauty. And if I should tell you that I considered Diane rather unintelligent and awfully shallow and quite a negative person, you might think I was jealous."

"If you felt that way about her, why did you let her have your apartment?"

"She lived in a hot little room in a boardinghouse. And since nobody would have been using this place for a few days, I gave her the key."

"Why did you keep it so secret? Even Bessie didn't know."

"There was nothing secret about it. If I had come home on Friday afternoon or seen Bessie, I'd have mentioned it, but Bessie would have found it out anyway when she came to work on Saturday."

"Have you ever loaned your apartment before?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"They said you were generous. Impulsive, too, aren't you?"

She laughed again. "My Aunt Susie says I'm a sucker for a hard-luck story, but I always tell her the sucker wins in the end. You don't get neuroses worrying over people's motives and wondering whether they're trying to use you."

"Sometimes you get shot by mistake," I said. "You happened to be lucky this time."

"Go on," she laughed. "You're not so hard-boiled, McPherson. How many shirts have you given away in your life?"

"I'm a Scotchman," I said stiffly; I did not want to show too much pleasure at the way she had read my character.

SHE laughed again. "Scotch thrift is vastly overrated. My Grannie Kirkland was the most liberal and open-handed woman in the world."

"You had a Scotch grandmother?"

"*From a place called Pitlochry.*"

"Pitlochry! I've heard of Pitlochry. My father's people came from Blair-Atholl."

We shook hands.

"Were your people very religious?" Laura asked.

"Not my father. But original sin started in my mother's family."

"Ah-hah!" she said. "Dissension in the home. Don't tell me that your father read Darwin."

"Robert Ingersoll."

She clapped her hand to her head. "What a childhood you must have had."

"Only when my old man took a drop too much. Otherwise Robert Ingersoll never even got to the Apostles' forty-yard line."

"But the name had a sort of magic

END OF A TRAWLER

By Gene Casey

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

ead!" he moaned. And then he fell.

Mate Gus Dunsky noticed that his ratch read 4 A. M. when the first shell roke him. As he came on deck, a fishrman told him that Captain Colbert as dead and he immediately took comıand, ordering the surviving members f the crew into the port lifeboat. The ıate watched the submarine as the men rere lowering the boat. It was circling ıe trawler, pumping in shells from all ngles.

He saw Cookie Al Zilevicze standing n deck in a towering rage. Al was shakıg his fist at the sub, shouting above ıe din: "You dirty rats! Some day we'll et you!" Then the cook climbed into ıe lifeboat.

HERE were ten of the trawler's crew of seventeen in the lifeboat when Mate Dunsky ordered them to pull away rom the side.

Chief Goranson came on deck and rent first to the starboard side. There ras no one there and the starboard lifeoat had been blown to nothingness. He an to the portside and saw that lifeoat just casting off. As he started to ıout, a shell burst above him, knocking im unconscious and into the water.

The plunge brought the chief to his enses quickly and one of the crew ı the lifeboat hauled him aboard. Then ıe boat pulled away from the side f the ship. It had traveled about fifty eet when the men heard a cry from the rawler, followed by a splash as a man ove overboard. They turned back to ıeet the swimmer and helped him into the lifeboat. One of his legs, shrapnel-torn, dragged uselessly behind him. "It's Dick Codner," one of the men in the lifeboat told the others.

The fishermen watched the submarine continue to shell the trawler as they rowed to safety. Those aboard the sub paid no attention to the small boat; but they were blasting away at the trawler as though they had ammunition to burn.

"They've cut her in two," the cook said, bitterly. "They're sure wasting shells. One at the water line would have been enough."

"I've counted more than forty shells," the mate offered.

They were some distance away from the trawler when there was a sharp explosion aboard her and she burst into flames. Then she rolled over and sank. Mate Dunsky looked at his watch. It was 4:20. The submarine dove from sight.

At daylight the mate checked those in the lifeboat. Seven of them were wounded; five, including himself, were without serious injury. Five others, counting Captain Colbert, were missing, had died in those brief shell-torn minutes on the moon-bathed deck of the trawler.

Late that afternoon the mate sighted a ship, identified it as a United Nations'. The men shouted hoarsely, waved their shirts overhead. The ship headed toward the lifeboat.

"They see us," said Mate Dunsky. "We'll be home soon. Then we'll be able to go out to the fishing banks again." ★★★

---

and you read him secretly as you grew older."

"How did you know?"

"And you decided to learn everything in the world so people couldn't push you around."

That started the life story. It must have sounded like a combination of Frank Merriwell and Superman in ninety-nine volumes, each worth a nickel. McPherson vs. Associated Dairymen. McPherson in Washington. McPherson's Big Night with the Hopheads. Down Among the Bucket Shops with Mark McPherson. The Labor Spy Racket as Seen by McPherson. Killers I Have Known. From there somehow we got back to Mark McPherson's Childhood Days. From Rags to Riches or A Barefoot Boy in Brooklyn.

I guess I described every game I'd pitched for the Long Island Mohawks. And told her about the time I knocked out Rocco, the Wop Terror, and how Sparks Lampini who had bet his paper route on Rocco knocked me out for revenge. And about my folks. My mother and my sister who had made up her mind to marry the boss, and what a heel she had turned out to be. I even told her about the time we all had diphtheria and Davey, the kid brother, died. It must have been ten years since I had mentioned Davey.

She sat with her hands folded against the gold-colored cloth of her robe and a look on her face as if she were hearing the Commandments read by Moses himself. That's probably what Waldo meant by delicate flattery.

She said, "You don't seem at all like a detective."

"Have you ever known any detectives?"

"In detective stories there are two kinds, the hard-boiled ones who are always drunk and talk out of the corners of their mouths and do it all by instinct; and the cold, dry, scientific kind who split hairs under a microscope."

"Which do you prefer?"

"Neither," she said. "I don't like people who make their livings out of spying and poking into people's lives. Detectives aren't heroes to me, they're detestable."

"Thanks," I said.

SHE smiled a little. "But you're different. The people you've gone after ought to be exposed. Your work is important. I hope you've got a million more stories to tell me."

"Sure," I said, swelling like a balloon. "I'm the Arabian Nights. Spend a thousand and one evenings with me and you won't hear the half of my daring exploits."

"You don't talk like a detective, either."

"Neither hard-boiled nor scientific?"

We laughed. A girl had died. Her body had lain on the floor of this room. That is how Laura and I met. And we couldn't stop laughing. We were like old friends and later, at half past three, when she said she was hungry, we went into the kitchen and opened some cans. We drank strong tea at the kitchen table like home folks. Everything was just the way I had felt it would be with her there, alive and warm and interested in a fellow.

(To be continued next week)

A man can stand just so much...

● Is all this extra hustle and hiking wearing you down? Get back on your feet in a hurry—in Walk-Overs. Natural-fit lasts that need no breaking in ...and help balance your feet correctly. Oil-treated soles for extra flexibility and wear. Most styles $8.95 and $10.95. Illustrated, BROADMOOR. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

WALK·OVER

TASTE THE DIFFERENCE TONIGHT

Feel the Difference Tomorrow!

OLSEN AND JOHNSON, *stars of the crazy musical,* SONS O' FUN, *use White Rock to help keep fit.*

WHAT OLSEN and JOHNSON ALWAYS DO:

They insist on White Rock... always. Claim it makes their highballs taste better... helps keep them feeling fit next day

Before going to bed and again in the morning, they have a glass of plain, sparkling White Rock

Its beneficial natural mineral salts improve flavor, combat acidity help make you feel better next day. It's SUPER-CHARGED with a sparkle that stays to the end of a drink

FEELING FINE THANKS TO

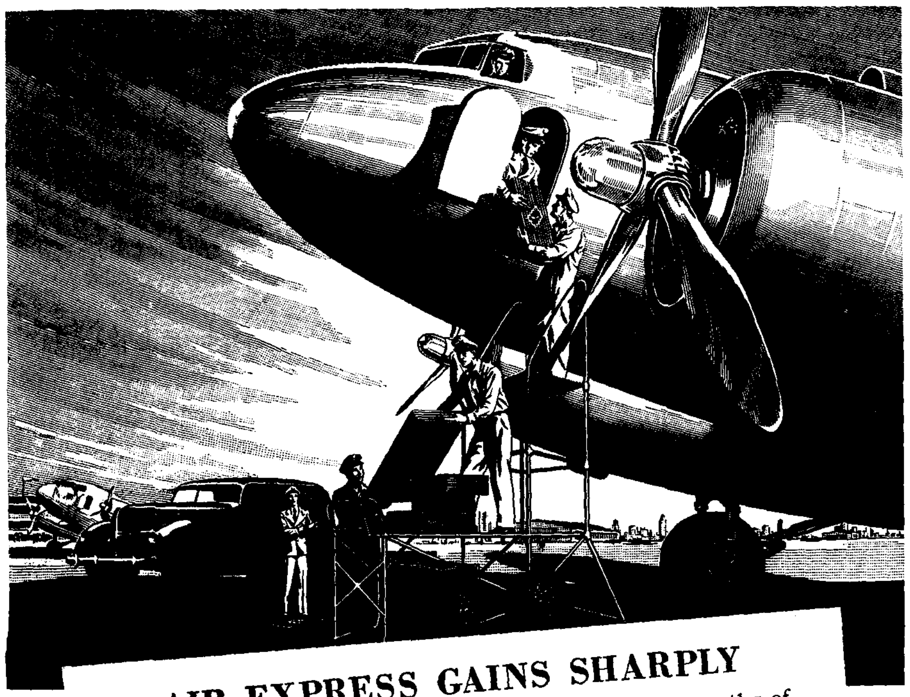
White Rock

SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

ON THE ALKALINE SIDE...

... In The Big, 8-drink 24 oz. bottle or 12 oz. size

Try White Rock Sarsaparilla and White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale. Both made with White Rock care.



AIR EXPRESS GAINS SHARPLY

Express carried by commercial air lines in first six months of this year gained sharply over a year ago, according to AIR EXPRESS DIVISION of Railway Express Agency. It said movement of essential materials was largely responsible.

In order that airlines may utilize cargo space more efficiently, shippers are urged to forward traffic earlier in the day, when more space is available than on night flights.

Taken from Boston News Bureau, August 22, 1942

You do not need a priority to ship by AIR EXPRESS, but if you have war production shipments requiring priorities, they will be granted. Phone Railway Express Agency, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION, or any airline.

NOW IN ITS 16th YEAR AIR EXPRESS Division of RAILWAY EXPRESS

IT'S SMART TO SMOKE filter-tip VICEROY

UNION MADE

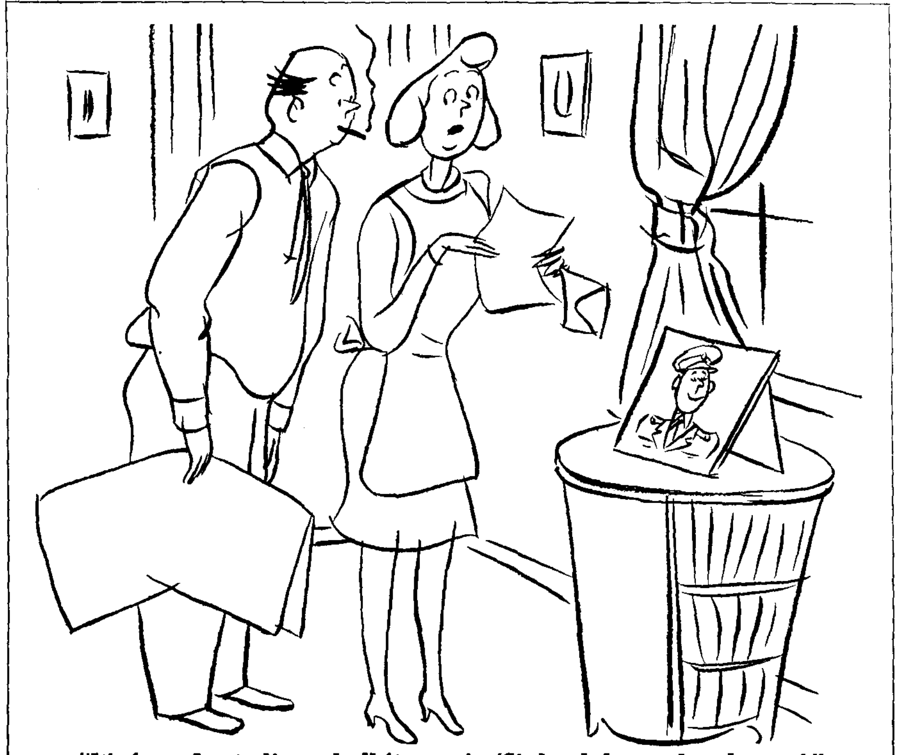
THE FILTER TIP IS BETTER FOR YOU

No tobacco crumbs to stain your teeth

Throat irritants are checked

True tobacco flavor is brought out

The cork tips save your lips



"It's from Australia and all it says is, 'Sighted dame, dated same'"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR

WHAT'S UP DOWN UNDER

BY V-MAIL from Australia come some random notes by Cartoonist Charles Pearson, who is spending more time these days being a private than being an artist. Items:

When Pvt. Wilbur Tirrell (S. Weymouth, Mass.) ordered his first steak in an Australian hotel it was served to him with two fried eggs. No mistake had been made. It seems fried eggs go with steak just as fried potatoes do over here.

As you know, Australians drive on the left side of the road. Pvt. Joseph Sereika (Kearny, N. J.) forgot this momentarily one day when he was driving a truck, but another American truck driver caught him up short with: "Hey, you—get over on the wrong side of the road where you belong!"

There are no canned-heat stoves on hand for quick cooking on maneuvers, so Pvt. Hugh Murphy (Cleveland, Ohio) used a blowtorch. He can fry an egg in ten seconds.

All drinking is done in pubs, which may be anything from a one-armed flea castle to a red plush His Majesty's Hotel. Beer and/or whisky drinkers get along fine; a wine drinker has to remember that wine is served in schooners, and a ten-bob note will buy enough to put him under the table. Australian rum should be put in bombs and dropped on Japan, according to Pvt. Pearson. "The brandy is labeled Hospital Brandy—and they're not kidding." Some of the local drinks are known as snaps and sars, shandygaff, poetergaff, and butcher with a black dash.

The boys are going in for custom-made knives. Each Yank designs his own, then finds a smith to make it for him, after which a saddler fits it with a handle and sheath. A soldier spends a week polishing and sharpening the blade—and he has something eminently suitable for use on a Jap.

When a soldier goes to a party or dance in the U. S. he generally loses one or more of his regimental insignia to some souvenir-hunting gal. In Australia the situation is reversed: the soldier wears no insignia, so he can't lose any. But he spends a large part of the evening at a party or dance trying to wangle a blouse ornament from the girls who are in military service.

A 25-word cablegram to almost any part of the States costs something more than a pound, or almost four dollars, which is why the folks at home don't get cablegrams more often. . . .

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

knows, or cares, what the position of the plane is an hour after its departure.

They are not expected to do the navigating but it makes an interesting game and at the same time brings the realization that "avigation," as aerial navigation is often termed, is anything but simple. Occasionally the pilot sends a flight report through the cabin. The passengers take a look, then go back to sleep or continue with their reading. If it is clear and the plane is flying "contact," the passenger might take a look out of the window, check his watch, and then make a guess. If the plane is "on top," they know the pilot is flying on instruments, guided by the radio beam. So why worry?

For the pilot and copilot of that commercial plane, such flights are just routine. The remarkable thing today is the work these same pilots are doing when called upon by Uncle Sam to deliver vital war goods in cargo planes or fly war planes to the many fronts. For many of these pilots, it is their first flight to the unknown, over strange oceans and continents, and they are doing it without the familiar guiding tone of the radio beacon and beam. For months, crews of pilots from TWA, American Airlines, Eastern Air Lines, United Air Lines, as well as almost all other commercial lines, have been called on between their regular runs to make special flights to deliver vital war goods in Army planes. The crews have taken their orders and carried them out—with navigation being the big factor. . . .

J. D. B.

Chile Gets Off the Fence

Continued from page 16

Besides these economic and psychological factors, Chile—while the Jap fleet was strong—had immediate military cause to worry.

The oil stocks of the country are low. The batteries and planes we have sent down are insufficient. The chief of staff, a good, stocky, cordial Chilean, corroborated this for me, and so did the Socialist minister of production, Oscar Schnake, and the Radical minister of the interior, Doctor Raúl Morales, both strong partisans for an immediate break. Yet the trend toward American solidarity is irresistible.

A Nation of Fighters

The Chileans are a profoundly democratic people, and they have never—like Argentina or France—found life easy, so that the prospect of hard times does not dismay them. Besides, they are a nation of fighters, as Peru and Bolivia, both individually larger and richer than Chile, learned in the War of the Pacific.

The Chilean army admires the German military machine from which it took lessons but, unlike the Argentine army, its high officers are not pro-Nazi. I had warm talks with several military leaders who took pains to assure me of the democratic spirit of their army and compared it to that of Mexico. Moreover, the Conservatives, although the rank and file are distrustful of democracy and against the break, have contributed some of the most fiery and effective partisans of full co-operation with the United States, even to the extent of war. Among them is the former party president, Rafael Gumucio, a man universally respected, who left the party to show his disapproval; and the devout Catholic, Eduardo Cruz-Coke, possibly the most brilliant man in the senate. Marcial Mora Miranda, leader of the Radical party—the president's—also resigned, to show his disgust with the administration's slowness in lining up with the American republics.

The two men now at the helm in Chile's White House—the lovely colonial palace known as *La Moneda*—are practical men. Ríos impressed me as a slow, honest individual, with little imagination and little initiative. Whatever force he has is moral. If you try to push him around, you will find you are trying to push the Andes. Foreign Minister Ernesto Barros Jarpa is a clever lawyer with a lawyer's ability to find reasons for whatever he chooses. He met me most cordially, with an hour's arguments to the effect that diplomatic relations meant nothing but a source of information, and he eloquently asked me why my great country did not let his little country express its democratic brotherhood in its own way.

My own hunch is that these two men have gone slow because they want not the leaders but the people with them, the people whose resistance, as in every country, is great against any step that threatens their blood and their bread.

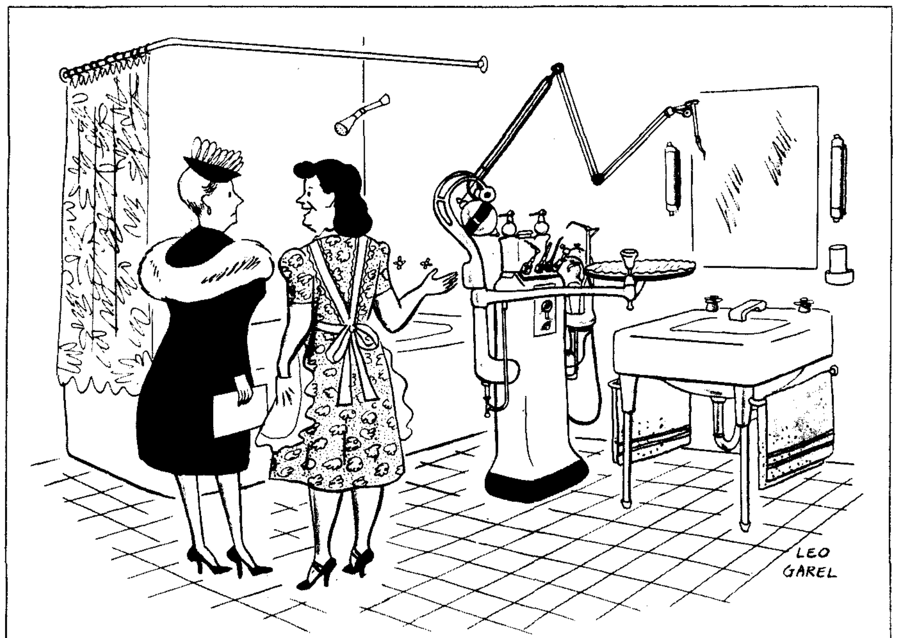
There is a drama here. To see it and Chile's importance within the Pan-American picture, we must have a sense of the Chilean people.

The Chilean is half mariner, half mountaineer. He lives in a land whose geography a famous Chilean writer has called "insane." Chile is 2,000 miles long and about 100 miles wide, shaped like an earthworm. One side of it is sea, the other ice and rock. In square miles, it is larger than France, but a bare ten per cent of its soil is cultivable, the rest being desert, mountain and poor sheep pasture. That's not the worst of it. Chile is the land of earthquakes. Every Chilean remembers "his earthquake." He may be fifty, and the frightful experience may have shaken his body when he was six, but his soul cannot forget.

The Havoc of an Earthquake

I visited Concepción, the country's third city, where, only three years ago, a quake in ninety seconds destroyed thousands of lives and shattered hundreds of houses. The ruins are there still—the cathedral, the dwellings, the commercial structures; and on and about them Concepción moves, disorganized and dazed, like a city bombed by an enemy which the people cannot have the satisfaction of hating.

All this has made the Chileans slow, reticent, stubborn, intellectually matter-of-fact; a people of depth and will, rather than surface sensibility and color; a long-suffering folk whose noble music is almost buried in their hearts, as different from their charming and brilliant neighbors across the Andes as their



"I keep it there to remind the children to brush their teeth. It's very effective!"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

"IT'S A CRIME!
TO NEGLECT OR ABUSE
YOUR TIRES"

SAYS Bob Bowes

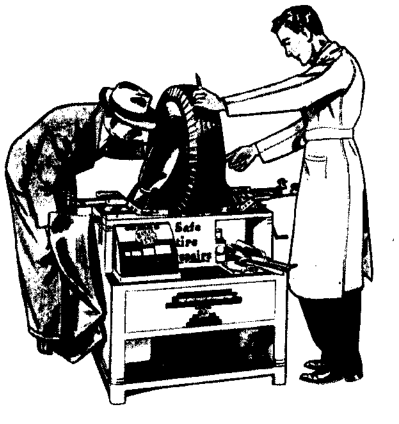
PRESIDENT & FOUNDER OF BOWES "SEAL FAST"
CORPORATION, PIONEER IN SAFE TIRE REPAIRS

YOU CAN ADD 25 to 50% *to Your Tire Mileage*

● Saving your tires is strictly UP TO YOU. Even the best tire repair expert can't save tires that have been badly punished by your carelessness. Neglect and abuse of your precious tires is a crime. RIGHT NOW, get your tires *thoroughly inspected* INSIDE and OUT. Small cuts, holes and bruises can lead to BIG trouble . . . unless they're found NOW and fixed RIGHT. Most tire failures begin in very small cracks, cuts or bruises. GET'EM FIXED RIGHT NOW . . . and you'll add from 25 to 50% to your tire mileage.

YOUR FIRST STEP IN TIRE SAVING *begins with*

INSIDE *and* OUT
INSPECTION



Almost every service station offers this service . . . but to be absolutely sure, look for a BOWES TIRE SAVING STATION.

Bowes Tire Repair Experts are factory-trained to help you get every possible mile from your tires. This careful training and special Bowes Equipment assures you a *Safe* job of tire repair. So, look for the Bowes Sign . . . drive in . . . and put your tire problems in the care of a *Bowes Tire Saving Expert.*

Regular INSPECTION...*KEEP 'EM ROLLING!*

Tires literally can be turned *inside out* on Bowes Check 'N Spect—and—only in this fashion can hidden nails, imbedded glass, tacks and rocks be found and removed *before* they cause trouble. There's specialized BOWES equipment and materials for every tire trouble—and—the Bowes Trained Tire Experts will add 25 to 50% to your Tire Mileage—*IF*—you have tires inspected frequently and give them a chance to find and repair the damage before it's too late.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION • INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

BOWES
SEAL FAST
Dependable
TIRE REPAIR
SYSTEM

rocky land is different from the Pampa.

Politically, Chile is the most advanced nation of South America. Its industrial workers are all unionized, every Chilean belongs to a political party, and the elections are honest. The two largest parties are the Radicals (corresponding to the Liberals in this country) and the Conservatives (like our die-hard Republicans). Socialists and Communists are highly respected, important minorities with representatives in the ministry and congress. Yet this sturdy, conscious folk (with the exception of Uruguay, the most homogenous in all South America) remains economically poor and exploited.

So hard has been the life of the Chilean worker, so hard the soil, so uncertain even the survival of his house when his earth quakes, that when he gets a bit of money, he doesn't—like the American—buy goods; he buys *rest.* Poor food, ragged clothes, a hovel of a house, he has got used to. What he wants is a week off, with plenty of wine to remove him from his troubles. The average labor-year of the fully employed, skilled Chilean industrial worker is 39 weeks.

The people are democratic from top to bottom. An example: The new minister of health, Doctor Miguel Etchebarne, still works as a subordinate of Doctor Orrego who, officially, is under him. At 8 A. M., the minister takes orders from Orrego in the State Hospital; at 11 A. M., in his ministry, he gives orders to Orrego.

Another instance is the Church. Everywhere, there are good Catholic Democrats. In Chile alone, as far as I know, there is an organized Catholic Democratic party which works with Radicals, Socialists and Communists against the Fascist danger. Schnake, the minister of labor, is of this party.

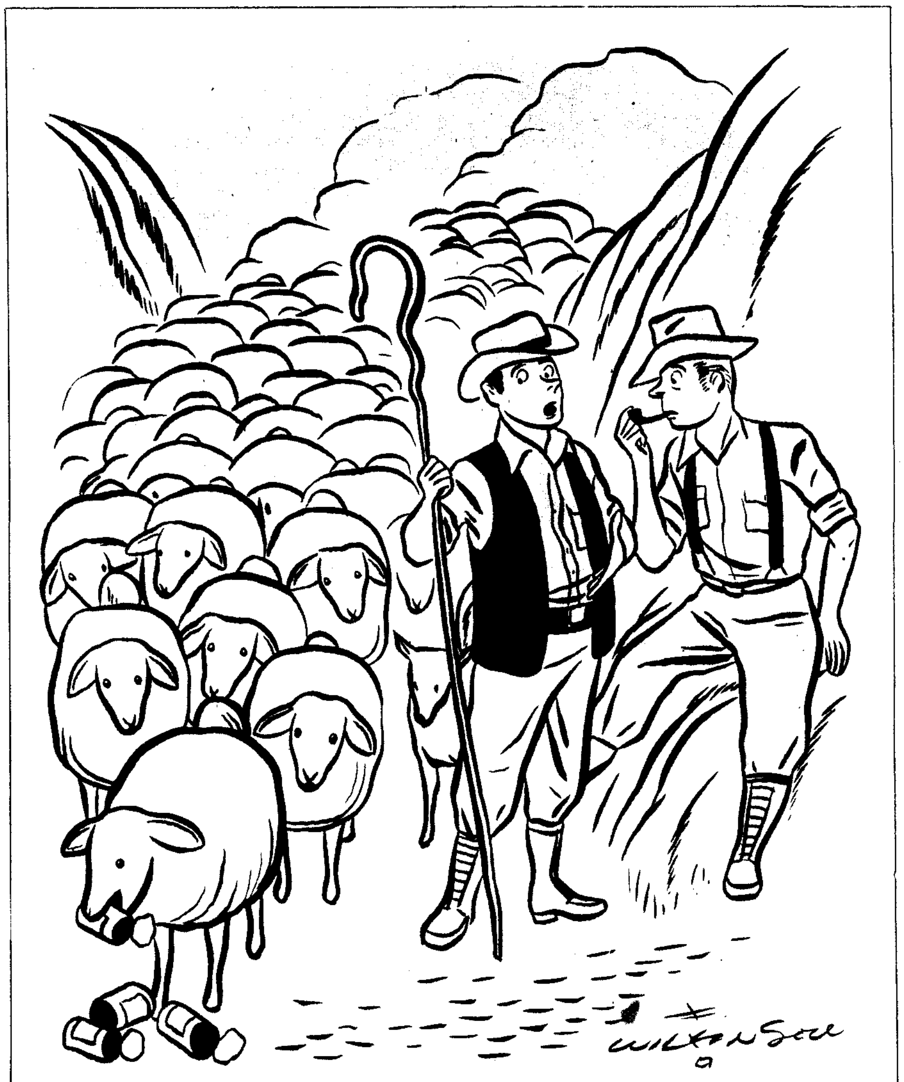
Not far from Valdivia, heart of German Chile, in the village of San José de la Mariquina, lives the noblest of the country's anti-Nazis, a bishop and a full-blooded German! I went to see Guido Benedict Beck de Ramberga, Capuchin bishop and vicar apostolic to the hard-bitten warlike Araucanian Indians. He told me of his fight against his fellow Germans and Chileans of German descent, who send him threatening letters and have withdrawn their financial support of his hospitals and schools.

The Nazis have one great virtue: they know their enemies and fight them. The Gestapo in Germany warned him of reprisals if he did not stop publishing his anti-Fascist literature. The magazines and pamphlets kept on flowing from the bishop's print shop.

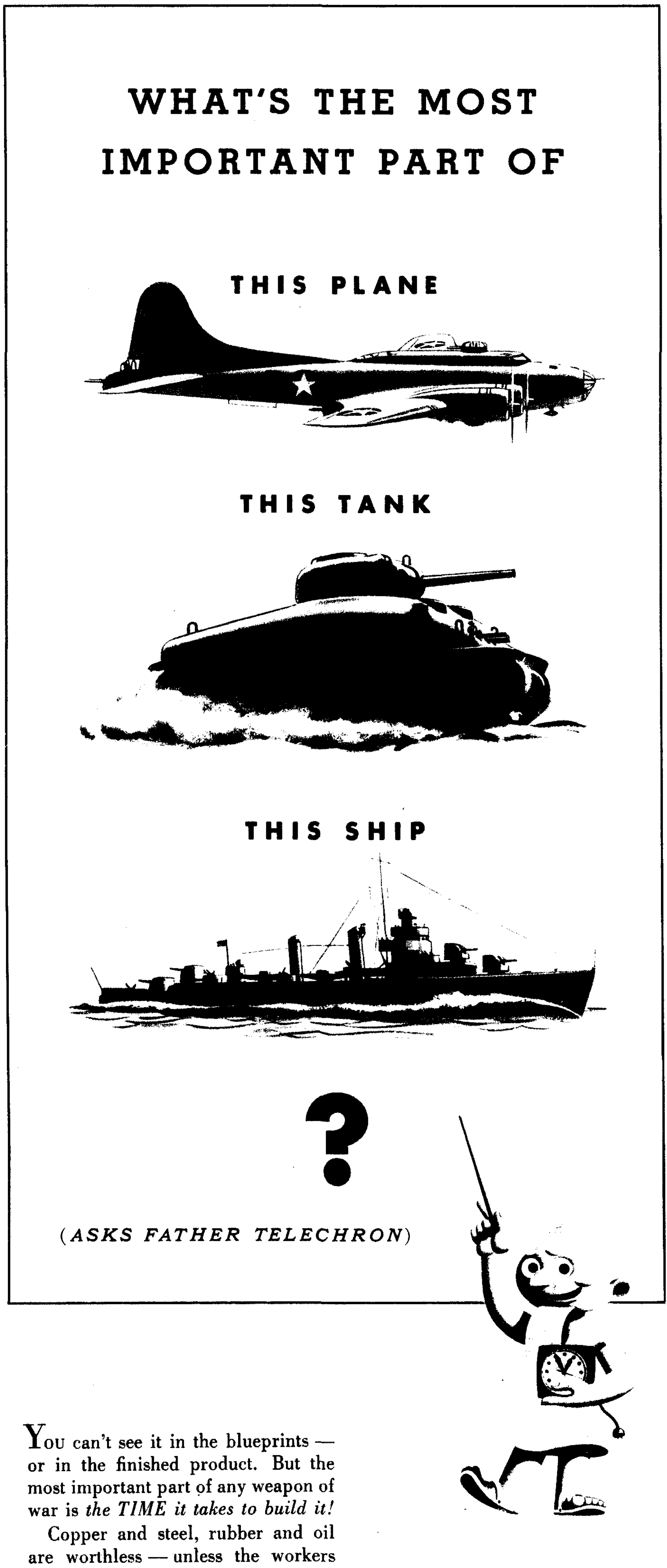
The Axis Tries Appeasement

This brings me back to the Nazi embassy in Chile. A few weeks ago, Minister of the Interior Morales made a speech forecasting an early break with the Axis. The Nazi-Italian-German embassies got busy on the cables, and Morales cracked down on them, refusing to pass their messages. This was contrary to all rules of diplomacy between "friendly" nations, but the Axis embassies spoke no word of protest. Except for one accident at the start of the war, no Chilean ship has been disturbed in the U-boat-infested Caribbean. The meaning is obvious: The Nazis are willing to go to any lengths to keep their foothold in the American Pacific. It must pay.

The Nazi embassies in Buenos Aires and Santiago are among the richest in the world—and not a pfennig comes from Berlin. Thirty per cent of the profits of all German firms in South America flow into the Nazi South American fund for propaganda, espionage, and—if *der Tag* comes—sabotage and insurrection. According to all reports, one of the cleverest of Nazi diplomats is the Baroness von Schoen, American-born wife of the ambassador in Santiago. ▬



COLLIER'S "That's the one that gives steel wool!" FRITZ WILKINSON



WHAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF

THIS PLANE

THIS TANK

THIS SHIP

?

(*ASKS FATHER TELECHRON*)

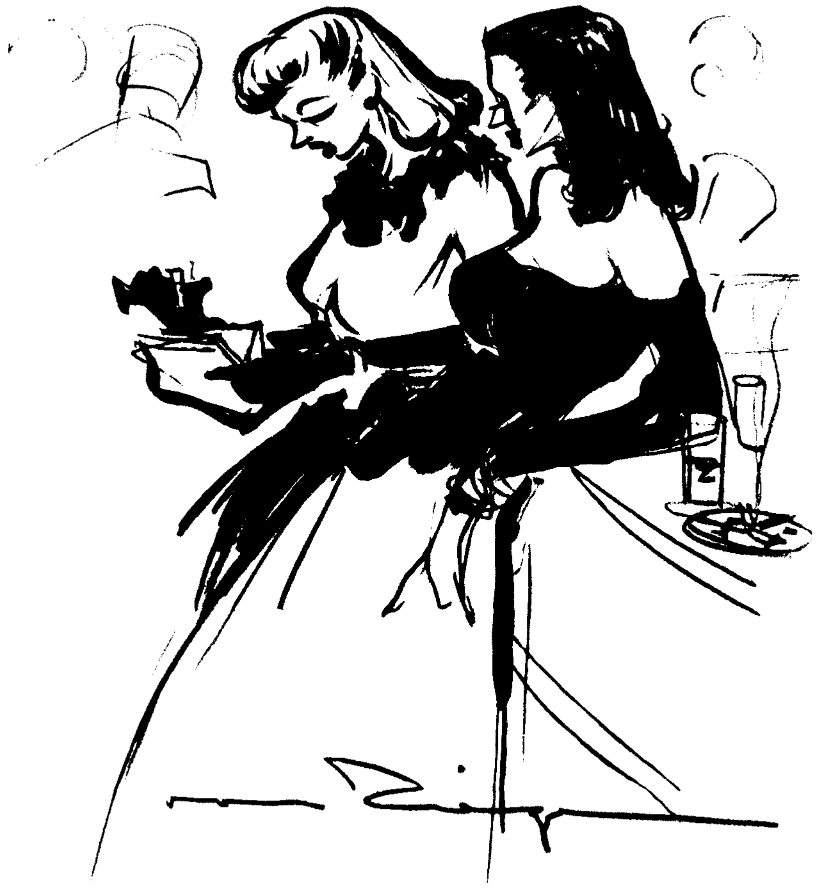
You can't see it in the blueprints — or in the finished product. But the most important part of any weapon of war is *the TIME it takes to build it!*

Copper and steel, rubber and oil are worthless — unless the workers who turn them into tanks and ships also make the most of *time.* Only planes off the production line *on time* — only bombs over Berlin and Tokio *on time* — will win this war.

We're glad that so many Telechron Electric Clocks are serving America with accuracy and dependability.

Telechron
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

ALL with the famous self-starting Telechron motor, sealed in oil for silence and long life. Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass.



"For his birthday I got Harold a fountain pen and a box of fine linen paper. I want to sue him for breach of promise"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

The Nazi embassies in Chile and Argentina work largely through the Spanish embassy and, by this link of blood and race, through that powerful portion of the local Church which is more antidemocratic than pro-Nazi. The Church in every Latin-American country has hundreds of humble parish priests who are with the people. But many Church leaders are enemies of American democracy; they take instructions from the Spanish *Falange* which is under orders from Berlin. They are served by a rich hired press, by groups of clever writers, and by the reactionary landowning classes. Against this setup, British and American propaganda has been particularly feeble.

When I got to Chile, I was welcomed with a warmth unusual in this undemonstrative land, by government, political and university leaders, by the newspapers, the writers and the workers. Did this dishearten the Nazis? Not a bit! On the walls everywhere appeared: "Death to the Jew-Yankee Frank."

In the central streets were scattered thousands of throwaways, calling me a war instigator, an enemy of Chile, and inviting the "good patriots" of Santiago to deal with me as had "the patriots of Argentina." The reactionary press burgeoned forth in less than ten days with more than a dozen articles and editorials, quoting isolated sentences from my books to make me out a foe of Chile, of the common people, of the Catholic Church, and a defamer of the virtue of Chile's women.

We want Chile and Argentina to consolidate the hemisphere by breaking with the Axis. But when the break comes, the Franco embassies will carry on as they are carrying on today in other countries. As long as Franco has an ambassador in our own capital, the other republics will be helpless. If you want to hear some good red-blooded oaths, listen to the Spanish Republicans in Mexico, Buenos Aires and Santiago, comment on this "strategy" of our State Department.

Another point particularly pertinent to Chile: We ask for solidarity from our sister republics. We are getting it. What are we giving in return? A certain amount of military aid—batteries, soldiers, radio stations, planes; a considerable amount of economic aid—oil, paper, machines, credit and cash. It's not enough.

Why is Chile so poor? Why do the people almost unconsciously dislike and distrust the United States? Because their industrial wealth flows out of the country—and largely into the United States. People are so constituted that they can manage only one hate at a time. Fear of the Nazis is academic among the Chilean people so long as economic disadvantages feed resentment against us.

A Poor Little Rich Nation

It is true that without United States capital, the great Anaconda and Braden copper mines of Chile could never have been opened. Any intelligent Chilean will admit it. It is true that Chile's government takes a profit tax of about 36 per cent on copper, and is quarter owner of all the Consortium's nitrate. But it is also true that in a healthy country not only the taxes but the production and profits also circulate at home. This normal circulation is what Chile lacks and needs—needs economically and psychologically. About the only way the Chilean people will ever get it is by owning their own natural resources.

This is sure: Let our government make it plain by action that our sense of hemisphere solidarity implies the end of an archaic economy which keeps a nation like Chile penniless and its people ragged and ill-nourished, while its mountains burst with copper, coal, iron, gold and probably oil—and we will have won a devotion that will stand us in good stead, a devotion beyond the politics of the moment, indestructible as the Andes.

THE END

FRIENDLY TOAST...

Perfection of Mildness
Cobbs Creek
Perfection of Mildness
Cobbs Creek
Blended Whisky
A smooth and delicious whisky expertly blended for bouquet and flavor
Blended and bottled by Continental Distilling Corporation
C.D.C.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

86.8 Proof
70% Grain Neutral Spirits

FRIENDLY TIP...

YOU CAN'T BUY BETTER
WHISKY—AT ANY PRICE

The Girl Grew Up

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

Aided and abetted by a charge of duck shot at point-blank range, Johnny persuaded the lady that his intentions were honorable

"CHECKMATE!" said my grandfather.

I reset the board with the big, finely carved ivory pieces, while my grandfather looked on with a considering and disapproving glimmer in his gray eyes. He had been like that all day; and I was beginning to feel a bit irked.

"It's a queer time in the world's history for a sailor to be loafing ashore," he said.

"If you don't know the answer to that, sir, it's not for the want of being told," I said. "But here it is again. I'm supposed to be resting my nerves, by doctors' orders, after four torpedoings within a period of twelve months, sir."

"I'm not questioning it," he said. "You're always welcome, Johnny, and I hope your nerves are feeling the benefit of the rest. What I'm thinking of is the apparent lack of stability in your character. When you visited me five years ago, your stated intention was to acquire a practical knowledge of farming. When you left me, a year later, a literary career was your aim and ambition. But here you are, a sailor. And a shipwrecked sailor, at that!"

"Was it my fault that I didn't acquire a practical knowledge of farming, sir?" I asked. "I learned what you were pleased to teach me. Throughout June and July, the art of angling with a dry fly; in the fall, woodcocking; during the winter, the game of chess and a taste for Manila tobacco."

"Let it pass," said my grandfather. "I confess to a bad temper today, Johnny," he added.

"A touch of liver, sir?" I ventured, politely.

"Touch of liver be damned!" he retorted. "It's a touch of Delancey Carfax that's upset me. That swamp rat!"

"Have you been trespassing in his woodcock coverts again, sir?" I asked.

"Yes—but that's not the trouble," he replied. "I shoot his coverts and settle out of court every year, without argument, like a true sportsman. But this is something else. This is something so low and slimy and ratty it's hard to believe even of that swamp rat. This is blackmail."

Blackmail! I was too astonished to speak.

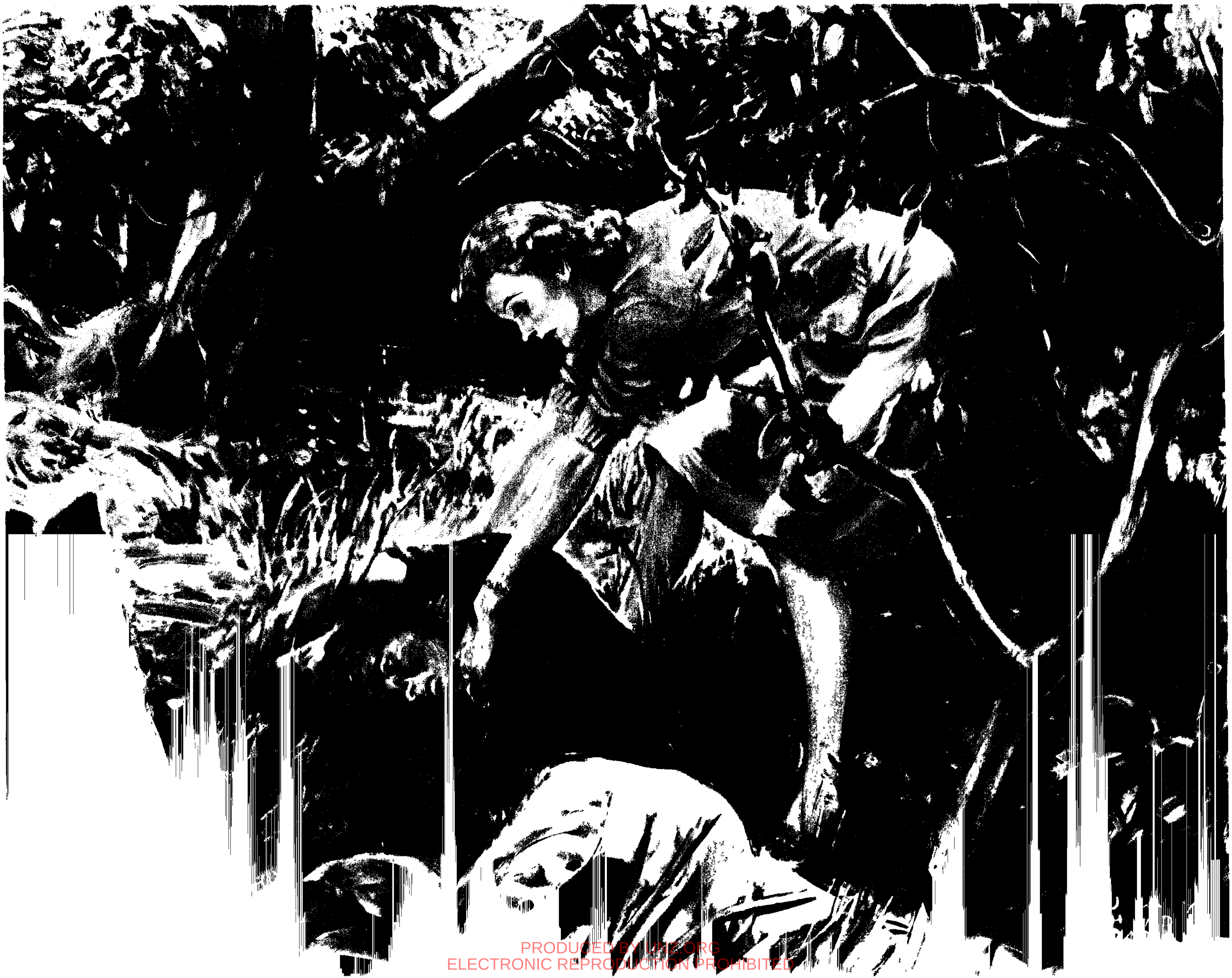
"Johnny, if you ever encounter any of that breed—and I'm warning you now never to run the risk of doing so!—be on your guard," continued my grandfather, impressively.

He paused. And during that pause, I traveled back more than five years to a certain memorable episode of which he knew nothing. I traveled back to it and lived it again. We were fishing Tinkettle Brook. Grandfather was sneering at every cast I made. So, after a while, I gave him the slip. I was new to that country; and it wasn't long before I was lost. Being lost in the woods isn't any fun, especially in black-fly and mosquito time. And I was in a swamp, which is worse than dry woods.

So I scrambled around through the alders until I stubbed my toe on rising ground. It was a little sharp hill, or knoll, grown over with spruce and birch and moosewood. I found an open place near the top and made a smudge of dry spruce twigs and punkwood and moss. In addition to the smudge, I lit one of

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

I crumpled again. It was nice and soft. Diana turned me over, and said thoughtfully, "You'd better rest a spell, Johnny"



What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man

SIX 6 YEARS
BOTTLED IN BON
OLD SCHENLE
Straight Bourbon Whisk
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
100 PROOF

—*that if he can't see action on the fighting front*, he swings into action on the home front . . . that he's among the first to volunteer for whatever service he can do best, from first aid to civilian defense against air raid!

—*that he makes the most of his well-earned leisure*...that he chooses the best and enjoys it in moderation...that he compliments his guests and his own good taste by serving mild Old Schenley, *first in quality among bonds!*

First in Quality

OLD SCHENLEY

America's Mildest

BOTTLED IN BOND

AMERICA'S MILDEST BOTTLED IN BOND

Set of six, full-color flower reprints, suitable for framing, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢ . . . Copyright 1942, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, Department C

"No brakes yesterday...
No car for the war job today!"

We all have a direct or indirect part in working for victory and our cars are often vital to this job. Good brakes are important in helping you avoid accidents that can deprive you of your car. So watch your brakes closely; when they are slow acting, pulling right or left, squealing or grabbing, protect your car and your part of the war job . . .

DRIVE IN A REPAIR SHOP
WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN

Safe-Stop Brake Service

American Brakeblok
BRAKE LINING

THE AMERICAN BRAKE SHOE & FOUNDRY CO.
AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Safe-Stop Brake Service is sponsored by The American Brake Shoe & Foundry Company's American Brakeblok Division, makers of The Safety Brake Lining, now in use on millions of civilian vehicles. We are also making huge quantities of war materials for equipment for all branches of the U. S. armed services.

my grandfather's Manila cheroots. I sat down between them and tried to figure out the easiest way of finding myself. I was still working on it when I was startled by a human voice from close at hand behind the black screen of the smudge. It was a childish, angry, kind of breathless voice; and I didn't catch the words. But it gave me such a start that I went through and over the smudge in one jump. And there was Diana.

That was our first meeting. That was in June. She told me to tramp out the smudge, and then helped me do it. She wore oil-tanned moccasins, but no stockings. Her legs were tanned and scratched and fly-bitten here and there, but very graceful. We trampled out the fire and even plastered the place with wet muck from the base of the knoll, to make sure. Then she said she had better get me out of there before something terrible happened to me. She told me to follow her, which I did.

SHE was only a kid. Fifteen or maybe sixteen, I guessed. She wore the worst old clothes I had ever seen on a girl, and very little of them. But she didn't seem to give them a thought. And her voice and language were what you might hope to hear in a select girls' school. Her eyes were wonderful. The rest of her face was all right, too. We came out on the edge of a field and sat down. She took off her hat and fanned herself. It was an old wreck of a man's felt hat.

"What was the hurry?" I asked.

She said that I had been in deadly peril, but wouldn't say what of. I asked her name, and she said, "Diana Smith." I said that Diana suited her and that Smith was the greatest name in England's story. She laughed and said that Robinson was fairly well and widely known, too. Yes, she knew who I was, and told me, forthrightly.

"You are young Johnny Robinson, grandson of that stuffed shirt, old Johnny Robinson."

I didn't like that even from that poor, raggedy kid, and I told her so.

Diana said she was sorry and I looked at her eyes and her legs and forgave her. We started on our way again and soon came to an edge of an old orchard. She told me to keep right on and I'd come to a rough pasture and in sight of my grandfather's house. I thanked her cordially and asked what direction she was taking. She laughed at me. She had an agreeable laugh. But she refused to tell. So I asked where and at what hour I should meet her next day. She said she wouldn't, anywhere or at any hour; so I told her I would find my way back to that knoll and make another smudge there if she didn't. She told me I talked like a fool; and then she promised to meet me right where we stood at the moment and between nine and ten next morning. I wanted to kiss her. But she was such a kid, and looked so poor and unprotected, that I hesitated; and in that moment of my hesitation, she turned and disappeared in the underbrush like a fox.

My grandfather snorted; and I came back, across five years and three months of sidereal time, from the lower end of the old orchard and my first meeting with Diana Smith.

"That ruffian has a daughter," resumed my grandfather. "She made an unfortunate marriage—he was a worthless fellow—ran the woods like an Indian. And she hasn't seen or heard of him in nineteen years. I met her, quite by chance, one day last summer. A year ago this summer. We talked for some time, and she seemed to me an intelligent and well-mannered person, before I learned her identity.

"She said she could see that I didn't know her, though she had known me all her life, by sight and hearsay. 'This is our second actual meeting,' she said. 'The first was when I was a little girl. You were fishing, and I was spying on you from the bushes. But when you were eating your lunch, I came too close, and you heard me and grabbed me. And you were so kind and jolly that I told you I was Sally Carfax and that my father had set me to spy on you and tell him every time you trespassed on Carfax land. Now you know who I am—Delancey Carfax's daughter.' I was somewhat taken aback, I must admit. But I laughed it off; and she laughed, too. She has a musical laugh."

"You spoke of blackmail, sir," I said.

My grandfather snorted. Then he groaned. He stood up. He is a fine figure of a man, six-foot-one in his slippers, straight as a lance and lean as a hound. He walked around the table and sat down again.

"I must confess that I've met her several times since," he sighed. "A number of times. She is a well-educated and an intelligent young woman—along in her forties, I suppose—and I thought her honest. And still I can't believe that she's not honest. I thought it a happy and harmless friendship for a lonely man of my age; and it seemed to mean something to her, too.

"Her attitude toward me was—well, I might have been a trusted and respected uncle. And mine toward her was avuncular. Yes, I can say that. Practically avuncular. A frequent subject of her conversation has been her daughter. Sally—that's the young woman I've been talking about—has educated the daughter at home. She has been worried about the girl, who is somewhat self-willed, it seems, and inclined to run the woods like her father."

My grandfather paused again, and again my mind slipped back five years and in the blink of an eye I relived my second, third and fourth meetings with Diana.

"But now the child's prospects have improved, it seems," continued my grandfather. "A very respectable young fellow named Simpson—I know the family—Simpson's Mill on French Creek—prosperous and decent people—has been attentive for years; and now, at last, the girl has agreed to marry him."

AGAIN he paused. I took a cigar from the box and tried to pinch off the little twist of leaf at the butt end. But I made a mess of it. I tore the wrapper from end to end.

"What the devil are you about?" cried my grandfather, glaring.

To mistreat a cigar or cheroot was almost as bad, in his eyes, as to mistreat a dog, horse, songbird, gun, trout rod or book.

"Sorry, sir!—but I guess it's my nerves," I mumbled.

"*Your* nerves!" he snorted. "And what about mine? What are a few torpedoings, at your age, compared to a blow like this at mine?"

He fished a folded sheet of paper from a pocket, opened it with violently fumbling fingers and slapped it down on the table under my nose. I read:

"Colonel John Robinson of Belmont.

"Sir, I am fully informed upon the subject of your frequent recent secret meetings with my daughter, and herewith notify you, on my honor as a gentleman, that you have gone too far. Your trespassings of the past, and poachings of woodcock and trout, have been settled from time to time with the payment of a few dollars—but now the family honor is touched. If your intentions are honorable, that is to say matrimonial, give me proof of it within twenty-four hours. If not, prepare yourself for the worst.

"Believe me, Sir,

"Your Obedient Servant to Command,

"DELANCEY CARFAX."

"Well?" inquired my grandfather.

I had nothing to say, for I had read the words with my eyes only, without comprehension. My mind was not on my grandfather's affairs.

I'm a fool to be here, ran my thoughts. I should have returned two years ago, or a year ago anyhow—though that would have been difficult—or never. And what rest am I getting here for my nerves? I've been here two days now, and my nerves are worse than ever. I was a fool to remember the kid at all—seriously, that is. A few kisses—and I always made a sort of joke of kissing her, because she was only a kid. But then I had to go and build them up. And build her up. That's a sailor for you! Sentimental. So I built up something wonderful, with the help of stars aloft and sea fire alongside, and fell for it. I made the Rose of the World out of that swamp kid. I made a blue rose of her. And here I am—and a fellow who owns a sawmill is going to pick the Rose of the World!

"You seem to be stunned," said my grandfather. "And no wonder! So am I—and with more reason. It's preposterous! It's—dammit—monstrous!"

I made a sluggish effort to divert my mind from my own concerns to my grandfather's.

"Is he going to sue you for breach of promise or something like that?" I asked.

"Breach of promise?" shouted my grandfather. "Breach of promise? She would have to do that! She's of age—twice over and more. You talk like a fool. The fellow's mad, I tell you! Why, dammit, I never mentioned marriage—or spoke a romantic word. I'd sound a pretty fool, at my age! We exchanged books. We talked about the daughter. I gave her advice, when asked for it. We were good companions.

"Why, dammit, I never even tried to kiss her. Kept my mind right off anything of the kind. She kissed me once—a very chaste, quick one—and I pretended not to notice it. My behavior toward her has been exemplary, always. She knows it—and he must know it. She wouldn't lie. He must have spied on us—the rat! The swamp rat! He has been snapping at my heels all his life. And what have I ever done to him? Tried to ignore him, that's all.

"And it was the same between our fathers. And all because the Carfax of seventeen-eighty-three accepted what was offered him without seeing it because he was too lazy, and probably too drunk, to come up from Parrstown and look the country over. Accepted what the Crown offered him on the map. My great-great-grandfather headed upriver in a canoe with two Indians without waiting even to see his family and goods disembarked at Parrstown. So we have Belmont, and the Carfaxes have seven hundred acres of Dragon Swamp. It has given them an inferiority complex, I suppose—but I must say I've never noticed it in Sally."

I stood up, helped myself to another cigar and turned away from the table.

"Don't fidget!" said my grandfather. "Sit down. Tell me what you make of this."

He pointed to Delancey Carfax's extraordinary screed.

"All I can make of it, sir, is a suspicion that you've stuck your neck out too far—overplayed the doddering old avuncular role, maybe—and Delancey Carfax has his hatchet arm up and back," I told him, without sitting down. "As to his motives—and possibly hers, sir—why ask me? I don't know the old man, except by hearsay, and I've never been kissed by the lady. And now, sir, I'm going out to stretch my legs and rest my nerves."

I WAS out of the room before he could stop me. I left the house by a side door, ducked through lilacs and highbush cranberries and soon had the red barn between myself and my grandfather. Pretty soon, I found myself halfway down the slope of the old orchard. I kept on till I came to the edge of a field and the spot where that kid Diana Smith had rested, and allowed me to regain my breath, after our flight from Dragon Swamp at the time of our first meeting. But that had been June, and this was late September. June of five years ago.

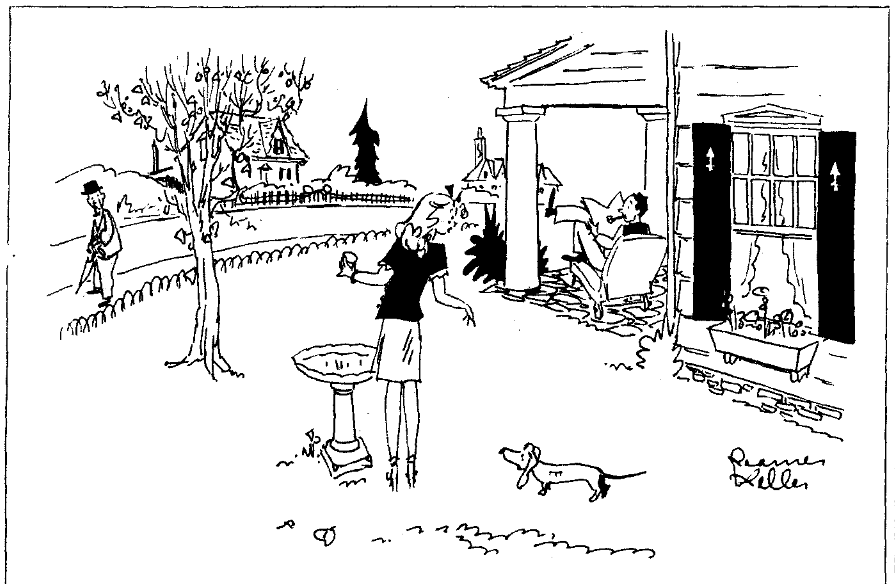
Diana Smith. That poor kid. That raggedy naiad of Dragon Swamp. And that hat! Again I looked into the eyes beneath that disreputable brim. Again I saw the lips and chin and slender throat. I groaned and got to my feet.

"But she'll have grand hats from now on," I said.

I turned and retraced my steps through bush and woods to the foot of the old orchard. It was here I had first kissed her—but that one, like all my subsequent kisses, had been kept well in hand. Her youth, her innocence, and her forlorn and impoverished appearance had stirred the best in me, had moved me to more of protective pity than of reckless passion; so that now my memories were free of remorse and all my pity was for myself.

I swore and moved on again. Time hung heavy on my heart and my poor nerves.

I skirted the swamp for half an hour before I came to what I had in mind, which was a deeply ditched and corduroyed road leading straight into the



"I found an egg in the birdbath, dear. I suppose they want to show their appreciation"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
FLAVOR-FULL
P&T FOUNDED 1840
P&T
Highball
Manhattan
Old Fashioned
Straight
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.
—because it is the
finest-tasting Whiskey
of its type in America!

Clicks everywhere
GOEBEL BEER
GOEBEL
GOLD LABEL
BEER

'Most everybody likes Goebel. People like the *taste* which, in only a few months, has built a national reputation. Won't you try Goebel soon? Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit, Michigan.

Michigan's *National* Beer • Right From The Cypress Casks of Goebel

Brewing Industry Foundation Member

The fastest-selling items in any retail store are advertised in MAGAZINES

GRANDFATHER
Tony Barlow

"It happens every time we have mince pie made with Borden's NONE SUCH—the eatingest, spiciest mince meat of them all." *Costs a few pennies more . . . and worth it!*

© Borden Co.

swamp. And now that I had come to it, what did I want of it? I sat down among alders to think it out, to reason it out. But it was not a situation for reasonable thought, or else I was not capable of reasoning.

I was about to step along the road when approaching sounds sent me back to cover and a horse and buggy issued from the swamp. The lone driver was a large young man with an anxious expression on his large face. He sat in the middle of the seat and held a line in each hand; and I guessed that his immediate anxiety was for the buggy's creaking springs. By his dress I knew him for the prosperous and lucky suitor from Simpson's Mill.

His snappy felt hat looked like at least seven dollars and fifty cents' worth of anybody's money. I thought of the hat Diana used to wear. I sneered—not at my memories of the swamp girl's hat, but at the thought that the fellow was using horse and buggy for his courting so as to save rationed gas and priceless tires for the wedding splurge, or maybe for a splurging honeymoon. Such landlubberly, village-buck, safety-first measures offended my battling sailor's soul and blasted nerves. I sneered again.

FIFTEEN minutes later, I was well on my way along the swamp road. On my way where? And to what? Did I want to see Diana? That was the want which had brought me back to Belmont after an absence of five years—but what would be the good of seeing her now? Perhaps she didn't even remember those times of five years ago.

"Stop right thar!"

I stopped. My heart stopped, too, then plunged like a stumbling horse, and my thin nerves twanged. I looked to my right. There he was—Delancey Carfax—stepping from the bushes and across the ditch on a plank, with a double-barreled gun in his two hands. He halted on the edge of the corduroy and grinned wickedly. His eyes were *small and pale, but bright as flakes of* mica. He was of medium size and had a smooth way of moving.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name's Robinson," I said.

He frowned.

"Telling the truth, hey?" he said. "And you dare tell it to me!—and in Dragon Swamp, at that! What brought you here?"

"Curiosity," I told him.

"Maybe so—but you're a fool for your pains," he said, quietly. "Like your grandfather. His biggest foolishness has always been his mistakin' me for a fool. Maybe *you* think I'm a fool too?"

"More knave than fool, if you really want my opinion," I told him hardily.

At that, his wolfish grin took on a slightly human expression and his stare lost something of its micalike glitter.

"Sure, I am!" he agreed promptly. "And that's what the magnificent colonel hasn't discovered in all the years I've been making money off him. So you are smarter than your granddad. But don't be too smart. I'll ask you again what brought you here."

"Isn't curiosity a good enough answer?" I countered.

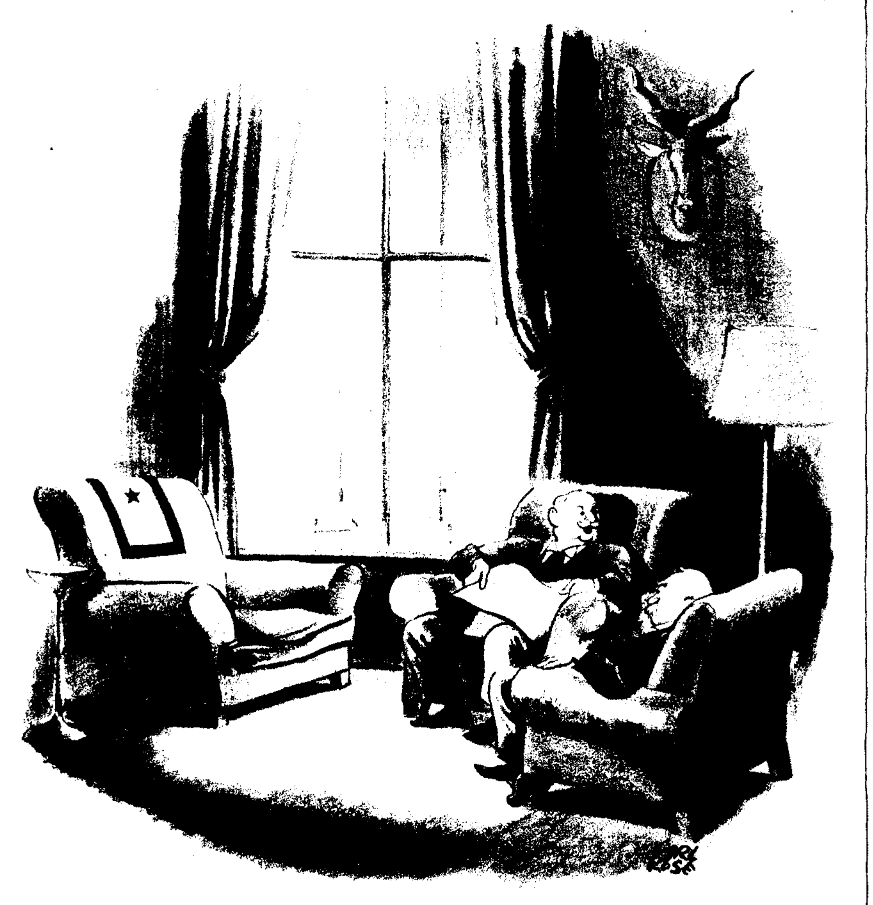
"Listen!" he said, with a rasp in his voice and the glitter back in his eyes. "Listen, you! I know what brought you here. I saw you sparkin' the girl five years back. Saw you twice—but that was enough to show me you warn't any good—not to be taken seriously! But now she's got a real man—but if she hadn't, I'd shoot you and sink you in the swamp before I'd see any Carfax wedded to a Robinson of Belmont."

"Is that so?" I jeered. "Then what about your letter to my grandfather?"

His hard, bright, intent stare flickered aside for a moment.

"You tell him to marry your daughter or else prepare himself for the worst," I added.

"Listen, you!" he said, in a low voice brittle with evil. "He's got no idea of it. He wouldn't marry her if he could—not even if he had fire enough in his belly to want to and I'd let him—for fear of folks laughing, and maybe talking scandal, at respectable old High-and-Mighty John Robinson, D.S.O., getting tangled up at the age of seventy-four with the swamp-bred widow of a hop-by-night bootlegger. If she *is* a widow! But I know him. And I'll cash in on my knowledge in a big



COLLIER'S "Well, I see Bentley's commission came through" CARL ROSE way at last—even if he has to mortgage Belmont; and then, with money in the bank and a rich granddaughter, I'll show that woodcockin' windbag who's the gentleman!"

His voice was low and level, but it vibrated with hate and derision. He was about to say more—but just then my poor nerves let go. I jumped for him, tripped on the corduroy and came down slam. But in the split second before I actually crashed the cedar poles, I heard the blast of his duck gun and thought, quicker than ordinary thinking, "He fired both barrels!" And I knew I had him unless he used the butt.

I humped like an angry porcupine, then extended again in a lunging grab for his legs. But they weren't there. He wasn't there. And I didn't have to look to know that the double recoil of the old gun had kicked him off the edge of the cedar poles and into the ditch. I would have lain down then and relaxed, but somebody made fast to me under the arms and heaved me to my feet. It was Diana.

"I'm all right," I said.

"He's got more cartridges," she said. "Duck shot. You'll have to run."

I RAN. She towed me by a hand. All I had to do was to keep on lifting my feet; and that was just about all I could do. I had hit the corduroy a pretty hefty blow with everything I had between my nose and my toes. I crumpled, but she got me up and going again. She manhandled me over a ditch on the butt of a log and towed me along a muddy trail. I crumpled again. It was nice and soft. She turned me over.

She said, thoughtfully, "Maybe you'd better rest a spell, Johnny."

I lay on my back and caught at my breath, with my mouth open. After five or six tries, I caught it and filled my lungs. That felt better. Diana was kneeling beside me, looking down at me kindly but gravely.

"When did you come back, Johnny?" she asked.

"Two days ago," I said. "I would have come back sooner—a year sooner, or more—but I've been pretty busy ever since the war started. And since before that, too. I'm a sailor. I've often wanted to come—but I didn't have a good excuse until the doctors advised me to give my nerves a rest—after four torpedoings inside a year."

"Did you come back to see your grandfather, Johnny?"

"Not particularly," I said.

"Why did you come into the swamp, Johnny?"

"I just heard about you. You and Simpson, I mean. So I came this afternoon, instead of waiting till tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow morning's the date of the wedding, Johnny," she whispered, averting her glance.

"I—didn't know that," I mumbled. "But I've seen you, anyhow. That's better than I deserve."

"Do I look different?" she whispered, returning her glance to mine.

I shook my head.

She whispered, "I've been told I—I'm better looking."

"Well, you're not," I said, with a flare of anger. "Not than when I last saw you, or first saw you, five years ago. Nobody with eyes for true beauty could think that. You're better dressed; and you have on silk stockings—but you were just as lovely then—five years ago—even in that old hat."

She averted her eyes.

"We must move again, Johnny," she said. "You're not safe yet; he's combing the swamp for you right now. Can you get up without help yet, Johnny?"

"My right knee feels rather painful still—rather worse, in fact," I said.

She stood up and stooped over me and, with both arms around me, heaved me up onto my feet again. I wanted to keep right on in her embrace and clinging to her, but I was man enough not to try to do so.

We didn't stop again, or say anything more, until we emerged from Dragon Swamp onto Robinson land. Then I crumpled again and lay still. She crouched beside me.

"Johnny," she said.

I couldn't see her very well. The sun had been down for some time and dusk was deepening. I didn't speak. She repeated my name. It sounded wonderful, the way she said it. That was one of the things I had thought of oftenest during those five years—the way she said "Johnny."

She asked, in a faint voice, "What will you do now—tonight and tomorrow, Johnny—and from now on?"

"I'll go back to my job," I said. "Back to sea. I'll start for Covered Bridge about ten o'clock, after a few more games of chess with my grandfather—if he isn't too upset to play. I'll go in his jaloppy, with Sam McVey to bring it home—and catch the through express for St. John at midnight."

She asked, in a faint whisper, "You wouldn't wait for my wedding, Johnny?"

"I couldn't do that," I said. "I wish you all happiness, God knows, but—but there's a limit to human endurance. Even to a sailor's endurance."

She stooped close to me.

She murmured, "I'd like you to see me married, Johnny—before you go away again."

"Are you crazy?" I cried.

She pressed a hand on my mouth. She brought her face close down to mine.

"Oh, Johnny dear, please don't be like that! To yourself, Johnny! Isn't there room for one more in the old jaloppy? Don't make me ask you three times—to take me with you—for better or for worse—dear, dear Johnny!"

That was two weeks and two days ago. My ship is sailing tomorrow, in convoy; but Diana will stop right here in this port and work in a Red Cross canteen for men of the Merchant Marine.

I RECEIVED the following letter from my grandfather yesterday:

"Dear Johnny: You must forgive my delay in acknowledging your telegram. The fact is this is the tenth letter I have written you, each less violent than the one preceding it. The others were destroyed as written. Delancey Carfax comes to see me almost daily. He is a changed man—so vastly changed for the better than I can only think that his mind has given away entirely. He tells me, over and over, that you threw his gun into a ditch and himself after it. He says you are the only Robinson who ever understood him. I am teaching him to play chess. His daughter visits Belmont with him quite frequently. In fact, she is here now, and joins me in love and best wishes to both you and Diana. Trusting that your nerves are fully recovered, I am, my dear lad, your affectionate grandfather,

"JOHN ROBINSON."

Diana read the letter and pondered it.

"I'm so glad for them," she said. "They'll be happy—and so much more comfortable—at Belmont than in that terrible, waterlogged old house in the swamp."

"Are they going to live at Belmont?" I asked, in my innocence.

She laughed at me and kissed me.

"You may be a terrifying figure in a fight, Johnny, and a marvelous navigator, but sometimes I wonder if you are quite bright," she said.

And she kissed me again.

THE END

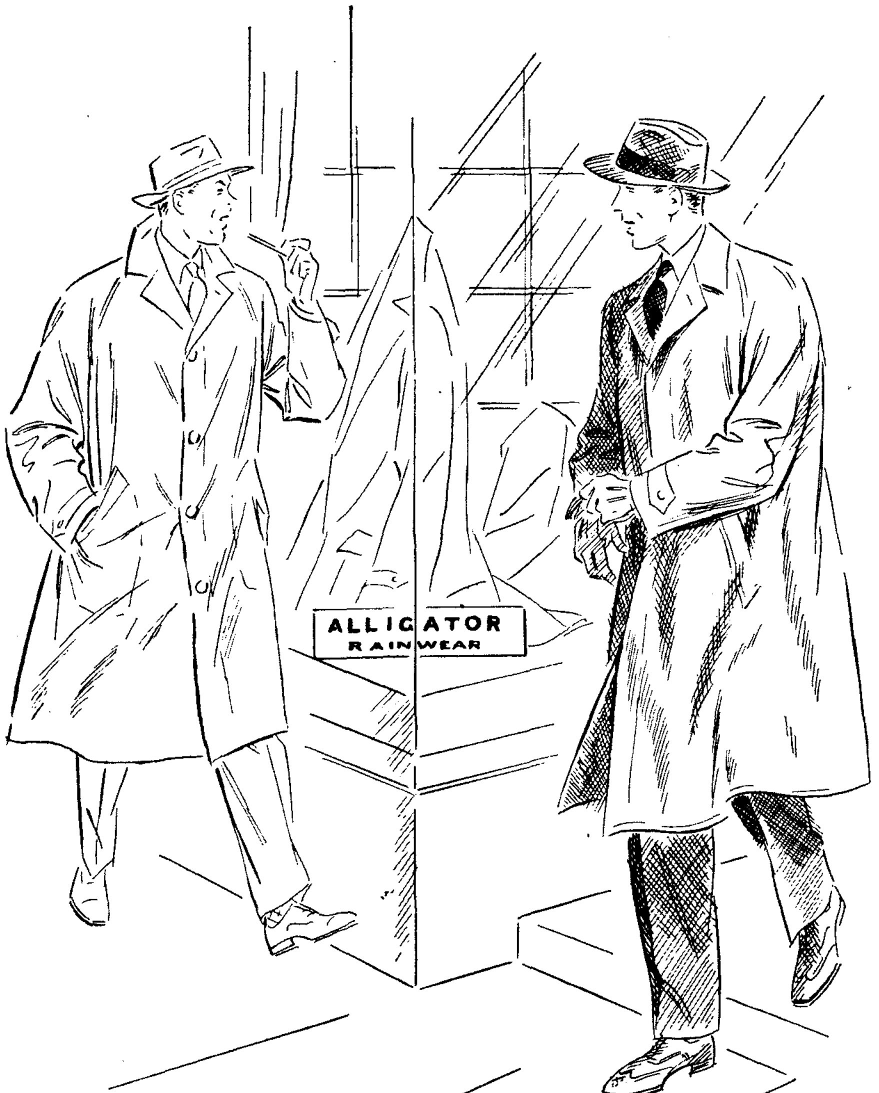
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

. . . a FAMOUS NAME you know and trust!

To most people, "Alligator" is the *only* name in rainwear—for millions have literally grown up wearing famous Alligator Raincoats, Galecoats and Sportswear.

Today, Alligator dependability is especially important. In these times, the extra months, even years, of service in your Alligator mean more than ever. If you don't yet own an Alligator, see your dealer and select from the smart waterproof and water repellent styles he offers.

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY
St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles



Featured at Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR
RAINWEAR
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Here's the WRIGHT TRIO!

The Wright Air-flow* MINUTE MAN
The Wright Air-flow* COMMANDER
The Wright Mirakal** DEFENDER

*Contains the famous Wright Air-flow air-conditioned construction. U. S. Government patent No. 2,218,590.
**Like all Wright Air-flow Hats, The Wright Mirakal Hat is 100% waterproofed with the patented Mirakal waterproofing process.

Try on a Wright Hat today at your nearest Wright Hat dealer's. If you don't know his name just drop us a card.

Wright Hats \$5⁰⁰ to \$7⁵⁰

THE WRIGHT HAT

ROTHSCHILD BROTHERS HAT CO.
Since 1859
ST. LOUIS *Manufacturers* CHICAGO

Rear Guard at Derevushka

Continued from page 19

tiredness beyond physical exhaustion. With a few hundred other routed men he had stumbled back to Derevushka in the night, not knowing what had become of the two soldiers left alive under his own command or of the officer under whose command he was. A veteran's instinct had led him beneath the bridge, where he had slept, out of the wind. Other men sleeping there had left before dawn. Sergeant Strelok had known, even sleeping, that swastika-hooded death might thunder over the bridge at daylight, and had defiantly buried himself in sounder sleep.

When morning wakened him he was unsurprised to find Derevushka deserted and himself alone. Somewhere beyond the village the road would be choked with retreating troops, perhaps doubly choked with truckloads of fresh men coming up to plug the hole in the Russian lines. There should be a rear guard to cover the retreat, but Sergeant Strelok doubted whether there would be. The defeat of the day before had been shattering and the Russian units were disorganized. If there had been a rear guard it should have been here, at Derevushka. But here was no one but Sergeant Strelok.

HE STOOD in the yard-wide strip of mud that bordered the brook and checked the tank's progress, his head barely above the level of the bank. He could see the long barrel of its 105-millimeter gun protruding from the turret. Three or four minutes yet. The tank was clearly on a lone reconnoitering mission, probably detailed to see if Derevushka was defended. A radioed report, and a flying column of German tanks and motorized infantry could swarm through the empty village in an hour and charge down on the straggling Russian troops beyond.

Sergeant Strelok nursed no optimism about his chances of preventing this—or of surviving. Lone soldiers are not supposed to pick fights with tanks. Nor do scouting tanks take prisoners, having no way to guard them. They simply kill and roll on. The odds, Sergeant Strelok told himself with an old card player's punctilio, must be revised. Not one to one, but a thousand to one. Nevertheless he was, in a manner of speaking, the rear guard at Derevushka. His broad cheeks creased in a grimace at his own foolishness.

Under the bridge lay scattered the miscellaneous equipment abandoned by retreating soldiers. Blankets, knapsacks, clips of cartridges . . . He picked up half a dozen grenades of the Russian potato-masher type, smaller than the German but as powerful, and dropped them into an empty haversack. He bound them into a tight bundle with the shoulder strap, so that the handle of one projected, encircled by its metal safety ring. Two more grenades he stuffed into his pockets.

Fifteen yards from the bridge, within easy grenade-throwing distance, the brook made a slight turn. A steep shoulder of earth offered protection for a man shooting toward the cart track. A wisp of sodden wheat at the brink would give a minimum of cover for the black barrel of the Degtarev and the head of the man behind it.

Sergeant Strelok waded along the brook, the silty yellow water soaking into his felt boots, carrying the light automatic rifle, the extra pans, the sack of grenades. Beyond the earth shoulder he turned, pitched the barrel of the gun over the edge of the bank and swung it down hard, so that the spiked feet of the bipod at its muzzle bit into the dirt. The sight was at zero. The round, horizontal pan held forty-nine shots. He pulled back the cocking lever.

The tank rumbled toward him at twenty miles an hour. The hatch atop its turret was folded back—like the lid of a bully beef can pried open with a bayonet, Sergeant Strelok thought—and a man's head and shoulders stuck out. A black spot lower down showed that the driver's hatch was also open. Sergeant Strelok had counted on this. When not under fire, he knew, German tank crews preferred the risk of open hatches to traveling in semiblindness. He could have picked off the man in the turret with one burst, possibly the driver too. But there was no hurry. He still had a whole minute.

The tank pitched and heaved like a ship as it rode the muddy earth swells toward the bridge. Its clatter increased enormously. Sixty yards. The U of the Degtarev's rear sight embraced the midriff of the leather-covered man in the turret and followed him firmly. Sergeant Strelok's finger began a slow contraction against the trigger. Then the tank stopped.

Sergeant Strelok lay motionless. The relief of quiet after the threatening clank of the caterpillar treads was startling.

A big tank, over thirty tons, he judged. The face of the man in the turret was tanned to the yellow color of his leather coat and helmet. His eyeballs flashed as he inspected the bridge and the margin of the brook. The scant stalks of wheat around Sergeant Strelok's head were poor cover, but with luck he might go unobserved. He lowered the automatic rifle sight a fraction of an inch from his eye. He would wait and see what they did next.

The tankman pushed himself up through the hatch, swung his leather boots outside the turret, and clambered down over the treads to the ground. He walked stiffly toward the bridge, like a man whose legs have long been cramped. As he walked he scanned the cart track carefully.

Looking for mines, Sergeant Strelok reflected. He wished there had been some mines.

Another head pushed up through the turret. Two of them at least, maybe three, Sergeant Strelok congratulated himself. He could shoot now, eliminate the man in the turret and possibly the driver, then swing the Degtarev on the man nearing the bridge. After that the surviving men in the tank—two or three probably—would catch him in the sights of a heavy machine gun, or they would swing the turret with its long 105 toward him, and everything would be over.

STILL, there was no hurry. He lay quiet as a dead man. The leather-covered German neared the bridge. Sergeant Strelok was hidden from him by the shoulder of the brook's bank. The German sank ankle-deep in muck as he reached the bridge and cursed. Sergeant Strelok grinned. Germans didn't like Russian mud.

The leather-coated man bent down and inspected the beams under the bridge, then started to walk across it. Sergeant Strelok tensed—a few steps farther and he would lie exposed to his enemy's eyes. But the German stopped in the middle of the bridge and waved the tank forward.

The exhaust exploded raucously and the treads took up their anvil clanking as the machine lurched ahead. Sergeant Strelok dropped the stock of the

Protect your anti-freeze — clean out with Sani-Flush first

Don't waste precious anti-freeze in a dirty radiator. Rust and sediment cause dangerous overheating. Clean out first with Sani-Flush. It's quick and complete. Costs only a few cents.

Don't take chances on just flushing with water. Sani-Flush is thorough. Use it yourself, or ask your service station. *Sani-Flush is absolutely safe in auto cooling systems, when used according to directions on can.* It's in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold in grocery, drug, hardware and 10c stores. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

Where is your extra Christmas MONEY coming from? . . .

WITH mounting war taxes and the increased cost of living, do you need extra Christmas money more than ever? Then, try our profitable plan for looking after new and renewal subscriptions for this magazine. For full details, *write now!*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-65
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York

HOW can I earn extra money for Christmas?

Name...
Address...
Town...
State...

Degtarev to the ground. The situation called for a change of tactics.

He slid down to his haunches and, crouching behind his jut of earth, only half hidden from the man on the bridge, fumbled for the bag of grenades. The tank was hardly a hundred feet away. His fingers found the projecting grenade handle and jerked off the ring which encircled it. With his left hand he held the spring lever down against the handle. With his right he picked up the bundle. His flesh crawled with expectation that each instant would bring bloody oblivion—a shell, a grenade, a crash of machine-gun fire. He knelt an instant longer. He must not be a second too soon nor a second too late. The tank roared almost at the bridge.

Sergeant Strelok stood up. In two strides he reached the middle of the brook and stood calf deep in the yellow water. With the ease of a man used to the scythe he swung back the clumsy sack, balanced in his right hand. The spring lever, released, sprang out erect from the handle. The tank loomed thirty feet away and a dozen feet from the bridge. With a practiced heave Sergeant Strelok threw the sack of grenades straight in front of the machine, aiming it between the treads and under the belly.

NO CENTS

The OPA recently issued some Alaskan prices of odd sums like 58 cents or $1.16. Alaskans laughed and the sums were changed to 60 cents or $1.15. Scarcely anyone in Alaska uses pennies. Sums have to come out even. For a 99-cent article the dealer gets $1. A $9.97 item the customer gets for $9.95. Pennies don't figure in Alaskan transactions.

In his ears echoed the shout of the man on the bridge. The sack sailed through the air. Strelok's eye caught the swinging of the turret, the downward slant of the 105's long barrel as he dived to the mud. There was time for a watch to tick twice before the earth and sky exploded and the air struck his ears a blow that numbed them beyond hearing.

BLACK smoke shut off the sunlight, and dirt cascaded into the brook. Things began to fall through the smoke, first rattling clods and gravel, then thudding chunks of earth or metal. The ditch stank of cordite. Sergeant Strelok lay dazed until water seeping through his clothes aroused him.

He wriggled free of the loose earth on his legs and saw the Degtarev lying in the water near him. The explosion had blown it from the top of the bank but seemed not to have damaged it. He kneeled in the mud to recover it and, looking behind him, only then saw that the farther bank of the brook, just above his head, had been excavated as if by the sweep of a huge shovel. He grasped dimly that the tank's big gun had fired a shell into the lip of the bank. It had exploded above and slightly beyond him. Sergeant Strelok, an expert in such matters, understood that its velocity at close range had carried most of the steel fragments on in the direction in which the shell had been traveling. He decided that he was unhurt, though his ears rang like church bells from the impact of the double explosion of shell and grenades. For his grenades had exploded too. He was sure of that.

A metallic yammering forced its way into his stunned ears. The tank was still alive and fighting. Through the slowly clearing smoke he saw geysers of dirt leap from the far side of the ditch at six-inch intervals. One of the tank's heavy machine guns had traversed the bank with a long burst of fire.

A man loomed out of the thinning smoke in the brook's bed. A man crusted in muddy leather. Without thought Sergeant Strelok rose to his feet, dragged the Degtarev up to his hip and fired. The gun snorted ten shots before he could relax his numbed finger. The German in the leather coat fell over backward.

The tank's machine gun yammered again, its bullets retracing the same line along the top of the bank. Sergeant Strelok dropped to his knees. It came to him that in that second on his feet he had glimpsed the tank's turret and that the hatch on top of it was still open—like an empty tin can, he thought again, and grinned crookedly.

If the turret was still open it meant that most of the men inside were dead, or dazed by concussion. The heavy machine gun loosed another burst, as if to show that the tank was still fighting.

SERGEANT STRELOK plodded toward the dead German, who lay on his back in the water. The tank's interlocking treads projected out over a fuming hole in the brook's bank, where the end of the bridge had been.

The forward end of the tank loomed above him. Its under plates were scored and blackened, but he could see no serious damage. The treads were intact. His ears still rang pulsingly. It took him a moment to realize that the tank's engine had stopped. He dropped the Degtarev and pulled a grenade from his pocket.

He reached up and grasped a flange of the caterpillar track and pulled himself up to level ground close beside the tank, pressing his body against the treads. If the men inside had fully recovered from the shock of the explosion they would lean out now and kill him—with a grenade, with a hail of bullets from a Mauser submachine gun. He did not look up.

With his shoulder scraping the iron wheels of the dollies which bore the machine's weight inside the caterpillar track, he crawled beside the tank. The track was over twenty feet long. Two thirds of the way back he stood up and stripped the safety ring from the shank of his grenade. The black stripe of a swastika banded the turret close to his face. The long 105 still pointed down obliquely toward the gash in the brook's far bank. No sound came from inside the tank.

Sergeant Strelok put one foot on a dolly, caught hold of an iron rung meant for a man's hand, and pulled himself half up to the turret. His right arm swung in an arc and flung the grenade down hard inside the open hatch. Then he pushed himself away from the tank and fell to the ground.

The explosion was muffled. Smoke trickled from hidden vents and hovered over the hatch. Sergeant Strelok stood up. The odds had been a thousand to one and he had won. But he was not elated. There would be other tanks.

He was still alone at Derevushka. Perhaps counterattacking Russian troops would arrive to help him. Perhaps not. The war stretched before him and the odds on his life were still a thousand to one. But while he lived no enemy should pass this way. He retrieved the Degtarev from the creek and placed it ready beside the carcass of the tank. There was still a rear guard at Derevushka.

THE END

A little rubber—
a lot of American "know how"!

Good old American "know how" has done it again! For this winter—despite the meager allotment of rubber—manufacturers are able to provide rubber footwear for the essential health protection of millions. Necessary W.P.B. rulings have restricted styles, and eliminated colors and frills.

We at Hood and B. F. Goodrich have named this footwear "Duration Quality."

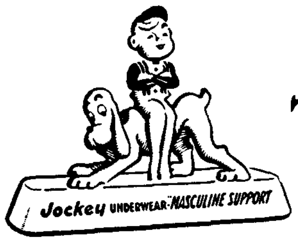
By drawing on our background of experience and ingenuity, we have found ways to give you more service and better looks than would seem possible under the circumstances. And we know you will wear this footwear with patriotic good will till the war is won!

★ ★ ★

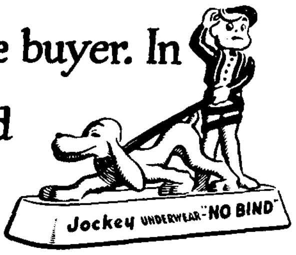
NOTE TO GOOD CITIZENS: Buy only what you need—take care of what you have. *And be sure to throw your scrap into the fight!*

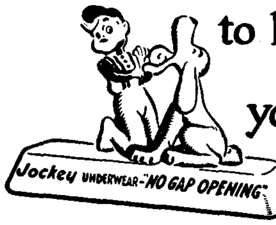
FOOTWEAR FACTORY, WATERTOWN, MASS.

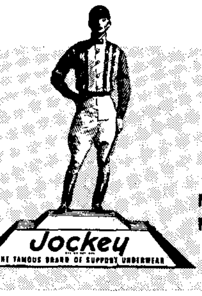
Hood Rubber Co.
A DIVISION OF
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



The trusted trade-marks of great American manufacturers are as priceless to them as they are to the buyer. In underwear, "Jockey," REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. originated and made by Coopers, is the name to look for. It is your assurance that you are buying the most comfortable underwear that can be made, thanks to the patented Y-front construction.






Jockey
THE FAMOUS BRAND OF SUPPORT UNDERWEAR

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA / WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Macrae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

MAGAZINES
have put before all classes in America finer ideals of living.
Magazine Advertising has helped turn these ideals into *REALITY*.....

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL
—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.
It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

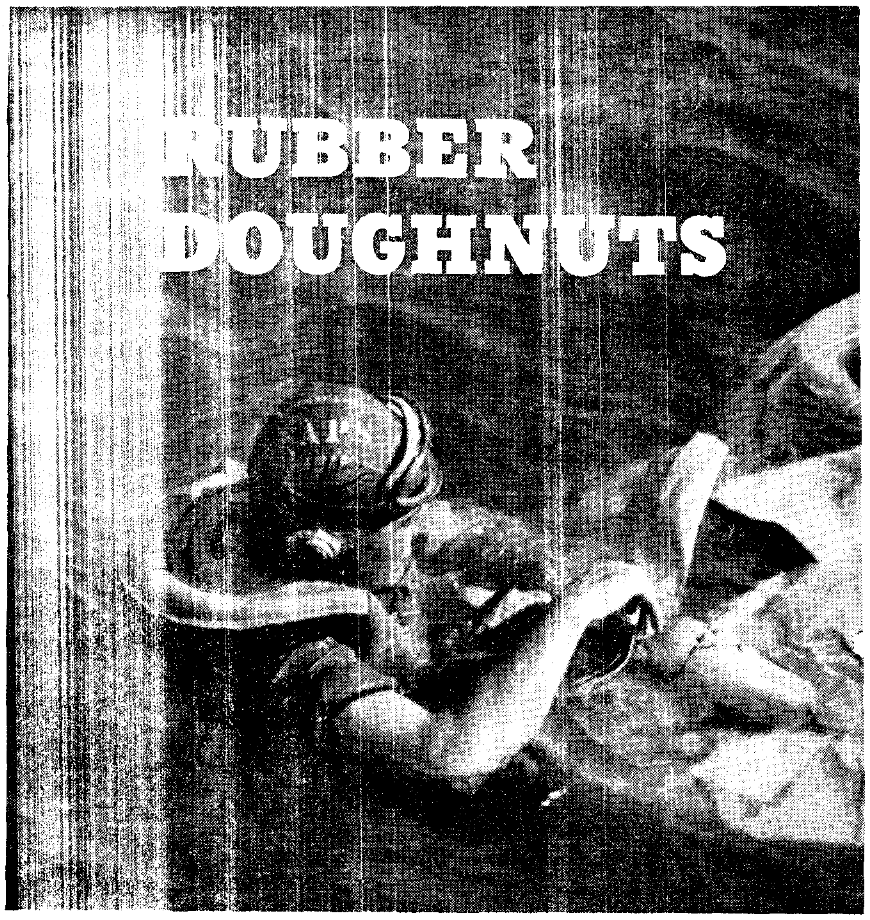
FOR CAR BEAUTY AND CARE... USE Flare!
Flare
WAXIDE
CLEANS-WAXES-POLISHES
Flare Laboratories

CAR BODY PROTECTION
... with This Amazing 3-Purpose Product
Protect the surface of your car with WAXIDE . . . the remarkable product that CLEANS, WAXES, and POLISHES . . . ALL AT ONCE.
WAXIDE quickly removes the grime that causes surface deterioration . . . provides a high-luster, weather-resistant, wax coating . . . restores "showroom" beauty. Saves time and money.
FLARE LABORATORIES
Division of THE BELL CO., INC., 1858 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.
Ask your dealer, too, for FLARE: HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID, LIQUID RUBBERNEW (tire coating) and other famous FLARE automotive chemicals.
WAXIDE
CLEANS . . . WAXES . . . POLISHES . . . ALL AT ONCE

MEDICATED FOR
CLOTHESPIN NOSE
Sensational *extra* help for colds—with Luden's! These famous cough drops not only help soothe throat, but release a menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages, helps relieve "clothespin nose!"

Medicated
LUDEN'S
MENTHOL
COUGH DROPS
5¢

RUBBER DOUGHNUTS



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

THE mascot and pal of a U. S. Navy airplane pilot at sea on an aircraft carrier is not a dog, the traditional Navy goat, or even a picture of his dream girl. It's his doughnut—his rubber boat.

If you've been irked by that new set of tires you do not own, it will ease your ire to know that the rubber which might have gone into them was used to provide some naval aviator with a life raft.

The world has heard of the courageous thirty-four-day drift to safety made by Chief Petty Officer Dixon and two companions after their torpedo plane was forced down in the South Seas. Theirs was a three-man doughnut. More than thirty-five dive-bomber crews and fighter pilots, shot or forced down at Midway, were rescued from rubber boats by our PBY seaplanes during the week following the battle. Dive bombers carry a two-man doughnut. The fighter pilot's rubber boat is a one-man affair, snapped to his parachute harness in case he has to jump with only ocean below him.

Rubber boats are folded compactly into a compartment in the fuselage, with emergency rations and water attached or near at hand. Tripping a lever releases the boat, which is inflated by a bottle of compressed CO_2. All boa are equipped with paddles, rubber r pair kit and hand pump. They a painted yellow, which stands out agair the sea, making it easy for searchi planes to find them.

This was a comfort to Jap pilots Midway, who, after their carriers we destroyed, used their remaining gas line to strafe our doughnuts and t men in them, before they themselv landed in the water near their own shi to be picked up. It was learned at Mi way, too, that the yellow bottom of doughnut has a strange fascination f sharks which love to rub against it, it, and just can't leave it alone.

Take, for example, the story of section of Fighting Squadron Eight. T squadron was returning from the Mi way section after prolonged fighting, a most out of gas. The wing men of thr sections had already gone down; the section leaders formed a section of the own. Their carrier was still many mil away.

The engine of the squadron com mander Lieutenant Commander P Mitchell, sputtered, then stopped. F the benefit of his new wing men, he la his head on his arm in the "crying" pos tion used by pilots when things a

Above: When forced to come down at sea, the pilot of a Navy single-seat fighter releases his "doughnut"—or rubber life raft—inflating it from the bottle of compressed carbon dioxide which is included in his supplies. At left: The raft's inflated now. It took only a minute, and the pilot is climbing "on deck"—which is as easy as boarding a canoe when swimming. Sooner or later he will be picked up by a Navy patrol bomber

wrong, and glided toward the water. The ving men, Lieutenants Ruehlow and Gray, watched Mitchell drop below hem, eyed their gas gauges anxiously, hen vainly searched the horizon ahead is they flew on.

Mitchell made a smooth landing in he water. He had difficulty freeing the atch of his safety belt. The plane, nose ip, was settling fast. As Mitchell got ree of the cockpit, the plane sank, takng his rubber boat, still in its compartnent, with it. He inflated his life jacket by blowing it up, then floated comfortibly in it, searching the sky for planes, c asionally lifting up to sweep the horizon for ships.

After half an hour, he saw a yellow ubber boat lift onto the crest of a wave a quarter of a mile ahead. The boat drifted down. Mitchell swam over to t. The occupant was Ruehlow, the section's left-wing man. Ruehlow was glad to see his skipper but he warned Mitchell not to get him wet as he climbed in, and then complained that a one-man boat seats one man comfortably and two intimately. Ruehlow had not been able to get his emergency rations out of his plane before it sank.

Ruehlow was cut about the hands and face. That night, as he and Mitchell scanned the darkness of the far horizon, he dabbled his hands in the water to cleanse the wounds. A shark, attracted by the blood, attacked the boat. They chased him away. It came back a second time, turned belly up, slashed at the boat with its teeth and ripped out the side. They were back in the water again. And then the persistent shark returned. They kicked at it, yelled and finally scared it away.

Next morning, on top of a wave far ahead, they saw another yellow one-man boat. It drifted down and they recognized Gray, their right-wing man. The section was back together again, rendezvoused on the water. Gray had a canteen containing about a pint of water and his emergency rations. He was very welcome.

They put Ruehlow in with Gray, and Pat Mitchell held on to the side of Gray's boat. During the day they worked on Ruehlow's boat, patching it. Finally they pumped it up. It still leaked, but by continuous pumping they could keep it inflated. So they had two boats for three men—still intimate.

Gray's emergency rations consisted of fourteen units of pemmican; the rules called for one man to eat two units a day. They three fighter pilots ate only one unit between them. Thinking of Dixon's doughnut voyage, they realized they might drift a long time before being rescued. They only wet their lips with water; on the fifth day they had half their original pint.

Sharks often visited them. They discussed the matter and decided that the bottom of a rubber boat should be painted some color to which sharks are allergic, or perhaps a cerulean blue, so that the boat would look like a distant cloud in the sky to the myopic eye of a shark. Or perhaps the paint could have an antishark smell. But talk did not keep the sharks away.

A PBY to the Rescue

On the fifth day, nine PBYs passed over the horizon, searching for them. They didn't see the doughnuts and soon went out of sight, straight ahead. The fighter pilots were about ready to drink the water and eat the pemmican then, but they finally decided to hold out for another day.

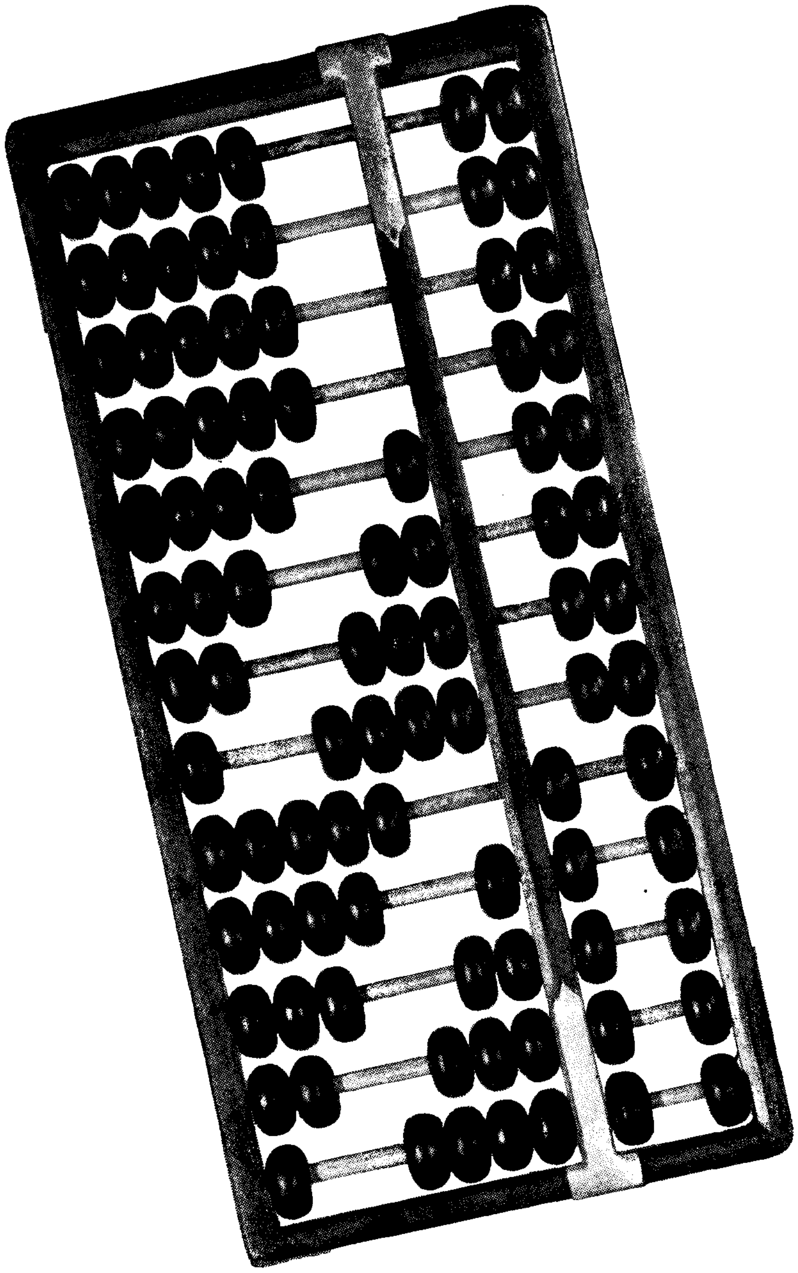
The next day, a PBY passed overhead, saw them, and signaled by Aldis lamp that it was too heavy to land in the rough sea that was running. It's pilot would pick them up on his way back, that afternoon. They ate the pemmican and drank the water.

That afternoon, his gas load having been lightened by fuel consumption, the PBY flier returned, made a smooth landing in the heavy swells and picked up the fighter pilots. He had been Gray's roommate during flight training. They pulled the rubber doughnuts into the plane, which then flew them in to Midway.

That night, as they cleaned up in the bachelor quarters of the Naval Air Station at Midway, the three fighter pilots discussed buying a watch as a present for the PBY pilot who had rescued them. They had ninety bucks between them. It's strange the way pilots, accustomed to forced landings in out-of-the-way spots, will carry money, even into battle. They finally decided they'd never have enough money to get the PBY pilot the sort of watch he deserved. So they asked him if he'd join a small dinner party, just for the four of them, when they got back to Honolulu—a ninety-dollar party. The PBY pilot grinned his acceptance.

Then they decided they'd better ask a couple of other guests to attend the feast. So Mitchell wrote out a formal invitation to Ruehlow's and Gray's rubber boats. ★★★

There's
more than one way
to skin
a Jap!



• For upwards of five long years, our allies in China have been slugging it out with the Japs. With unquenchable courage, they have proved that love of freedom is not peculiar to the Western world.

Behind the shifting battle-lines, Free China's war factories and shops operate under incredible handicaps . . . but they operate. And where you find factories and shops, there you also find problems of figure work.

The Chinese solve these problems on a crude but remarkably effective device: the *suan-pan* abacus. With it, they are able to add, subtract, multiply and divide.

As the makers of the Comptometer adding-calculating machine, that comparatively recent invention by means of which America's victory-vital industry solves the most difficult figure-work problems speedily, accurately and economically, we salute the Chinese craftsmen who make the "adding-calculating machine" that illustrates this advertisement.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

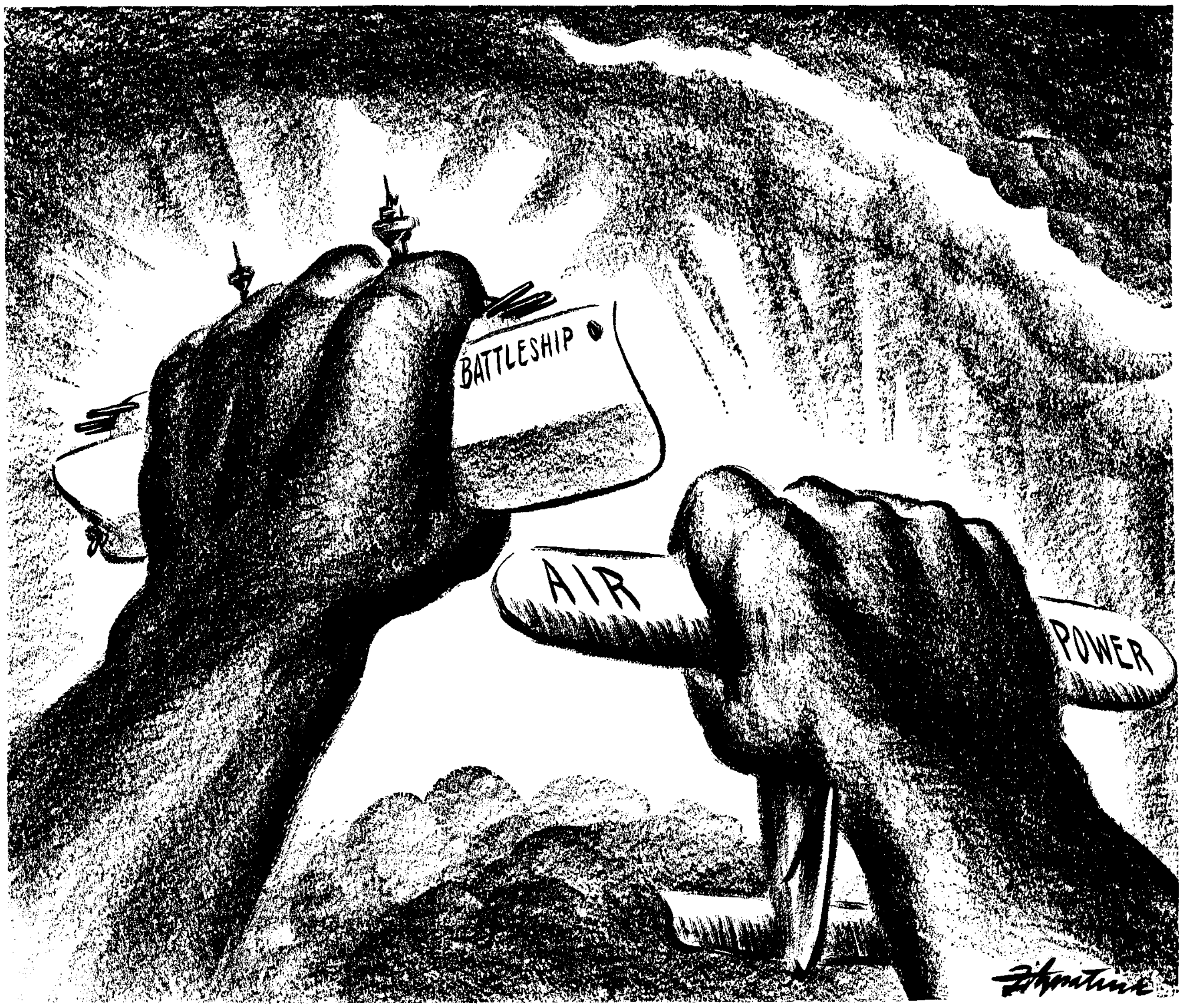
Collier's
THOMAS H. BECK
Publisher
WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

HURRAY FOR GEORGIA

HEREWITH, heartfelt congratulations to the Democratic voters of the state of Georgia. In their 1942 primaries, these voters gave Governor Eugene Talmadge the grand bounce when he asked them for a fourth nomination to that office. They nominated Georgia's State's Attorney General Ellis Arnall instead. A Democratic nomination is tantamount to election in Georgia.

It was a triumph of sense over nonsense, of reasoning people over fanatics and morons, of progressive elements over chronic suckers for such appeals to hatred and prejudice as Talmadge's battle cry of "White supremacy, state rights, local self-government and old-time religion." Some of those things have their place in the general scheme, but Talmadge played them in rabble-rouser style. His technique at last failed. Georgia intelligence (which we always knew existed despite evidence which convinced many others to the contrary) finally went to bat and batted Gene politically into the middle of next week.

We don't know yet what sort of man Arnall is, though we hear he's okay. Here's lots of luck to him and his administration! May they give Georgia good enough government to keep Talmadge from ever staging a political comeback! The red-gallused nonesuch of the wool-hats has too long been a drag on his own state's progress and a minor menace to American democracy as a whole. If he is now permanently dead in Georgia politics, Georgia and the nation have scored a substantial gain.



LET'S GET TWO-FISTED

REAR ADMIRAL JOHN HENRY (JACK) TOWERS, air chief of the Navy, has been sent to sea. Admiral Towers is not unpopular in Washington. On the contrary, everybody likes him. He was not exiled. He was sent away so that he might be promoted.

His story is important. It shows in the experience of one man why we are not winning the war faster.

Jack Towers has been air-minded since he entered the Naval Academy from Georgia Tech. He was the leader of the Navy crew that flew across the Atlantic in 1919—eight years before the Lindbergh flight.

Towers has stuck to the air as much as he was allowed. No man in the Navy can get ahead by being just an airman. He has to take a tour of sea duty on the deck of a ship if he wants promotion. So Towers and all his brother officers have had to alternate at two professions. A year or so at sea, a year or so in the air. No unbroken continuity.

You see, the Navy wasn't really air-minded. Of course the Navy had some planes and some good fliers. The whole technique of dive bombing was developed by our Navy. The Germans under Hitler borrowed the idea from us just as, earlier, they had taken the submarine and the airplane from our inventors.

The Navy thought the airplane was subsidiary to ships. Naval officers who were inclined to differ remembered what the Army did to General Billy Mitchell. So they tended to be tactful.

The result is that now, after three years in which the airplane has played a vital and generally a decisive part on every battlefield of a world war, no high-ranking representative of the Air Force remains on the board of strategy of the Navy after Admiral Towers' departure from Washington.

This is not a conspiracy. It is much worse. It is a habit. To have high air officers at work on the basic strategy of winning this war just does not seem vital.

How much of a price do we have to pay to learn this obvious lesson? How many battleships and cruisers do we have to lose before we realize that air power is not subsidiary to anything?

The Germans won their victories by a preponderance of air power. France, the Netherlands, Poland, Norway collapsed because the Germans had mastery of the air. The Germans could not pass Dunkirk because at the supreme hour the British had mastery of the air.

The defeats and losses that we suffered at Pearl Harbor and Manila were made possible by Japanese air superiority. Our victories in the Coral Sea, at Midway, at the Solomon Islands, were accomplished by air power. At Midway a great naval battle was fought with the hostile fleets a hundred miles and more apart. Planes, and only planes, were able to attack.

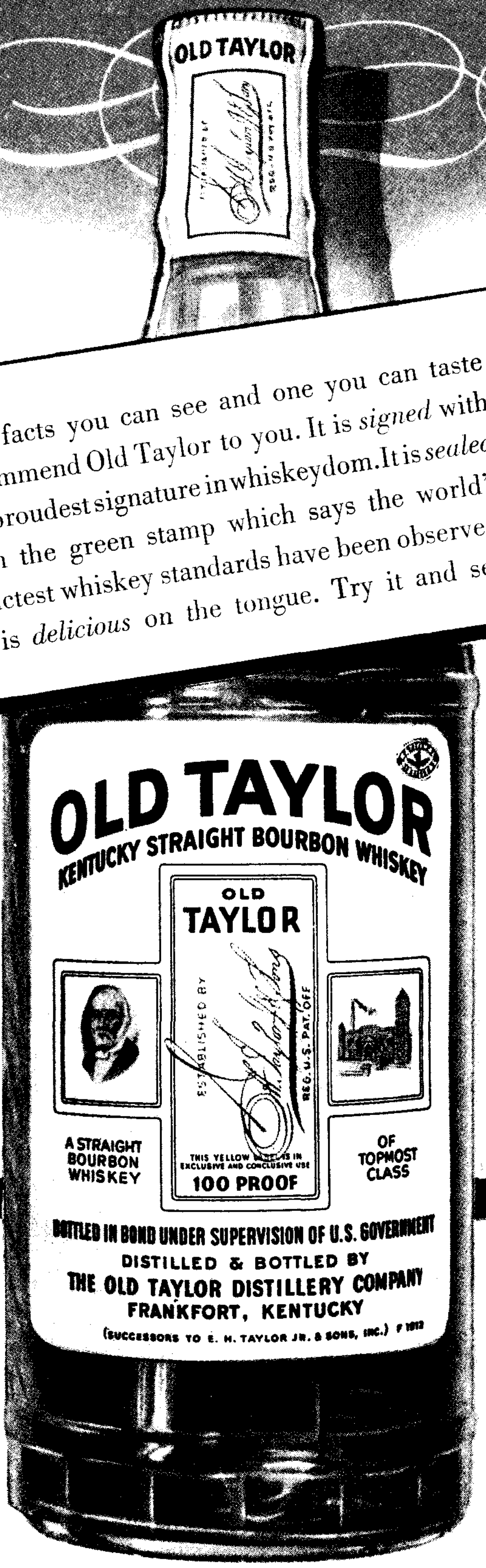
We expect to win this war. We expect to win against Germany. We expect to win against Japan. If we are capable of learning anything, we ought to know by this time that we can win only by exerting our full force.

Of course, we want to use—and use to the utmost—submarines, battleships, aircraft carriers and everything else that can contribute to victory. We only postpone that victory by refusing—or even by forgetting—to recognize the reality that air power is subordinate to nothing in this war. In every naval council, air admirals should be present in numbers and in authority.

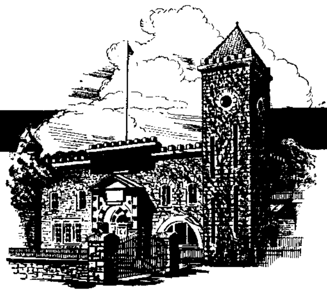
Soon, we hope, great fleets of planes will be carrying the war to Japan, as they are now carrying the war to Germany. The lads who take the risks and win the victories are entitled to advantages of command that only experience and authority can give.

Admiral Towers is going and he deserves his promotion even though it is silly to make him go to sea to get it. All right! In place of Admiral Towers, how about a number of new flying admirals at the seat of authority? Whom are we fighting anyhow—ourselves or Japan and Germany?

Signed, Sealed and Delicious


OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD
TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
THIS YELLOW LABEL IS IN EXCLUSIVE AND CONCLUSIVE USE
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.) F 1912

Two facts you can see and one you can taste recommend Old Taylor to you. It is *signed* with the proudest signature in whiskeydom. It is *sealed* with the green stamp which says the world's strictest whiskey standards have been observed. It is *delicious* on the tongue. Try it and see.



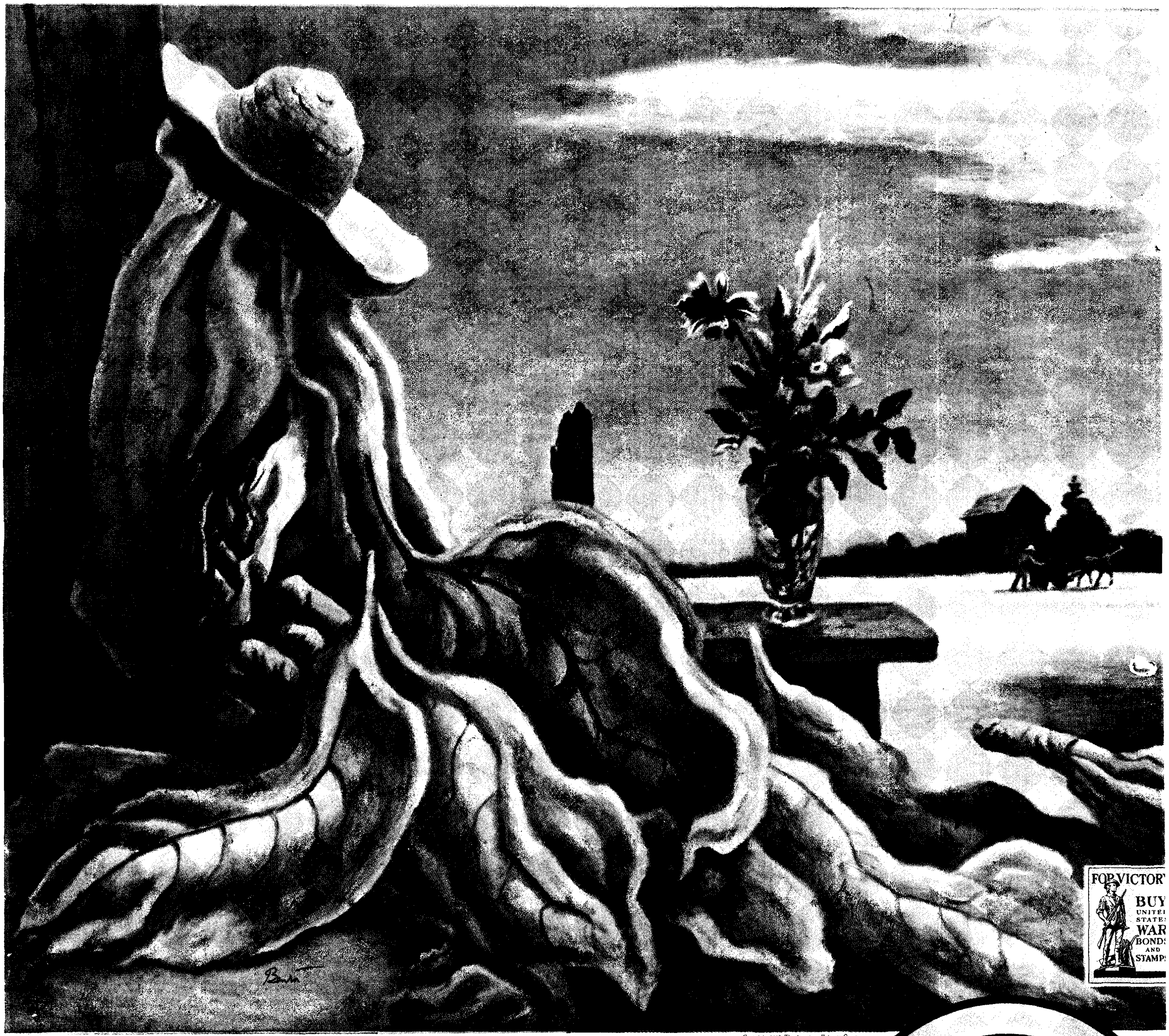
Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.

TAX NOTE: *You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey—only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?*

Copyright 1942, National Distillers Products Corp., New York

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Copyright 1942, The American Tobacco Company

"Tobacco"... Still life painted in the tobacco country by Thomas Hart Benton.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf... These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering... worth acting on... next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1